

# CHATTERBOX.



1921.

THE PAGE COMPANY, 53 Beacon Street, BOSTON, MASS





RIVALS IN MISCHIEF.



# Chatterbox

For 1921

FOUNDED BY JERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



THE PAGE COMPANY, 53 BEACON ST., BOSTON





1921

	Page
A Boy Scout .....	22
A Californian Clock .....	91
A Cat-and-Dog Friendship .....	59
A Clever Little Dog .....	2
A Clever Old Cart-horse .....	291
A Curious Coincidence .....	74
A Garden of Snakes .....	205
A Hero .....	131
A Loyal Benefactor .....	267
A Morning Dip .....	293
Ancient Elevators .....	99
A New Source of Revenue .....	118
A Notable House .....	195
A Picture of Country Life in Olden Days .....	94
A Rather Old Tree .....	278
A Regiment of the Line .....	10
A Tale of a Tail .....	50
A Terrible Experience .....	26
A Very Honest Man .....	174
Awakened by a Lion .....	122
Blind Harry .....	167
Bullets and Shot .....	315
'Butter-fingers Riley' .....	150
Cows which Give no Milk .....	107
Dick's First Sheep .....	202
Don't ask Silly Questions! .....	38
Envelopes .....	102
Fishing in Far-off Lands, 19, 99, 163, 212, 229, 260	
Geese in Boots .....	71
Glastonbury and its Lake Village .....	54
Good for Something .....	211
Good Manners are Good Friends .....	139
Held Back .....	82
How Boy tasted the Whip .....	186

	Page
Jean-Pierre's Birthday .....	234, 266
Jock of the Scots Brigade, 42, 54, 58, 66, 78, 82, 94, 98, 110, 114, 122, 130, 143, 146, 158, 162, 174, 178, 190, 194, 206, 210, 222, 226, 237, 242, 254, 258, 270, 274, 286, 290, 302, 306, 314	
Little Heroes .....	115
Lost in the Bush .....	27
'Luck' and Labour .....	43
Lucy's Letter-box .....	212
Mr. Mongrel and Miss Kitty .....	158
Only One Birthday .....	2
'Our Mist' .....	59
'Own-up Peggy' .....	70, 90, 102
Pet Marjorie .....	215
Picture Puzzles .....	59
Pumpkins and Ducks go a-fishing .....	307
Satisfying Curiosity .....	115
Some Queer Dishes .....	205
Something about Lobsters .....	22
Strawberries and Cream .....	270
The Big Spiders of Trinidad .....	215
The Blackberry Picnic .....	218
The Cap of Maintenance .....	294
The Dancing Doll .....	139
The Elephant .....	171, 189, 197
The Excuse .....	181
The Frozen Fish .....	182
Two Funny Cricket Matches .....	171
'The Glory that was Greece' .....	27
The Grey Sheep's Cave .....	195
The Hare in the Moon .....	27
The Highways of the World, 3, 35, 75, 107, 139, 179, 244, 275, 283, 299, 308	
The Kidnapped Judge .....	2

	Page
The Leaf of Life .....	127
The Legend of an Old Castle .....	10
The Lesson of the Birds .....	131
The Little Blue Beetle .....	22
The Little Book of Wise Sayings .....	251
The Magic Crown .....	174
The Mariner's Compass .....	163
The Millionaire Donkey .....	133, 146
The Mirror .....	91
The Missing Tapestry 269, 279, 282, 294, 298, 311	
The Mysterious Uncle, 6, 15, 18, 31, 34, 47, 50, 63, 71, 74, 87, 90, 103, 106, 117, 127, 135, 138, 149, 155, 167, 170, 183, 186, 199, 202, 215, 218, 231, 234, 247, 250, 262	
The Northumberland Fusiliers .....	85
The Old Twenty-fourth .....	59
The Origin of 'Calico' .....	218
The Peace Museum .....	75
The Princes of the East .....	13, 43, 93, 119
The Proud Duke .....	315
The Revelation of the Locket .....	131
The Rise of Camden .....	195
The Snake-charmer .....	15
The South American Camel .....	171
The Stepping-stones .....	125
The Storm-winds .....	122
The Story of a Sheep .....	173
The Stratagem of Nadir Shah .....	222
The Thief in the Camp .....	165
The Transformation of a Name .....	205
The Trawlers of the North Sea .....	67
The Unlucky Lady .....	253
The White Terrier .....	38, 45
The Withered Leaf .....	262
The Wrong Way .....	101
Tit for Tat .....	139
Treasure Trove .....	112, 154
Wattle and Waratah .....	38
Where they Differed .....	262
World's Greatest Salt Mines .....	182

## POETRY.

	Page
An Enigma on the Letter I .....	278
A Promise .....	162
Billy .....	199
Charades .....	75, 294
Confederates .....	67
Dame August .....	115
Jusk in the Garden .....	102
Fairy Flowers .....	14

	Page
Feathered Friends .....	139
Fleeting Joys .....	190
Garden Fairies .....	2
Gipsy Mice .....	251
Jack, Tommy, and Ray .....	262
Joys to Come .....	46
Justified .....	34
Little Old Things .....	310

	Page
Mr. Owl and the Bunnies .....	286
Patience, please .....	158
Playmates .....	206
Snowballing Bunny .....	279
Spring-time .....	22
The Birth of a Daisy .....	230
The Disobedient Mouse .....	222

	Page
The Furryfeet Family .....	211
The Last Summer of War .....	78
The Little Gardener .....	234
The Moon .....	54
The Nest in the Garden Wall .....	27
The Short Cut .....	106
The Way to be Happy .....	267



# ILLUSTRATIONS.

## COLOURED.

Rivals in Mischief.....	Frontispiece
This Way to the Circus.....	28
Friend or Foe?.....	60
An Awkward Meeting.....	92

The Raiders.....	156
Donkey Polo in Egypt.....	188
A Friend in Need.....	220
"Well hit, Sir!".....	284

"A dark figure nearing the top of the bank" .....	297
"A dark, narrow cupboard was disclosed" .....	225
"A lion sitting within a yard of him" .....	121
"A red streamer flapped from the high, narrow window" .....	305
A Regiment of the Line (Illustrations to) .....	12
"At one time a man and a boy were on him together" .....	132
"Dick and the big ram stared at each other" .....	201
Fishing in Far-off Lands (Illustrations to), 20, 21, 100, 161, 212, 213, 229, 260, 261	
"God bless you, my son, she said" .....	80
"Having crossed the magic stream, he was unable to return" .....	196
"He broke off suddenly, and pointed across the canal. Why, there he is," he said" .....	269
"He found Boy reaching with his paw through the little doorway" .....	188
"He handed the tankard to his master" .....	268
"He isn't as nice as I expected" .....	169
"He lifted me bodily on his shoulder, . . . and strode out of the tumult" .....	273
"He may come at any time" .....	16
"Here's fortune to you, laddie," they shouted, "Jock of the Scots Brigade!" .....	241
"He saw a country lad coming through the trees" .....	165
"He will remember you, you'll see" .....	17
"He wouldn't go on. He stood quite still" .....	292
"His only weapon was the bridle" .....	116
"How nice to be carried!" .....	89
"How pleased the villagers always were to meet Ethel!" .....	137
"Hullo! he cried, 'my watch has just stopped'" .....	216
"I awoke with a start and found my mother standing at my side" .....	65
"I climbed on to a wooden stool and squeezed through the narrow window" .....	81
"I could see the castle against the blue, cloudless sky" .....	124
"I crouched amongst the bracken, looking down at the busy scene" .....	289
"I have got the donkey I wanted for so many years" .....	148
"I managed to drag him into a corner" .....	160

"I'm coming down myself soon," he said" .....	200
"In front of her was a large adder" .....	220
"I produced the precious missive and delivered it with a low bow into his Highness' hand" .....	272
"I seized his arm and shook it smartly" .....	209
"I swung round to face my captor" .....	256
"It cheered my heart to see the good captain again" .....	193
"I tried to wrench the weapon from the clutching fingers" .....	161
"It seemed more delicious than anything I had ever tasted" .....	113
"It wagged its head in joyous salutation" .....	173
"It was Annie herself, apparently lifeless" .....	25
"It was a real live pony" .....	156
"It was full of cardboard boxes, and each box contained something different" .....	265
"It was too late, Lena at once saw the trick" .....	73
"I will not eat with a man who watches his guests so closely!" .....	101
"Jack jumped at him from two stairs above" .....	312
"Jack seized him by the belt with one hand and with the other took a firm grip of the mast" .....	281
"Jane announced 'Miss Drayton'" .....	123
"Jean-Pierre steadied the rod" .....	236
"Jim moved his hose and caught Wig side-face" .....	84
"Joe's jumping on him as if they were quite old friends" .....	45
"Lena's airs were thrown away" .....	136
"Lena could hardly believe her eyes when she saw a lovely little gold watch" .....	149
"Lena remained more or less thoughtful, or, as Ethel put it, dull" .....	264
"Let me have a clear account of what has happened" .....	185
"Listening to Ethel's recital of her adventure" .....	233
"Lo and behold! there were some long-missing jewels!" .....	9
"Marjory! Do come away," said Lena" .....	8
"Master James Burke, welcome to my ship!" .....	144
"Miss Lena, there's to be an end of this behaviour of yours" .....	117

"Mr. Drayton turned sharply round" .....	184
"Mr. Sims," he said, shyly, "do you know any one who wants a boy?" .....	24
"My pig shall see him too" .....	316
"Nadir Shah thrust his hand into the turban and drew out the coveted treasure" .....	221
"Nipsprang forward fiercely" .....	217
"Oh, stop, Marjory!" cried Ethel, breathlessly" .....	48
"Oh! there's a birthday cake, is there?" .....	168
"One of the ruffians sat singing a merry tune" .....	129
"Peacefully smoking in their boat" .....	280
Picture Puzzles .....	53, 205, 228
Princes of the East (Illustrations to) .....	13, 44, 93, 120
"Robin flung himself on to the clerk" .....	224
"She fell in with a scream" .....	125
"She knew that a policeman meant protection" .....	232
"She stared at us, amazed and aghast" .....	313
"She was lost, and nobody knew!" .....	88
"Stepping into the water and wading out up to his waist" .....	40
"Stop!" cried Riley" .....	152
"Stop, John Drummond!" he commanded, "and you, too, Robin Stuart!" .....	238
"The brave captain was lifted off his feet, and swung slowly over the bulwarks" .....	145
"The case was empty!" .....	192
"The cat laid the supper before her dog-friend, who devoured it quickly" .....	60
The Cloth Hall at Ypres .....	237
"The dog picked up the kitten in his mouth" .....	157
"The elephant's trunk seemed to be feeling about inside the engine" .....	172
"The Glory that was Greece" (Illustrations to) .....	28, 29
The Highways of the World (Illustrations to), 4, 5, 36, 37, 76, 77, 108, 109, 140, 141, 180, 181, 244, 245, 276, 277, 284, 285, 300, 301, 308, 309	
"The man, a professional burglar, simply listened" .....	249
"The man did not dare go near him" .....	1
"The miller's son, taking one of the daggers, silently withdrew" .....	252
"The news soon spread that there was a stranger in the village" .....	49
The Northumberland Fusiliers (Illustrations to) .....	85

The Old Twenty-fourth (Illustrations to) .....	61
"The poor lady stepped back on to a bucket of water" .....	253
"There, on the threshold, appeared the rascal clerk!" .....	208
"There's no one round here that Miss Lena would look at" .....	61
"The rope dangled down close above me" .....	96
"There was no house where the seventh should have been" .....	240
"The second conspirator was setting a spark from the open flame" .....	257
"The train came tearing past" .....	197
The Trawlers of the North Sea (Illustrations to) .....	68, 69
"They set off down the road" .....	33
"They were a savage-looking crew enough" .....	97
"Three or four of them ran towards me" .....	112
"To hide his long ears his hatter advised him to wear large hats" .....	133
"Two miserable hungry eyes, gazing wistfully at him" .....	153
"Undoubtedly there was something mysterious about it" .....	296
"We made friends after a fashion" .....	304
"We saw the ship slip off the rock and disappear" .....	56
"We stood there, our hearts beating quickly with dread and excitement" .....	41
"We thought, at first, that the shipwrecked man must be dead" .....	57
"We waited and watched, breathless with excitement" .....	176
"What have you got in your sleeve?" asked the father" .....	92
"What should I see but Robin's head pop up?" .....	177
"What's the matter, miss? Are you ill?" .....	201
"What's the matter? You do look cross" .....	105
"Where are you going?" she asked" .....	32
"Where's the wicked Uncleman?" she asked, dreamily" .....	104
"Will you please give me as many buns as that?" .....	189
"With a flop and a splash he went right in" .....	293
"You haven't seen a little fox-terrier down the road, have you?" .....	72
"Yes! It was Bob!" .....	52
"You liked him because he told you you were pretty" .....	248



# CHATTERBOX.



"The man did not dare go near him."



### A CLEVER LITTLE DOG.

THE following dog-story is a rather 'tall' one, but it was told to me as fact, so I give it for what it is worth.

A lady living at Cheltenham had a cottage at Bredon, to which, during the summer, she paid frequent visits, usually accompanied by her little fox-terrier.

Upon one occasion, however, for some reason she went away without the dog, who strongly disapproved of this desertion. Down to the railway station he trotted, and, without troubling about a ticket, calmly stepped into the first train that came along. A porter who caught sight of him made a feeble attempt to drive him out, but Mr. Doggie, showing his formidable teeth, snarled so viciously that the man did not dare to go near him. Besides, the train was just moving off.

The short journey was soon accomplished. This extremely clever animal had made no mistake about his train. It duly stopped at Bredon. Doggie leaped out joyously, and a few minutes later had burst in upon his astonished mistress.

'How did she know,' you ask, 'that he had come by train?'

Well, very likely some of the station people told her. Both the lady and her dog must have been well known to them.

I have been to Bredon myself. It is a pretty place, and I don't wonder that the dog wanted to go there. Probably, however, it was not the country's charm which drew him, but the desire to be with his beloved mistress.

And so this story may be perfectly true, because a great love makes even small creatures wise and brave.

E. DYKE.

### GARDEN FAIRIES.

YOU'LL tell me I've dreamt it, and maybe you're right,  
But out on my grass-plot, and by the moon's light,  
I witnessed three fairies retiring last night,  
In garments of yellow and purple and white.

When all had donned wrappers the shade of the yew,  
A pair of transparent white sleeping-socks, too,  
They sank to the sward, and with drops of the dew  
Each fashioned a pillow and quilt—then withdrew.

This morning, while doubtless my breakfast grew cold,  
I strolled to examine the lawn, and behold!  
Three crocuses there had sprung up and unrolled—  
One white, one of purple, and one of bright gold!

MARIE ROSE LIVESEY.

### THE KIDNAPPED JUDGE.

A tradition of Tweeddale.

IN the reign of Charles I. a Borderer and cattle-thief, named Willie Armstrong, was released from prison through the influence of the Earl of Traquair.

Will was not ungrateful. He was of opinion that one good turn deserves another, and he soon had an opportunity to serve his friend.

A lawsuit of importance to Lord Traquair was to be

decided in the Court of Sessions. It was known that the presiding Judge was not on the Earl's side in the case. This was unfortunate for the Earl, because the President's casting vote might (and probably would) make all the difference as to the decision.

What a good thing it would be, thought the Earl and his supporters, if the unfriendly Judge could be got out of the way for a time.

Then the Earl applied to his freebooter friend, who at once agreed to kidnap the Judge.

So one day, when that gentleman was riding alone, Will made some excuse to speak to him, and the two rode on together, wily Willie charming the other with his entertaining chatter.

By-and-by they came to a lonely common, called 'The Figgate Whins.' There Will suddenly turned upon his companion, pulled him off his horse, muffled him in a large cloak, and rode away with his unfortunate captive trussed up behind him.

By out-of-the-way routes Will Armstrong took the Judge to the Tower of Graham, an old castle in Annandale, and kept him there for three months, until the lawsuit had been settled in the Earl's favour. When the Judge's horse was found wandering about near the sea, it was supposed that his rider had been drowned. A successor was appointed to the presidency—one who *did* favour the Earl. Justice was not very carefully looked after in those days!

It was hard on the poor Judge. He was in solitary confinement, his food being served to him through a hole in the wall. Nobody spoke to him, but he often heard a man's voice calling 'Batty!' and a woman's voice calling 'Madge!' In those days people believed in witchcraft. The prisoner thought that he was in a magician's dungeon, and that Batty and Madge were spirits.

At the end of the three months Will was told to set his captive free. He entered the vault at dead of night, wound again the big cloak around the Judge, and, without speaking a word, rode off with him, and put him down in the same spot where he had taken him up.

Some time afterwards, when the Judge was travelling in Annandale, he heard again the names of 'Madge' and 'Batty,' and found that Batty was a shepherd's name for his dog, and Madge a woman-servant's name for her cat. Then the whole story came out.

Of course, in kidnapping the Judge, the Earl and his tool, Willie Armstrong, did a wicked, dishonest, cruel thing. But the rough border-folk of those days did not trouble about that; they thought the affair an excellent joke. It was no 'joke' to the Judge.

### ONLY ONE BIRTHDAY.

HOW would you like to have no birthday anniversary? Well, if you had had the misfortune to be born on February 30th, nobody could very well wish you 'many happy returns of the day.' Anyhow, you would not get them.

'But,' you will say, 'there is no 30th of February.'

Yes, there is—sometimes and somewhere.

In voyaging round the world, a day has either to be added or 'thrown overboard' according to the direction taken by the ship. The adjustment is always made when the vessel is crossing the eighteenth meridian, almost midway between Japan and California, so that a



ship at that spot on February 29th in a Leap Year must have a February 30th. In fact, that date appears on the ship's menu.

It is hard luck for a baby born aboard that day, for it is extremely unlikely that he will ever have another birthday, even if he should live for a hundred years or more.

## THE HIGHWAYS OF THE WORLD.

### I.—FROM LONDON TO GENOA (I).

**‘GOING ABROAD!’** What a thrill of excitement there is in those two words, and how eagerly would-be tourists discuss their plans and make preparations for the long journey before them!

During the years of the War, although our soldiers have journeyed far and wide, and have fought battles and won victories in many lands, the rest of us have been obliged to stay at home. But now peace has come, and the highways of the world are being opened once again. There will still be many difficulties, of course, before a journey can be so easy a matter as it was before the War, and travelling is so expensive and troublesome that perhaps it will be best, at present, not to venture too far afield; but, if we cannot go abroad ourselves yet awhile, we can at least pretend that we are flying southward with the swallows, and seeing all sorts of new places and strange people.

Before many years have passed, it is quite possible that tourists will really be able to fly to Mentone, or Biarritz, or Egypt; but now, if we want to go to the Mediterranean—and that shall be our first journey—we must take a train to Dover, Folkestone, or one of the other ports, cross the Channel by steamer, and then go on to Paris and the south.

Dover to Calais, that shall be our route; and, as we set out on the short voyage, it is impossible to forget the days, only a very little while ago, when this narrow strip of grey sea was full of hidden dangers, when warships escorted the passenger vessels to and fro, and a sharp look-out had to be kept for mines and submarines.

Those perilous times are over now, and perhaps before long the crossing to France will be robbed not only of its dangers, but of its discomforts. The plans for a Channel Tunnel are already complete, and when it is opened, we shall be able to take our seats in a train at London, and travel through to Paris, or Marseilles, or Rome, without a change. The tunnel is not built yet, however, and to-day, if the sea is rough and the passage a bad one, we shall most likely be glad to stop at Calais and rest for a time before continuing our journey. Perhaps, however, we need never get out of our train; the ‘ferry’ service from Richborough, where Cæsar landed in Kent, might be turned to peaceful uses in quieter days. During the War, a great port grew up at that half-forgotten village, and trains were run straight on to special steamers and carried bodily across the Channel, thus saving the trouble of transferring passengers and goods from the train to the boat.

We all have a great deal about Calais during the years of the Great War, for it was one of the towns which the Germans were determined to capture at all costs, and many hard battles were fought, and many lives lost before its safety was assured. Apart from modern history, too, this old French port must always

be of interest to English visitors, for it was captured by Edward III. in 1346, and remained an English possession for more than two hundred years.

It was soon after the great victory of Crecy that Edward with his army appeared before the walls of Calais; but the place was strongly defended, and for many months the enemy was kept at bay. At last, however, it became evident that the position was hopeless, and rather than let the inhabitants die of starvation, the brave French commander decided to surrender the town.

Every one knows what happened then, and how six of the most important burghers of Calais were sent to the English camp as hostages, bare-foot and with halters round their necks, and we know, too, how at first Edward ordered these men to be executed, but when his wife, Philippa of Hainault, pleaded for them on her knees, he relented and spared their lives. The old chronicler, Froissart, describes the scene, and tells how the queen treated the burghers kindly, ‘made the halters to be taken from their necks, and caused them to be new clothed, and gave them dinner at their leisure.’ The great French sculptor, Rodin, who loved England, gave to our nation his fine piece of statuary, ‘The Burghers of Calais,’ in token that the old feuds were dead and buried. It stands now in London, in the garden just west of the Houses of Parliament.

When we leave Calais and start once more on our journey, we soon pass through Boulogne, and this place, too, has had a long and adventurous history, although nowadays many people think of it merely as a pleasant and picturesque seaside town, where a cheap summer holiday may be spent.

Gesoriacum, Boulogne used to be called in ancient days, and it was here that Julius Cæsar assembled his army for the conquest of England. Many centuries later another invasion was planned, and the soldiers of Napoleon Bonaparte camped on the hill above the town while waiting for the ships that were to carry them across the Channel. There is a statue of the famous Emperor on a high column above the town, and he seems to be looking over the water towards the white cliffs of the defiant island which he hoped to capture.

During the long wars of the middle ages between France and England, Boulogne was attacked again and again. In 1544 it was actually captured by Henry VIII., and in an old history there is a strange account of how the king sailed across the Channel in a ship with sails of cloth-of-gold, and marched against the town with a gorgeous retinue, and with the Garter King-at-Arms carrying the royal banner. The account seems more like the description of a masquerade than of a serious battle, especially when we hear that, in the siege, cannons made of wood painted to look like brass were employed. The chronicler does not say whether it was the French or the English who used these strange ‘camouflaged’ weapons, but certain it is that Boulogne was captured and remained in Henry’s possession for six years.

Amiens is the next stopping-place on our journey, with its great Cathedral that is one of the most beautiful Gothic buildings in the world. In 1802 the Peace of Amiens was signed here between France and England, and it was in this town, too, nearly six centuries ago, that an incident occurred which was the cause of the terrible Hundred Years’ War between the two countries. In 1329 Philip of Valois ascended the throne of



France, and one of his first acts was to summon the King of England to come to Amiens, and there do homage for his French possessions of Aquitaine and Poitou. Edward III. obeyed the command, but he was young, proud, and ambitious; and he came not as an obedient vassal but as a rival monarch, at the head of a great retinue. We can picture the scene in the Cathedral, when the eighteen-year-old King appeared, clad in a rich crimson mantle embroidered with the leopards of England, and wearing a gold crown and the sword and spurs of a knight.

Philip received his guest seated on a throne, and not only was Edward ordered to kneel humbly at his feet, but he was made to remove his crown, sword, spurs and girdle before paying homage. The young King of England never forgot or forgave this humiliating treatment, and before many years had passed he returned to France again, not this time as a vassal but as an invader, and at the head of a powerful and victorious army.

Amiens has seen much warfare since those stormy fourteenth century days, and we all can remember the springtime of 1918, when the German armies swept southward and great battles were fought in defence of Amiens—battles in which French and English fought not as enemies, but as allies.

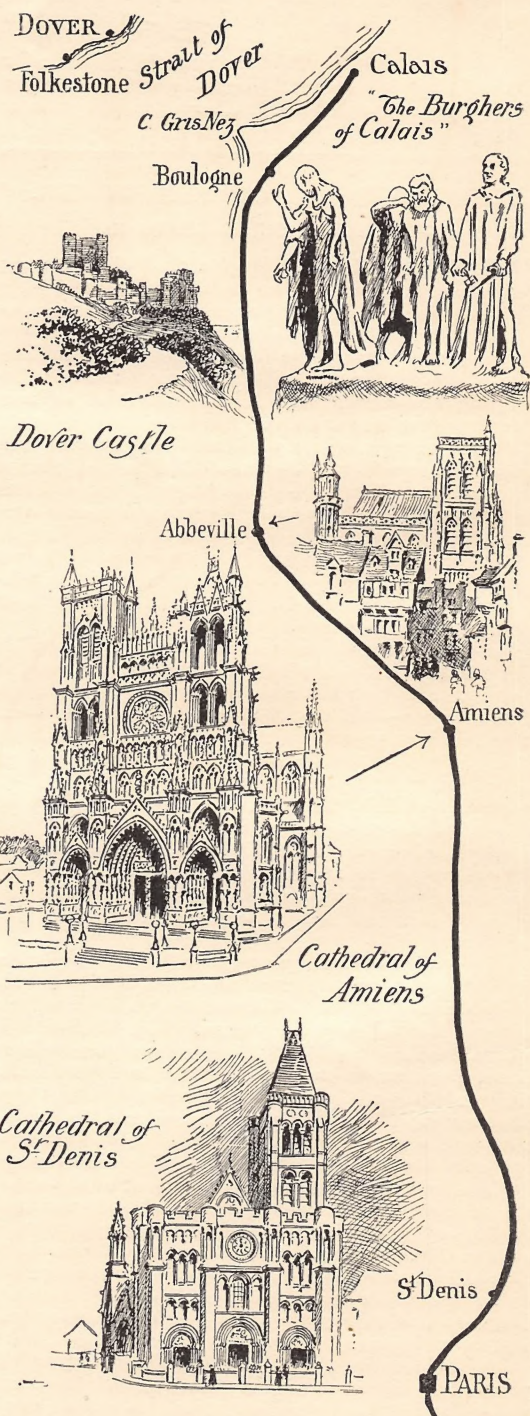
Amiens was not captured, and the invaders were swept back beyond the French frontiers; but, in the previous Franco-German War, the town was not so fortunate, and the Germans took possession of it on November 21st, 1870. But it was the Battle of Amiens in 1918 that was the beginning of the German defeat in the last Great War.

From Amiens the railway goes southward to Paris, passing through St. Denis, with its Cathedral where the kings and queens of France are buried. Fredegonde and Dagobert, Clovis and Charlemagne, Pepin and Charles Martel—even the royal tombs of Westminster Abbey are not more ancient and interesting; and then, coming on through the centuries, we find that it was here that Jeanne d'Arc hung up her arms when Charles VI. had been crowned at Rheims and she felt that her work was accomplished, and here that Napoleon was married to the Austrian princess, Marie Louise.

Above the altar of this church in olden times used to hang the sacred banner of St. Denis—the 'Oriflamme,' as it was called—which was only carried into battle when the King of France himself was present. 'This Oriflamme is a precious banner, and was sent first from Heaven for a great mystery,' an old writer tells us; and we hear of it being carried at Rosebeque, when the great army of Philip van Artevelde was defeated, and at Agincourt.

We cannot stay in Paris now, for the capital of France deserves a whole journey to itself, which we will undertake later; but we drive through the city to the Lyons railway station, and, as we go, catch glimpses of the Louvre, Notre Dame, and of the Church of Les Invalides, where Napoleon is buried.

'The Côte d'Azur Express'—that is the name of the train that carries us away towards the blue sea and blue sky and blue mountains of the Mediterranean coast; but there are many hours of travel before us, and as we pass one famous place after another, we seem to be going not only southward through France, but backward through the long ages of French history. We cross the river Marne first, and the name reminds



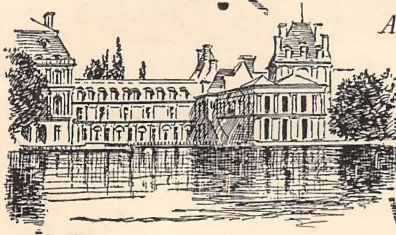
From London to Paris—



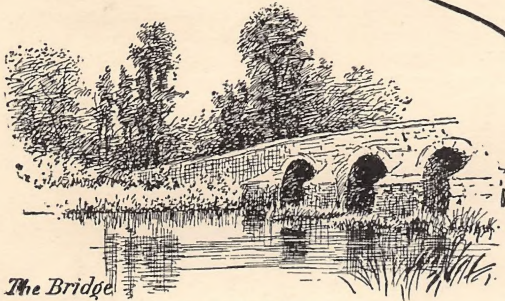
PARIS



Fontainebleau

*Arc de Triomphe**Palace of  
Fontainebleau*

Sens

*The Bridge  
of Gretz, Fontainebleau*

us of the terrible battles of 1914 and 1918, and then we come to Fontainebleau, with its green forest trees and the great palace where, once upon a time, Francis I. and Henry IV. and Napoleon Bonaparte held their courts.

Republican France guards her old buildings well, and here everything is so unchanged that we can almost imagine ourselves back again in the splendid picturesque days of the 'Ancien Régime.' We seem to see the ladies in their ruffs and farthingales dancing on the lawns or feeding the carp that still swim in the lake, and, if we listen, we can almost hear the sound of the huntsman's horn in the distance.

The scene changes. Royal France has been swept away by the great storm of the Revolution, and now we see the figure of Napoleon and of his beautiful wife, Josephine, in the old palace. It was here, too, that the Emperor signed his abdication on April 4th, 1814, and in the courtyard outside—'the Court of the Good-byes,'

it is called—he bade farewell to his soldiers of the Old Guard before going into exile.

From Fontainebleau, with its gay and tragic memories, we go on to Montereau, on the border of what once was the great Duchy of Burgundy, a province whose ruler in mediæval times rivalled the King of France himself in wealth and power. Philip the Brave, John the Fearless, Charles the Bold—the nick-names of those arrogant dukes tell us of their reckless courage and ambition, and we read in history of plots and bloodshed and of feuds that lasted from generation to generation.

Even when France herself was in danger of invasion and ruin, the bitter quarrel between Orleans and Burgundy was not forgotten, and it reached its climax in 1419, when John, Duke of Burgundy, was treacherously murdered on the bridge here at Montereau, where he had come to meet the Dauphin and, as it was supposed, arrange a truce, so that both parties together could oppose Henry V. of England, who, at that time, had already reached Paris in his march through France. On this same bridge, four hundred years later, Napoleon gained his last victory over the Allies, and a bronze statue of the Emperor commemorates the event.

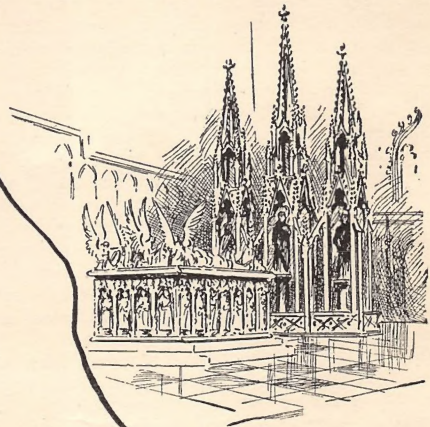
From Montereau we go on twenty-one miles to Sens, and here meet with memories of an older warfare than that of Bonaparte or even of Burgundy and Orleans, for this little place was once the capital of the Senones, a fierce Gaulish tribe, who, under their leader, Brennus, invaded Italy, defeated the Romans, and plundered the Eternal City.

Those were dark days indeed, for it seemed as if civilisation itself would be swept away by the barbarian



Scale

20 Miles

*Salle des Gardes*

Dijon

—and Paris to Dijon.



hordes; but the Gauls did not remain victorious, and in our journey southward we are reminded of their defeat, for we see Mount Auxois, where Julius Cæsar's great battle took place, when the famous chieftain, Vercingetorix, was made prisoner and his armies destroyed. There is a statue of the Gaul on a hill not far away, and we can catch a glimpse of it from the carriage window on the right as our train passes by.

We go on now, through the woods and vineyards of Burgundy, until we reach Dijon. We find ourselves back once more in the turbulent Middle Ages now, for this town was the capital of the old Duchy, and here the powerful dukes lived and ruled.

It was not until Charles the Bold died in 1477 that the province came under the dominion of the King of France, for Charles only left a daughter, Marie, who, by the Salic law, could not reign in Burgundy, although she inherited her father's possessions in Flanders.

And so the old feud came to an end, but another and a greater one was begun, for this same Marie of Burgundy married the Emperor Max, and thus carried the Low Countries into the cruel hands of Austria.

Holland and Spain, Belgium and Austria, France and Germany—for centuries wars and rebellions succeeded each other in swift succession, and here in Dijon we see traces of the long conflict, for the Germans attacked the town in the autumn of 1870, and there is a monument raised to the soldiers who died in its defence.

A. A. METHLEY.

### SOME MARVELS OF THE FISH WORLD.

IN the wonder-world of Nature there are few marvels more interesting than these found among the tribes of the sea. Of them, maybe, among the most remarkable are the Pholas or File Fish, the Archer Fish, the Fighting Fish, and the most singular Melano-Getus.

The Pholas or File Fish is one of the engineering species evolved by Nature. It suggested to Brunel, the famous English tunnel-maker, when perplexed, the means of constructing the first great under-water tunnel that he excavated beneath the River Thames, and in recent years it served as the model for the boring machines used in burrowing through Mont Cenis into Italy. The File Fish is a bivalve, its shells are open at both ends, with on each end a cover fitting accurately over the opening. By means of certain muscles it opens or shuts its shell when it desires, and out of either opening it can thrust its twelve long, crooked, hairy arms in search of its prey. Inside the shell eight smaller arms are generally found tucked away.

The boring power of the Pholas is marvellous. Out of its shell it looks like a mere soft, round pudding, with no means for boring into even the softest putty. Its two teeth are so placed as to be wholly useless for that purpose, and so are the covers of its shells.

The apparatus of the File Fish is a broad, fleshy foot issuing from one or other end of its shell. Adhering firmly by means of this sucker it uses it as a centre-bit, round which it causes the shell to revolve, and the edges of the shell begin the perforation, which soon is enlarged by the file-like action of the rough exterior. Though constantly being worn down, the shell is always being replaced by a secretion from the fish, so that it is kept in good condition for boring.

The sharp eyesight of some fishes, for even most minute objects passing in the air above the water in which the fish is swimming, is unmistakably demonstrated by the astonishing performance of the Archer Fish, which has the peculiar trick of shooting its prey. This fish, which is some six or seven inches long, and is allied to the perch species, lives in the waters of India, Indo-China, and the Philippines, and feeds on the small aquatic flies. When it sees one alight on a near twig, or flying at hand—for it can shoot them on the wing—it darts a drop of water with so sure an aim as to bring the fly down, when the Archer Fish swallows it.

This fish—the *Toxotes jaculator*—has the power of forming its mouth into a tube, and uses this as a powerful squirt. It can hit a fly at a distance of from three to six feet with most surprising accuracy.

The Fighting Fish of the Siamese—called by zoologists the *Betta pugnax*—is one of the most pugnacious in all creation. The Siamese are as devoted to the spectacle of the combats of these fish as the Malays are to cock-fighting.

When the Fighting Fish is in a state of repose, its dull colours present nothing remarkable. But if two be brought together, or if one sees its own image in a looking-glass, the small creature becomes suddenly excited, and its raised fins and entire body shine with metallic colours of most dazzling brilliancy. It makes repeated darts at its real or reflected opponent; and when two fish are matched the fight is to the death.

The Melano-Cetus, which is to be found in American waters, can safely be termed one of the prodigies of creation. It represents an adjustment of life for existence at a very great depth. Constructed to withstand tremendous pressure far below the surface of the water, it explodes when taken out of its element; its eyes start from their sockets, and the air bladder bursts. Its stomach is as expansible as elastic, and stretches until it becomes thin as the thinnest paper; and is thus able to contain the captured prey. When empty, it contracts almost out of sight.

The teeth of the Melano-Cetus, pointing backward, enable it to grip its prey very firmly; and then it is most systematically engorged, partly by working the captured fish down its throat, and partly by drawing itself up over the captive. A Melano-Cetus six inches long was dredged up, and inside its stomach, which was then fully expanded, was another fish nine and a half inches in length.

### THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

#### CHAPTER I.

MARJORY LESTER leaned out of the nursery window and watched the village children as they came from school.

It was a mild afternoon in October, just warm enough for Marjory to prefer the window to the fireside.

Marjory was eight years old, and had lived all her life in Paston Regis, a village so small that she could easily count the cottages.

Sometimes Marjory felt very dull; it was so monotonous doing exactly the same things day after day. She wanted something to happen, and nothing ever did



happen. Yet Lena was happy enough. Lena was Marjory's sister, and over twelve years old. Yes, Lena was happy. But then Lena was such a funny girl; at least, Marjory thought she was. She never cared to play at any real games, because they made her hot and untidy, but she was always ready to put on her best frock and walk through the village with Miss Jackson. Marjory thought that best frocks were silly, and walks with the governess slow. On the other hand, Lena thought that Marjory's games were silly, and so it often happened that Lena went out with Miss Jackson while Marjory stayed at home and amused herself.

The Manor House, where Marjory and Lena lived, was the only large house in the village. It was painted pink all over, except for the front door and the window-frames, which were green. The front door opened right on to the pavement, and the windows on either side of it was so low, any one might easily have clambered through.

From the nursery window upstairs Marjory had a splendid view of the village, and she watched the children longingly as they ran about in twos and threes. Each had a companion. Some walked away arm-in-arm, talking secrets; some skipped, some played hop-scootch. They were all happy. Even the policeman's little crippled daughter, who lived just across the road, in the cottage next to the post-office, was not so lonely as Marjory. She also spent hours at her window, but she could smile at the village children because she knew them, and now and again one would run in and speak to her.

Marjory could see all this, and wondered very much what they said to each other. She was so busy wondering and watching that she did not hear Lena open the nursery door and enter, and when Lena spoke to her rather sharply, Marjory drew in her head suddenly and bumped it against the sash.

'Marjory! Do come away,' said Lena.

'I'm doing nothing,' replied Marjory, rubbing her head.

'Yes, you are—you know you are. I've told you many a time it's not nice for us to be staring at the villagers. We are ladies. I wish you would remember. If they stare at us, that's different; but it's very rude. Come in, now!'

'I am in,' said Marjory, and added, 'You like them to stare, anyway.'

Lena took no notice of this last remark, but proceeded to close the window.

'And there's that child of Ward's,' she continued, still scolding; 'she does nothing but watch us all day long. I'll draw the curtains to, and then, perhaps, she'll understand,' and, with an indignant glance at the cottage over the way, Lena pulled Marjory away and drew the curtains.

Marjory, always accustomed to obey her sister, sat down, rather sulkily, on the broad edge of the fender.

'You are horrid, Lena,' she said. 'Why shouldn't I look out? There's nothing else to do. I don't think it is a bit nice being ladies.'

'Oh, don't be silly!' replied Lena, who now began to take off her hat and jacket.

For a moment there was silence. Marjory sat kicking her heel against the fender, and watched Lena. Lena was a beautiful girl, tall and graceful, and her hair, nearly golden, fell loosely over her neck and shoulders.

The one striking resemblance between the two girls was their dark blue eyes. Apart from that they were not much alike. Marjory had a round, chubby little face, which was very pleasing, but she could not be called beautiful.

'Listen, Marjory,' said Lena, who had really come in bubbling over with news. 'What do you think? Mother is going away.'

'Mother often goes away,' replied Marjory, still vexed.

'Yes, to London; but that's only a little way. This time she is going with Father to a lot of places with funny names; not in England, you know, but right away. That's the reason Mother has had those lovely new dresses. I thought something was happening, but I hoped we were going to have a house-party for the shooting. Perhaps we may have one for Christmas, when Mother and Father have returned. If we do, I shall ask Mother to let me sit up to dinner. I'm sure I'm old enough. Miss Jackson says I am.'

'Who says Mother is going away?' asked Marjory, and she ceased kicking the fender.

'Mother herself, of course,' Lena sat down. It was growing chilly now, and she drew her chair nearer to the fire, but was careful not to scorch her face. The curtains being drawn, all daylight was shut out and the room was in darkness, save for the firelight.

'Who do you suppose would tell me, but Mother,' continued Lena. 'She called me into her room just now. She is going on Saturday.'

'For how long?' asked Marjory.

'Till about Christmas.'

'Christmas!' cried Marjory. 'But that is months!'

'It isn't. It's October now, and then it will be November, and then December is Christmas.'

'And shan't we ever see her till then, nor Father?' Marjory asked.

'How can we, silly, if she's away?' retorted Lena.

'I don't know. I think it's horrid. Fancy, not seeing Mother!'

'Well, we often and often don't see her,' said Lena.

'But we know she's close to,' replied Marjory, 'and that makes all the difference.'

'Well, anyhow, she's going. It's jolly, I think.'

'I don't,' said Marjory, emphatically.

'I'm sorry for one thing, though,' continued Lena, 'and that is, Mother is sending Miss Jackson away. She says we needn't do any lessons, but we can run wild.'

'Run wild!' repeated Marjory. 'You won't do anything except dress up. You won't play, even in the garden, for fear of spoiling your hands, and you won't—'

'Oh, Marjory!' cried Lena, 'don't be so cross. Aren't you sorry Miss Jackson is going away?'

'No, I'm not,' Marjory replied, unhesitatingly.

'Why?' asked Lena.

'You know quite well that I don't like her very much, and I don't think Mother does really, but she won't say so to us, and—and—you used not to be so silly, Lena, before she came.'

'Silly!' cried Lena, hotly. 'How do you mean?'

'Why, about dress, and being ladies, and things like that.'

'What nonsense!' replied Lena; 'I always minded those things. It's you that's silly.'

(Continued on page 15.)





"'Marjory! Do come away,' said Lena."





"Lo and behold! there were some long-missing jewels."



### THE LEGEND OF AN OLD CASTLE.

JEAN, Duke of La Roche-Morgan—the last of a long line—had, like so many of the French nobles, been ruined by the Revolution. Though he still dwelt in his ancestral home (how sadly in need of repair), he was little more than a rather inefficient, poverty-stricken farmer.

This poor Duke, indeed, was much to be pitied. A great affront had been put upon him by a country gentleman, who had refused to Jean the hand of his daughter Irene.

In his sadness, however, the Duke was cheered by the society of his chaplain and former tutor, and by that of the old man's niece, Véronique, to whom, poor though he himself was, the young nobleman had given a home.

Véronique, being a tender-hearted maiden, pitied Jean exceedingly, and her pity soon ripened into love. She wrote down her feelings and her prayers for him on the blank pages of an old prayer-book; then one day, seized with horror lest any one should find the book and read her outpourings, she flung it into the fire. The flames blazed up so fiercely that the hearthstone was split asunder, and, lo and behold! there, behind that ancient hearthstone, were some long-missing jewels, of which Véronique had often heard.

This treasure was immensely valuable. The girl was half-glad, half-sorry, to have discovered it. For now that Jean was rich, he would of course, she thought, marry the proud Irene. Jean, however, had no such intention; he no longer cared for that false-hearted girl, but loved the gentle, good Véronique. She refused to marry him just because he was rich. Thus, at first, the treasure did more harm than good.

But everything came right in the end. Fortunately, Véronique's uncle, the chaplain, while rummaging amongst old parchments, with a view to compiling a history of the family of Roche-Morgan, came across an authentic record of these jewels, which were *false*! The original gems, it turned out, had been sold long, long ago, in 1589, by a loyal Duke of La Roche-Morgan, in order to help his King with troops at the battle of Arques.

So Duke John remained poor, yet was rich and happy in the love of Véronique, who now became his wife.

The French novelist, François Coppée, has founded a pretty little play—*The Treasure*—on this story.

### A REGIMENT OF THE LINE.

THE Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry is composed of two regiments, the Forty-third Foot, dating from 1742, and the Fifty-second, which was raised fourteen years later, in 1755, when war broke out between France and England. In 1881, when the present Territorial names were given, these two were united as the first and second battalions of the same regiment: but long before that time they had seen much service together, and with the Ninety-fifth Foot, now called the Rifle Brigade, formed the famous Light Division during the Peninsular War.

Thirteen names on the colours of the Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry tell of the exploits and honours of that long campaign, and this record is only surpassed by the King's Royal Rifles and the Highland Light Infantry, each with fifteen Peninsular battles,

and the Rifle Brigade itself, which boasts no fewer than sixteen.

Before going out to Spain and Portugal, however, the Forty-third and Fifty-second Regiments had served together at Quebec, when General Wolfe defeated the French under Montcalm, and was killed, just when victory was won and the future of the great Dominion of Canada secured. After that there came, for the 'Fifty-second,' the American War of Independence, with the battles of Brooklyn, White Plains, and Brandywine.

In America the British soldiers seem to have had amusements mingled with their warfare, and there is a good story told of an entertainment which took place during the investment of Boston.

On this occasion a play was to be acted by some of the officers of the 'Fifty-second' and others, but, unfortunately, the enemy obtained information of what was afoot, and the British were attacked just as the actors were beginning their comedy.

A sergeant who was on duty heard the first shots fired and hastened to the theatre to give the alarm, where finding every one busy, he rushed on to the stage and shouted, 'Turn out! Turn out! They're at it, hammer and tongs.'

Much to his surprise and discomfiture the audience believed this dramatic entry to be part of the performance, and applauded so loudly that it was some time before the new-comer could make himself heard, and the importance of his message understood.

In spite of episodes such as this, however, the 'Fifty-second' had plenty of hardships and desperate fighting in America, and lost four of their captains during the war.

'I wonder who they'll get to command our grenadier company now?' one of the drummer-boys remarked. 'I'll be hanged if I would take it myself.'

In 1703 the regiment sailed for India, and their voyage had a tragic ending, for while the vessel on which they had travelled was lying off Madras it was destroyed by an explosion and sixty-three lives were lost.

After the disaster, a drummer-boy belonging to the 'Fifty-second'—it may have been the same one of whom we have already heard—managed to climb on to a hen-coop which was floating in the water among the wreckage, and with him, clinging to this support, was one of the passengers from the ship, Captain Aubrey.

The boy, not wishing to appear selfish, but not wishing, either, to be drowned or devoured by the sharks with which the sea was swarming, called for help at the top of his voice, shouting, 'Save the Captain! Save the Captain!' and he was much disappointed when Aubrey insisted on other survivors, who were in still greater peril, being rescued first.

After reaching their destination the 'Fifty-second' were soon on active service again, for at that time the British in India were at war with the powerful State of Mysore, whose ruler, Tippoo Sahib, commanded a large and well-trained army. The capital of Mysore, Seringapatam, is situated on an island in the river Caverry, and on this island, but outside the walls of the city, Tippoo had entrenched himself in a great camp surrounded by a thick hedge of thorn bushes and defended by no less than four hundred and fifty cannon.

This place was attacked by the British under Lord



Cornwallis, and the Fifty-second Regiment, as usual, was in the thick of the fighting.

At first it seemed as if the difficulties of capturing Tippee's stronghold would prove insurmountable. Captain Hunter, who was leading the 'Fifty-second,' was killed, and the regiment was ordered to retreat. The men, however, grumbled at this decision, and Conran, who had taken over the command, heard them saying among themselves, 'If Captain Hunter had been here we should have had another charge at those black rascals.'

'Well, my lads, although I have been told to retreat, you shall have another dash at them,' Captain Conran said, and once more the 'Fifty-second' charged the enemy. It was fortunate that they did so, for they happened to come up with Lord Cornwallis himself, who, with a small bodyguard, was in danger of being taken prisoner by Tippee Sahib.

In 1808 the regiment sailed for Portugal, and all through the Peninsular War fought with the Light Division, said to have been the finest body of troops that Great Britain had ever produced.

The three regiments in it, it is true, were not present at the beginning of the campaign, but received the news of the desperate fighting when they were on their way to join Sir Arthur Wellesley's army. They only arrived upon the scene when victory had been already won, but the readiness and speed with which the men of the Light Division hastened to their comrades' assistance will never be forgotten.

It was in July, the hottest time of a blazing summer day, and the soldiers were resting and preparing their food after an exhausting twenty-mile march. Some Spanish fugitives appeared, and when the commander, Colonel Crawford, heard their tidings, he buckled on his sword at once and ordered the buglers to sound the 'Fall in.'

Without hesitation or delay the men set off once more, and with their sixty-pound loads marched fifty-two miles in twenty-six hours, only losing seventeen stragglers on the way.

Busaço, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria, one name after another has its own story of heroism and endurance, and then there came Nivelle, where the 'Fifty-second,' with the 'Forty-third,' stormed and captured the mountain fortresses of the lesser Rhine, positions which the French had believed to be quite inaccessible.

Later in the day the Light Division was in action again, and the 'Fifty-second' won the proud title of being 'A regiment never surpassed in arms since arms were borne by man.'

The Peninsular War came to an end in 1814, but the peace that followed did not last for long, and within a few months the deposed Emperor Napoleon had escaped from his captivity in Elba and was marching in triumph through France to rejoin his army.

And now we come to the eve of Waterloo, and meet the veterans of the Peninsula once more, British and French, Wellington and Bonaparte, Soult and Picton, gathered together in Belgium, the 'cockpit of Europe,' as it has been called, to settle the old quarrel once and for all and to fight out the battle to a finish.

Nowadays, looking back across a century, we think of Waterloo simply as a great and glorious victory, one of the decisive battles of the world's history. A victory it was—in the end—there is no doubt about that; but

it was hardly won and dearly bought. Again and again during those June days of 1815 the fortunes of war changed, the tide of battle ebbed and flowed, and the future of Europe hung in the balance.

Many British regiments distinguished themselves in this great battle, but none of them won greater honour than the 'Fifty-second,' for the men who had fought so well in the Peninsula defeated Napoleon's famous Imperial Guard, and then pushed forward and charged the enemy in front of the whole British army.

Even on the battle-field itself the bravery of the regiment was recognised, for as the Prussians, then our allies, passed by, their bands played the British National Anthem, and one of the officers stopped to kiss the Colour of the 'Fifty-second,' which had been carried by Ensign Leake through the thick of the fighting.

In 1853 the Forty-third and Fifty-second Regiments went out to India, and they were there when the Mutiny broke out four years later. 'Delhi' was added to the battle honours then, and the word brings to our minds a wonderful story of British dash and courage.

Delhi, the old capital of the Moghul sovereigns, was one of the first cities to become infected, and on the 12th of May the British residents were cruelly murdered and the mutineers took possession of the city. From that time onward it was a stronghold of intrigue and rebellions, troops from the revolted native regiment collected there, and the old king was looked upon as a leader. A large British army was gathered together and preparations were made for the capture of the city.

This, however, proved to be no easy task, for Delhi, enclosed within its red walls, was a veritable fortress, and it was also strongly garrisoned and supplied with immense quantities of ammunition. For months the besiegers were obliged to play a waiting game, but in September the time for action came, and it was decided that the city must be taken by storm.

The Cashmere Gate, facing the north, was the point chosen for the attack, and the troops who were to take part in it had different tasks assigned to them. One column, composed of two hundred and fifty men of the Fifty-second Regiment and seven hundred natives, was to lead the assault, but before they could advance a party of engineers was to blow up the gate itself with gunpowder.

It was a 'Forlorn Hope' indeed for that little company of heroic, self-sacrificing men who undertook this perilous work, but they did not flinch even at the prospect of almost certain death. So desperate a venture was it, that when the leader, Lieutenant Home, ran forward over the broken drawbridge and set his bag of gunpowder in place, the mutineers guarding the gate were so amazed at his reckless daring that they did not even fire, and the pioneer dropped down into the dry ditch below unmolested.

Home, Salkeld, Carmichael, Burgess, and Smith, those were the five brave men who blew up the Cashmere Gate in broad daylight on that September day, and with them was Bugler Hawthorn, whose duty it was to sound the 'Advance' as soon as the way was open for his comrades of the Fifty-second Regiment to rush forward through the breach.

Salkeld and the others followed Home over the bridge and the task was accomplished; but the mutineers had quickly recovered from their surprise. The gunpowder was put ready and the fuse ignited under a hail of





The Badge of the Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry.

bullets, and of the little band only three escaped unscathed. Burgess fell mortally wounded and died afterwards as he was being carried into safety, Carmichael was killed outright, and Salkeld was shot through the leg and through both arms. Smith, the only one left, managed to finish the work, and then he and Hawthorn dropped into the moat just before the explosion took place which destroyed the gate and killed all the natives who were in the neighbourhood of it.

Then Hawthorn's turn came: his bugle rang out and the men of the 'Fifty-second' ran forward, through the shattered gateway and into the city.



'Save the Captain!'

Hawthorn was awarded the V.C. for his share in this great enterprise, and well he deserved the honour, for, after the 'Advance' had been sounded, he went back to Lieutenant Salkeld, and, under a heavy fire, bound up the officer's wounds with the puggaree from his own helmet.



'Hawthorn's turn came: his bugle rang out.'

Hawthorn's Victoria Cross was one of three gained by the men of the 'Fifty-second' during the Mutiny; and, during the New Zealand War against the Maoris, another was won by Captain Smith, of the Forty-third Regiment.

1900 found the 'Forty-third' and 'Fifty-second,' now united as the Oxford and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, in South Africa, where they fought in the Battle of Paardeberg, when the able Boer general, Cronje, was at last run to earth and forced to surrender. With this victory the terrible disaster of Magersfontein, fought a few months earlier, was retrieved, and another was retrieved too, for February 27th, the day when the white flag was hoisted over the Boer camp, was the anniversary of the Battle of Majuba Hill, when, twenty years before, the British were defeated and the Boers gained possession of the Transvaal.

And now we must finish the story of this famous regiment, or, at any rate, break it off for a time. The tale of its exploits in the Great War of 1914-1918 cannot yet been told in full, but we may be quite certain that the 'Light Bobs,' as they are nicknamed in the Army, have acquitted themselves well, and that the 'Fifty-second' is still what the historian, Napier, called it a century ago: 'A regiment unsurpassed in arms since arms were first borne by men.'





H.H. The Maharao of Bundi.

**THE PRINCES OF THE EAST.****I.—THE MAHARAO OF BUNDI.**

THE Emperor of India'—some of us, perhaps, may have wondered what this title means, and why George V. is not called King in India, as he is in Eng-

land. The reason is that the word 'Emperor' means a 'king over kings,' and that the great dominion of India is not one country, but many, and consists of States and provinces, some of which have their own rulers and armies and their own languages and customs.



Some of the most important and interesting of these States are situated in Rajputana, the huge territory lying to the north-east of the peninsula, and the Rajput princes belong to families so ancient that many of them can boast of ancestors who were brave, chivalrous, and civilised at a time when the inhabitants of England were mere barbarians.

One of these Rajput States is Bundi, a small province when compared with its neighbours Jaipur and Jodhpur, but one which has an adventurous and warlike history. The prince of the country is head of one of the great Rajput clans, and, as Maharao, is entitled to a salute of seventeen guns. The present ruler is Sir Rajhubir Singh, who succeeded his father in 1889.

We first mention of Bundi in English history in 1804, during the Mahratta War, when the prince of the country helped the British in their struggle against a powerful chief, the Holkar.

During this war, as so often both before and since, the English commanders under-rated the strength of their enemy, and only a comparatively small army was sent against the Mahratta prince, who, although himself a savage and ignorant freebooter, had a great number of troops, splendid cavalry, and was well supplied with cannon and ammunition.

It was in July that the fighting began, and in India the summer-time is also the rainy season. The Europeans were not accustomed to the heat and wet weather, which made the roads almost impassable, and at last their leader, General Monson, deciding that the position was hopeless, ordered a retreat. The army, therefore, turned and began to fight its way back to British territory, but everything seemed to be against it; one disaster followed another, and only a handful of men in the end reached Agra in safety. It was during this terrible time that the Raja of Bundi came to the assistance of General Monson and gave valuable aid.

For this service he was rewarded with huge grants of land, and thus recovered territories which in earlier times had been taken from him by his enemies.

A period of prosperity thus began for the State, but later the benefits and privileges were nearly forfeited, for in 1857, when the great rebellion broke out, which we call the Indian Mutiny, the ruler of Bundi, instead of being loyal to his British protectors, turned against them, encouraged the rebels, and, it is said, even assisted them in their warfare. For three years afterwards the prince was more or less in disgrace, but in 1860 his weakness was pardoned, and he was recognised as the ruler of the province. He seems to have changed in character as time went on, for he never wavered again in his loyalty, and in 1877 was made a Counsellor of the Indian Empire.

The principal town of the State is also called Bundi, and is a picturesque place, situated in a gorge among rocky hills. The palace of the Raja is one of the most beautiful in all Rajputana, and is built on the side of the valley and rises in a series of pinnacled terraces above the narrow, irregular streets of the old city.

Round Bundi itself the hills are wooded, but a great part of the country is dry and sandy, with very little water. Sometimes the crops fail, and then there are famines, when thousands of people die of starvation. One of these times of distress came in 1833, another in 1869, and a third only twenty years ago. During this last famine more than three million people had to be

fed by the Government, and it is said that half the cattle in the province died.

A range of hills cuts across the State of Bundi, dividing it in two, and, while some districts are sandy and waterless, in other places the land is fertile and well cultivated. There are, besides, great tracts of forest, or jungle with thickly growing trees and tall reeds.

These jungles, in which there are many wild beasts, used to be famous hunting-grounds in the old days, and the rajas often went out on great sporting expeditions, mounted on gaily caparisoned elephants and accompanied by crowds of servants. We are told that the Maharao Raja Bishen Singh, who reigned early in the nineteenth century, slew upwards of one hundred lions with his own hand, while, in addition, many 'tigers and bears innumerable fell victims to his lance.'

There are no lions nowadays to be found in Bundi, and, indeed, these animals are almost extinct in India, but the native princes are still so devoted to sport that they sometimes actually have young lions brought to the country from Africa and let loose in the jungle, so that they may be hunted by themselves and their friends.

In Bundi, however, this strange way of providing 'big game' is not necessary, for, although the lions have gone, there are still plenty of tigers, bears, leopards, and other animals.

In 1914, when war broke out between England and Germany, the Maharaja of Bundi, like all the other great native princes, came forward with offers of help, and we find him contributing large sums to the Prince of Wales's Fund, besides placing all the resources of his State at the service of the Empire. It is strange to remember that, when they were making their plans for the Great War, the German leaders believed that India would prove disloyal, and that English troops would have to be sent East to put down mutinies and rebellions. In these hopes our enemies were bitterly disappointed, and in a telegram which the Viceroy sent to King George in September, 1914, he says that every one of the seven hundred native rulers had come forward with offers of men and money.

## FAIRY FLOWERS.

**D**AISIES are umbrellas; all the fairies use them, too, And hold them very carefully in case the rain drips through.

Buttercups are golden cups for Fairy Queens, you see, To use when they've a party and the fairies come to tea.

Hollyhocks are fairies' homes, they've rooms all up the stem;

I've often seen the bees go in and pay a call on them; And tulips are shaped, as you know, just like a rounded cup;

That's 'cos the fairies wash in them—the dewdrops fill them up!

Rose-petals are fairy frocks; each foxglove flower's a hat;

Mushrooms are the fairies' chairs; oh, every one knows that!

But snapdragons, with ugly looks and mouths that open wide—

Oh! they're the only flowers that *no* fairy can alide.



## THE SNAKE-CHARMER.

THE so-called 'snake-charmer' often trades upon the ignorance of the poor people in India. This is how he does it:

First of all, he secretly puts a harmless but stupefied snake into a house. Then an accomplice of his tells the dwellers in this house that he has seen a poisonous snake there. The people, greatly alarmed, at once apply to the 'charmer.' He pretends to be afraid to tackle the snake. It is, he declares, a poisonous one; in attacking it he should be endangering his own life. For a large sum of money, however, he would see what he could do. So the people give the man a big reward, and he sets to work with his bagpipe. Attracted by the sound, the harmless and now revived snake appears, and crawls to the middle of the room. The charmer seizes it, cries out that he is bitten, and falls, apparently unconscious, to the ground. The accomplice comes forward. He places what is called a 'snake-stone' on the finger of the charmer, who instantly jumps up, miraculously cured. The onlookers are much impressed, and the cunning snake-charmer and his companion walk off with their money and the snake, to perform the same trick elsewhere.

## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 7.)

BUT Marjory was quite right. It was since Miss Jackson had come that Lena had changed. With a natural liking for fine clothes and adornment, and an impatient longing for the days when she would be 'grown-up' and go out with Mother, Lena had listened readily to Miss Jackson, who flattered her and built for her many a castle in the air. She told Lena that, as a lady, she ought not to mix with 'common' children, and spoke enthusiastically of the time when Lena, the beautiful Lena, would 'come out.' Lena never tired of hearing, and she was, naturally, very sorry that Miss Jackson was being sent away.

'There is one thing, though,' said Lena. 'While Mother is away I shall be mistress, and the servants will have to obey me.' She looked very proud of herself as she spoke.

'Why?' asked Marjory. 'Isn't Jane coming? She always does when Mother goes away, even if it's only for a little time.'

Jane was an old and favourite nurse of Mrs. Lester's, who had looked after the children, off and on, ever since they were babies.

'Oh, yes,' replied Lena. 'Jane will be here, but she doesn't count.'

'Well, I think it's all very horrid,' cried Marjory, almost tearfully. 'I shall just go and see Mother myself,' and she rose from the fender.

At that moment the nursery door opened, and Mrs. Lester walked in, holding two letters in her hand.

'See, my dears!' she began; but before she could say any more Marjory had rushed across the room and thrown her arms round her mother's waist.

'Oh, Mother!' she cried, 'must you really go away?'

'I'm afraid I must, darling,' replied Mrs. Lester, smiling down at Marjory and leading her back to the hearth.

'Marjory, do be careful,' exclaimed Lena. 'Just see how you are ruffling Mother's dress!' and she got up and stroked and smoothed her mother's dress, as her sister hastily drew back.

Mrs. Lester sat down and drew Marjory on to her knee. Lena stood by, thinking, as she fingered her mother's rings, that it would be impossible for any girl to have a prettier mother than she had.

'I must indeed go, my dear,' replied Mrs. Lester to Marjory's second inquiry. 'And sooner than I expected. I must go to-morrow.'

'To-morrow!' cried both the girls together.

'Yes. Father writes to me by this afternoon's post saying I must join him in London immediately.'

'But, Mother!' interrupted Lena, 'how can you go to-morrow? You haven't packed up.'

'Oh, we'll manage that between us, and I have sent Jane a telegram telling her to come to-morrow.'

'I wish Miss Jackson could stay instead of us having old Jane,' said Lena, coaxingly.

'She cannot, my dear,' replied Mrs. Lester gently. 'I wonder, Lena, that you should ask me again.'

Lena said no more.

'But Father's letter is not the only surprise this afternoon,' continued Mrs. Lester. 'There is a letter from Father's half-brother, your Uncle Tom. Do you remember him at all, Lena?'

'Uncle Tom? No, I don't remember him.'

'No? Well, you hardly could. I should think it's ten years since we have seen him. You've heard of him frequently, though—and so have you, Marjory. Now he writes to Father to say he is coming here.'

'Coming here!' cried the girls. 'Oh, when, Mother?'

'Ah! I can't tell you when. I'll read you his letter, if I can possibly see. It is very short.' Leaning forward so as to catch the firelight, Mrs. Lester, still holding Marjory, drew the letter from its envelope, and read: "Dear Jack,—I shall probably be looking you up very soon. I have lately got married.—Yours affectionately, Tom." That is all he says. He gives no address, so we cannot write to him. I see the stamp is a foreign one, but I cannot make out the post-mark. It is really very awkward. He may come any time, and your father and I will be away.'

'Well, Mother,' said Lena, 'Marjory and I will be at home. We'll explain.'

'I do hope he's a jolly uncle,' put in Marjory.

'Oh, he is,' replied Mrs. Lester. 'You'll like him very, very much, the moment you see him. If he does come, you must do your best to entertain him; but after all, perhaps I am worrying about nothing. He may not come till Christmas, if then. He was always strange, fond of travelling about the world and turning up again suddenly, so that one never expects him till one sees him.'

'I hope he *does* come,' said Marjory.

'Well, that is what I came in to tell you, and now I must hurry off and do my packing, or else I shall not be ready. Who is going to help?' Mrs. Lester looked round, smiling.

'Oh, I am, Mother!' cried Marjory, jumping down from her mother's knee.

'And you, Lena?'

'Rather, Mother!' replied Lena, whose eyes sparkled at the thought of fingering her mother's beautiful dresses and pretty things, and together they left the nursery.

(Continued on page 18.)





"He may come at any time."





“‘He will remember you, you’ll see.’”



## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 15.)

### CHAPTER II.

AFTER many good-byes, Mrs. Lester climbed into the dog-cart and was driven away by Platt, the coachman.

Marjory and Lena stood out in the road waving their handkerchiefs. Mrs. Lester turned round from time to time, and waved in response. The dog-cart seemed to grow smaller and smaller; it would soon be out of sight. Already it had reached the top of the hill, and as it descended the other side it was gradually lost to view. There was still just the top of Mrs. Lester's hat showing, and then that, too, disappeared. No use to wave now. Mother was gone, and, with a heavy feeling in their hearts, Marjory and Lena turned to go in.

It was always the same—always horrid, when Mother went away, especially at first. No matter where they went about the house, everything looked deserted. Each room spoke of emptiness, the chairs seemed as if there was no one to sit on them, and the hall was dreary and offered no welcome.

But this time, with Lena, it was different. Her thoughts flew to the new uncle, and she went upstairs to find Miss Jackson and to talk about him. But Marjory, caring nothing for the uncle at that moment, wandered about aimlessly.

She entered the breakfast-room. On the table lay Mrs. Lester's napkin, thrown down carelessly after a hurried breakfast. How different it looked now! Marjory wished the maid would clear away. She thought she would not stay there, but would go and look at the dining-room. As she passed through the hall she caught sight of an old garden hat of Mrs. Lester's, and she remembered how Mother had worn it all the summer. And now Mother was gone.

There was no fire in the dining-room, and the furniture looked cold. The drawing-room was no better; there seemed to be nothing in it but empty chairs. Tears filled Marjory's eyes. If only some of the days would be quick and pass! To-morrow, even, would be better than to-day, and after Saturday, when Miss Jackson would be gone, perhaps Lena would be nice, and play.

But it was still to-day, and very, very early, too.

Marjory went up to the nursery. Surely the nursery would look much the same as usual. It was not often that Mother came there.

A fire was burning, and the room had been swept and dusted. At any rate, it was cosy. Marjory sat down and wondered how long Jane would be before she came.

Suddenly the door opened and Lena popped her head in. 'Miss Jackson and I are going for a walk, Marjory. Will you come?' she said.

'Where to?' asked Marjory, turning round.

'Up Butter Hill.'

'Go to the Cottage, instead,' suggested Marjory.

'No. I don't want to go there. We are always going.'

'We haven't been for a long time.'

'Well, I don't care,' said Lena. 'I don't want to go. If you can't come our way, you needn't come at all. Please yourself.' She waited an instant. 'Well?' she asked.

'I won't come, thank you,' replied Marjorie, and Lena closed the door and went off.

The Cottage of which Marjory spoke lay about a mile up the road. It had been empty for several years, and many and many a time Marjory wished that somebody would come and live there—somebody they might know, for, although it was much smaller than the Manor House, she felt sure that only nice people would come to live there.

It seemed a shame that such a pretty little place should have no one to live in it. But month after month and year after year passed, and it remained empty.

In summer-time, flowers grew in wild profusion all about the garden; and the little path, leading from the wicket-gate to the front door, was covered with weeds. Honeysuckle, jessamine, and roses climbed up the two small bay windows on either side the porch to such a height that any one in the rooms above had only to stretch forth a hand from the window to pluck a flower.

Marjory felt most sorry for this cottage in winter-time, when it began to look cold and bare, and to-day her own sense of loneliness made her wishful to walk that way, and no other. But Lena objected.

Lena ran downstairs and told Miss Jackson that Marjory was cross and did not want to go out, and, as it was not at all unusual for these two to leave Marjory at home, they thought no more about her, but set off for their walk by themselves.

Lena had only one subject for conversation this morning—Uncle Tom. She began immediately they were outside.

'He *might* come this afternoon,' she said, as she linked her arm in Miss Jackson's.

'He might, certainly,' returned Miss Jackson, who quite entered into Lena's excitement.

'You don't think he will come this morning, do you, while we are out?' said Lena.

'Oh, dear me, no! It is not likely. I hope he will come, though, before I go. I should like very much to see him. Did you say he was rich? But of course he is, if he's your father's brother.'

'Half-brother,' corrected Lena.

'Well, half-brother then. He must be rich to be such a wonderfully great traveller. And when he comes, he will come loaded with presents for his two nieces,' said Miss Jackson, adding, in an insinuating manner, 'especially his eldest niece, whom once he had the honour of seeing.'

'Oh, but that's years ago,' said Lena. 'I was only two, then. I don't remember him a bit.'

'He will remember you, you'll see. He will think his little two-year-old niece grown into a positive princess.'

'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' cried Lena excitedly. 'I do wish he would come.'

'Tell me, Lena. What is he like?'

'I really don't know,' replied Lena. 'I never asked Mother; we were so busy helping her, I forgot.'

'But have you no photograph of him?'

'Not that I know of.'

'Well, then,' said Miss Jackson, 'shall I tell you what I think he will be like?'

'Oh, yes, do,' urged Lena.

'Well, he will be tall and handsome, and will wear a dark beard.' Here Miss Jackson stopped to think.

'Yes,' said Lena. 'Please go on.'

'He will be very aristocratic, a perfect, perfect gentleman, with kind, twinkling eyes. He will be a



great tease, but when all's said and done, he will be very proud of his beautiful niece, whom he will playfully call, "Little Lady Lena."

Lena listened readily enough to all Miss Jackson's foolish flattery, and when they returned home she felt that they had passed a very pleasant morning.

Her first question, upon entering the house, was: 'Has Uncle Tom arrived?'

Of course he had not, but the maid said that Jane had come and was up in the nursery with Miss Marjory.

'In the nursery,' Lena said to herself, a little surprised. Jane's place was the kitchen. What could she be doing in the nursery?

Taking off her hat and jacket, Lena hurried upstairs to see, and as she opened the nursery door a peal of laughter burst from Marjory.

Jane—fat, comfortable, old Jane—sat in the rocking-chair with Marjory on her knee, and they seemed to be having a most enjoyable time together. But on Marjory's face were signs of recent tears.

*(Continued on page 31.)*

## FISHING IN FAR-OFF LANDS.

### I.—WHALE-HUNTING.

AT one time the idea that the whale is a fish was much more prevalent than it is now, though probably to many people to-day it is in the nature of a discovery to learn that the whale is as much an animal as is the horse. The mistake probably originally arose owing to its mode of life being so difficult of observation.

The largest whale-fisheries of the world are the British, the American, and the Norwegian. The British whalers work off Greenland and in Davis Strait, the Americans at Behring Strait, while the methods and implements used in each case are practically the same. Despite the greater quantities of ice that are encountered, by far the great majority of whales are caught in the northern waters, for there the hunting is more keenly prosecuted than in the Antarctic.

The modern whaler is usually a vessel of some five hundred tons, rigged as a sailing ship, but fitted with auxiliary engines. She is very strongly built and strengthened throughout with stout timbers to enable her to withstand the buffeting of the wind and the ice for long periods at a time. Gradually the sailing whaler is giving way to the ship driven entirely by steam, for the latter has many and obvious advantages. Space for the stowing of the cargo is provided by some fifty iron tanks, each capable of holding from two hundred to two hundred and fifty tons of oil. A vessel of this type is manned by a crew of about fifty and carries eight whale-boats.

A whale-boat is twenty-seven feet long and six wide; the bow is covered in for a few feet to form a small platform, on which two strong posts support the whale-gun and the whale-line. In some whalers the gun is carried in the bows of the ship itself, as this helps to provide greater accuracy of aim if the sea is at all choppy, though it is, of course, by no means so easy to approach the animal unheard. The whale-boat is manned by five oarsmen and a boat-steerer, the bow oar acting as harpooner, and the stroke oar as line-manager, whose duty it is to keep a watchful eye on the whale-line while it is running.

The harpoon gun, which is now almost universally used and has taken the place of the old, heavy hand harpoon, has a barrel three feet in length with a bore of one and a half inches, mounted in a wooden stock tapering to a pistol-handle. The gun is mounted on a swivel which enables it to cover both bows as well as the front, and is capable of hurling the harpoon some twenty-five yards or more. The old hand harpoon is still used, in an improved form, to assist in securing the whale when the animal has been hit by the harpoon from the gun. To the Americans the hand harpoon is known as the 'toggle-iron.' From time to time experiments have been made with different types of gun-lances, bomb-lances, and exploding harpoons, but these have not come into general use, as the chief difficulty of whale-hunting lies not so much in the capture of the animal as in first discovering its whereabouts.

Whether the whaling vessel is cruising among loose ice or made fast to an ice-floe, there is always some one at the look-out, either on deck, or at the crow's-nest, which is a small platform or barrel secured high up the mast. The look-out, scanning the sea on all sides, suddenly notices the thin column of water that the whales ejects from its nostrils on rising to the surface. His cry of 'She blows! she blows!' sets all hands to work swiftly and skilfully, the boats are launched (if it is impossible for the whaler herself to approach sufficiently close), and set off in pursuit. Then the task begins.

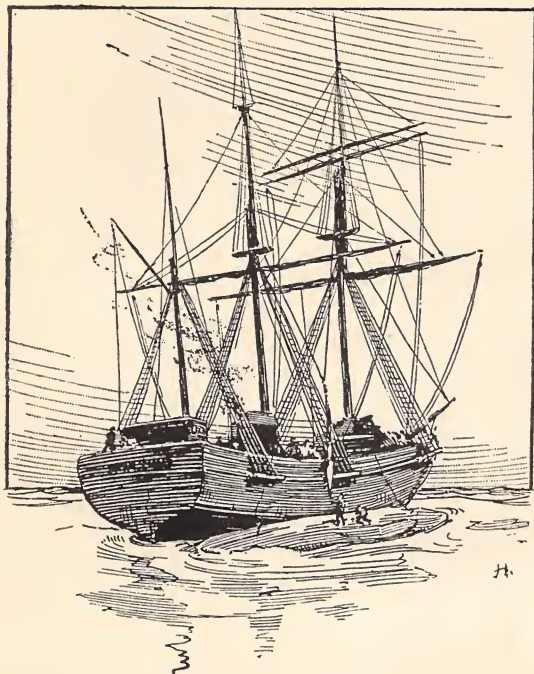
A whale is seldom on the surface of the water for more than a few minutes at a time, and is generally from five to fifteen minutes below. While under the water it often moves for a mile or more, so that its pursuers can in no way calculate where it will re-appear. Sometimes, however, it leaves behind it an eddy or track on the surface like the wake of a ship, while at other times its position is revealed by the movements of sea-birds, which hover above it, and whose keen eyes can follow its progress beneath the surface, where to the human eye it is quite invisible.

If the whale is feeding, in which case it is probably swimming backwards and forwards, great caution is necessary to approach unseen and unheard. If, however, it is swimming steadily in one direction and appearing on the surface at more or less regular intervals, less care is used. In either case, the whale-boat draws nearer steadily and silently from behind; the harpooner rises to his gun and levels it steadily at the animal's back, but withholds his fire as long as possible to ensure a satisfactory shot. At the right moment he presses the trigger, and the harpoon leaps from the gun, whipping the whale-line after it. The whale-line is made of the strongest hemp and is joined to the harpoon by the 'foregoer,' a somewhat lighter but equally strong line about sixty or seventy feet in length. Each boat carries from five hundred to six hundred fathoms of whale-line.

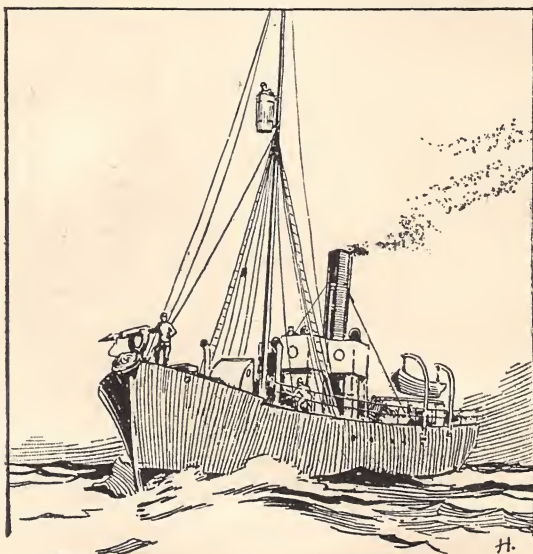
The whale, on being harpooned, usually dives perpendicularly at once and at great speed, remaining under water often for half an hour or more, and drawing out an immense length of line. So swiftly do they dive that whales have been known to break the upper jaw, even in very deep water, when they strike the bottom.

It is at this point of the hunt that danger is most likely to be met. It is impossible to foretell where the whale will re-appear, and if by chance the line should become entangled among floating blocks of ice, there is

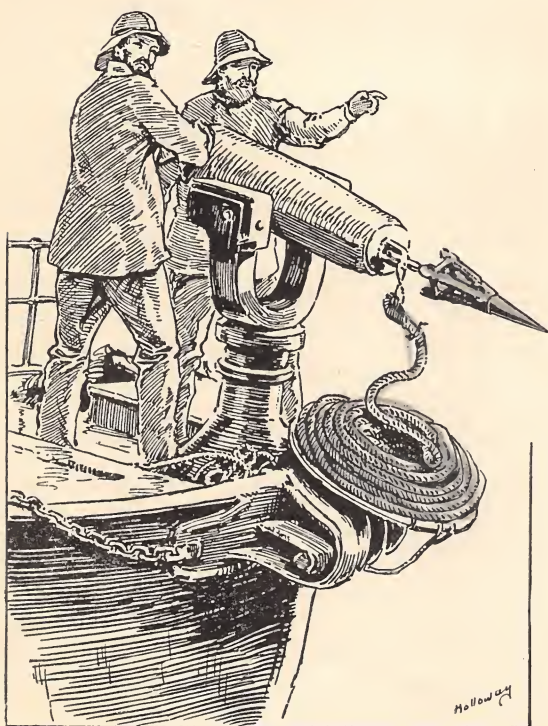




A Sailing Whaler.



The Modern Steam Whaler.



The Harpoon Gun.



The Look-out.





Disaster !

a possibility that the boat will be overturned by the animal's struggles. However, as soon as the harpoon has been safely launched, other boats hurry to the scene and wait for the animal to come to the surface again. When it re-appears the boats close in upon it and more harpoons are fired. As a rule the animal makes convulsive efforts to escape, thrashing the water with its tail and fins and drenching the men in the boats. Here there is always the danger that one of the terrific, sweeping blows of its tail may strike and shatter the boat that has the misfortune to come into contact with



Getting the Boats away.



Ready to Lance a Wounded Whale.

it. But all the time the whale is growing weaker, and finally is sufficiently exhausted to allow the use of the hand harpoons, which are brought into play and thrust into a vital spot. After one last convulsion, in which it thrashes the water with great violence, the whale rolls over on its side and lies stiff and motionless on the surface. The first part of the work is over. In our times serious accidents are comparatively rare, owing to the superior quality of the weapons used ; but not so very long ago the final stages of the whale-hunt were apt to be fraught with grave danger to the crews of the boats, by reason of the weaker build of their craft and the lightness of their weapons. The capture of a whale often takes as long as an hour and a half or more.



Next comes the operation known as 'flensing.' The whale's body is towed to the ship and secured along the side with its under surface above the water; a strong tackle is used to revolve the body, so that the fat may be cut away in large pieces weighing a ton or more each. This 'blubber' is then cut into small pieces and stowed away in the oil-tanks. Then the whalebone is cut away from the jaw, and the gum extracted from the whalebone, and the work is finished until the next whale appears.

Life on a whaler is not always uneventful; frequently the crew suffer severe hardship from the cold, and great disappointment from their failure to sight a whale, while the danger from the floating lumps of ice has always to be avoided or overcome. Because of their great strength and power to resist blows from ice and water, whalers have been converted on more than one occasion and used for the purpose of Arctic exploration.

### THE LITTLE BLUE BEETLE.

IN the summer of 1793, when the French Revolution was at its height, the prison at Bordeaux was full. Men and women of all ranks and all ages were there, and all knew that when they left the prison they would go either to the guillotine or the convict-ship. But there was one prisoner who met with neither fate, thanks to a beetle! This was a young student named Pierre-André Latreille, who had been unjustly denounced as an enemy of the Republic.

Latreille was particularly interested in the study of insect life. One day the surgeon who visited the prison found him gazing attentively at a small beetle, which was crawling up the wall. It was a very pretty beetle blue in colour, with a broad red stripe across the front part of its body. Latreille told the doctor that it was a rare specimen, and that he wished he could send it to two naturalists living in Bordeaux.

'I will take it to them,' said the doctor, kindly, as he held out his finger to the beetle.

Latreille was full of gratitude, and the doctor carried off the little blue beetle in his empty snuff-box. The two naturalists were delighted with it. One of them, Dargelas, being, fortunately, on friendly terms with the authorities at Bordeaux, used his influence with them to such good purpose that he obtained Pierre's release.

Throughout his life, Latreille never forgot his indebtedness to the blue beetle, to which he gave the Latin name of *Necrobia ruficollis*. He wrote many books on natural history, and after a diligent life died in Paris, in 1833. A figure of the insect is carved on his tomb.

### SPRING-TIME.

'TING, ting-a-ling,'  
All the fairy bells ring;  
The blossoms from sleep they are waking;  
And through the brown sheath,  
See! a bright burnished wreath—  
A wreath of gold celandine's breaking.  
'Zit, zit-zit-zit,'  
Chirps the little tomtit,  
'Dear mate, it's high time we were wed O;  
The fairy bells ring—  
It is spring, it is spring—  
And, see, there are lambs in the meadow.'

'Ho, tally-ho!  
Now a-hunting we'll go,'  
Squeaks mouse to old squire tortoise,  
'The sun's in the sky,  
From our prisons we'll lie,  
To see what the spring-time has brought us.'

Sing, let us sing,  
It is spring, it is spring,  
And dark days of winter are ended;  
The voices of earth,  
Full of rapture and mirth,  
To welcome the spring-time are blended.

Ting, tally-ho,  
Seasons come and they go,  
But spring-time—the earliest comer—  
Out-paces the rest,  
And we love him the best—  
Save autumn—and winter—and summer!

LILIAN HOLMES.

### SOMETHING ABOUT LOBSTERS.

THE lobster has been called 'the man in armour,' and it is true that its outer casing bears a strong resemblance to the ancient bronze mail of the Japanese soldier caste. Its body is perfectly jointed on strictly scientific principles.

And—if we may believe the stories told of them—lobsters *are* great fighters. They have frequent combats among themselves, in which they often lose limbs. When this occurs, they are better off than *we* should be in similar case, for a new limb, rather smaller in size, grows in the place of the old one. And because each ring in its armour has its own pair, the lobster is rich in legs of many kinds, and can afford to lose one or two occasionally.

The breathing-gills (says Professor D'Arcy Thompson) are tucked underneath its body; thus walking exercise provides Mr. Lobster with respiratory action.

Another curious fact about this creature is that it carries about with it on either jaw its own little tooth-brush.

Mrs. Lobster produces a prodigious quantity of eggs. If all were hatched, each pair of lobsters would have a family of about one hundred thousand children! But, generally speaking, from all these eggs only two baby lobsters are hatched! It is said that if so many as *three* of the one hundred thousand eggs were hatched, the sea would be so blocked up with lobsters that there would be no room in it for ships to move about.

### A BOY SCOUT.

SAM HAYES and Harry Pearson walked home from Sunday-school together. Sam wore his old brown clothes, which served him for Sunday and week-day wear alike. His mother had mended and patched and brushed them till it was a wonder that they still looked tidy and held together. Harry was very smart in a light grey Norfolk suit, tan shoes, and a new straw hat of amazing whiteness. Sam did not particularly like Harry, but their way home was the same, and it was a friendly thing to walk with him.

As they went along Harry cast a sidelong glance at



his companion. 'I say, Sam,' he began, 'are you folks Quakers, or something?'

'Why, no,' said Sam. 'We go to the church at the end of our street. What makes you ask such a thing?'

'Oh, well,' said Harry, unabashed, 'you, and your sister, always look so plain, and never have anything fine. I thought perhaps it was to do with your religion, or some such thing.'

'You keep my sister out of it, please,' said Sam, heatedly; 'I'm not going to hear things said against her.'

'Oh, I didn't mean anything,' declared Harry. 'Only our Lou, that isn't so much older than your Cissie, has got a stunning white frock, and a pink silk thing that she calls a sports coat, and a hat with a wreath of flowers. *She* looks fine, I can tell you.'

'So she may,' retorted Sam, 'but my sister's a pretty girl, and a nice girl too, and that's more than can be said of some people's sisters.'

Sam did not like Louisa Pearson, with her fine-lady airs and way of passing him with her chin uplifted. 'Thinking about my old clothes, I suppose,' he now reflected bitterly, and he turned off at his own corner with a very brief farewell to the other boy.

Perhaps something could be done. Sam made up his mind to try, and that night he asked his mother. 'Mother, can't Cis and I have some new clothes?' he said, as his mother sat for a few rare moments doing nothing.

'Well, Sam,' was her answer, 'that's a nice question to ask! When you know well enough that, with your father often ailing as he is, it's hard work to keep a roof over our heads and get food to eat. Everything costs twice as much as it used to, and there's no more coming in, I can tell you.'

Sam looked and felt cast down. 'Mother,' he began again, 'how *can* people get money?'

'There's only one way that I know of,' returned Mrs. Hayes, 'and that's to work—and work hard, as you'll find out soon, Sam.'

'Can I work?' he asked, speaking as much to himself as to his mother.

'You can when you leave school, but it won't be for nearly a year yet, Sam. You know how strict Mr. Holmes is, and how he won't recommend boys that leave before the time.'

'Some boys get things to do in the mornings and evenings,' suggested Sam, more hopefully, 'and you'd have Cissie left to do your errands, Mother.'

'Well, well,' said Mrs. Hayes, rising to get her husband's supper. 'To-morrow's Monday, and you had better see if your Scripture lessons are right; and remember, you'll have a lot of home-work next week.'

That was always the way. Mrs. Hayes was poor, but she was proud; she did not like to think of her Sam carrying a butcher's basket on Saturdays, or doing odd jobs in the evening. It was better, she thought, that he should wear shabby clothes than that.

But Sam clung to his idea of improving things, and resolved to look out for chances. The next day he went to Mr. Sims, the stationer's, to get some exercise-books for the schoolmaster. After the business was done Sam lingered for a moment. 'Mr. Sims,' he said shyly, 'do you know any one who wants a boy?'

'Why, my lad,' said Mr. Sims, 'I'm the man who

wants a boy. Here am I called up for military service in a week or two, the missis with the house and shop to look to, and two kiddies that are always ailing; and who's to take the papers out is what I've been asking myself.'

Sam's eyes brightened. 'Could I do it—mornings and evenings, and Saturdays—do you think?'

Mr. Sims deliberated. 'I'd rather have one that could come all day,' he said, 'but there's none to be had, and you're a sharp lad, Sam: you could get up early and fetch the papers from the station, and take the particular ones in before breakfast. There are some folk who won't wait, but there are some that make allowances when a man's going to serve King and Country. You think it over, and let me know to-morrow; there's no time to be lost.'

Sam foresaw a hard life in the near future. He might have changed his mind, but that night he met Harry Pearson again, and, as usual, felt himself roused and irritated. Harry had been to a Boy Scouts' parade, and, proud of himself in his full rig, began at once: 'Sam, why don't you be a Scout?'

'Can't,' said Sam, shortly; 'no time.' He might have added, 'No money,' but Harry divined that.

'It don't cost much,' he went on, 'and you're not much class if you're not in the Scouts, like other fellows.'

'Give it up!' cried Sam, impatiently. 'Who said I wanted to be a Scout, anyway?'

But he did want to, and the thought of having money for the Scouts' outfit, as well as for other things, made him think again of Mr. Sims's offer.

The next day he was back at the stationer's, ready and willing. 'Five shillings a week, if you do it well, and help all you can on Saturdays,' said Mr. Sims; and when the good man departed, for a new life in barracks, Sam found himself a busy person indeed.

Mrs. Hayes gave up her objections. 'It's a clean business, and fair pay,' she admitted; 'but you can't have it all for yourself, Sam.'

'No, Mother,' said Sam, 'but I think if I paid you two shillings, and bought all my own things out of the rest, that would be fair. You know boots cost a lot.'

No one was better aware of that than Mrs. Hayes. 'Well, well,' she conceded, 'you'll see how you get on, Sam.'

Sam did get on; he was soon Mrs. Sims's right hand. 'What I should have done without that lad, now Herbert's away, I cannot tell,' she declared to her friends; and Sam felt himself like a man and a breadwinner. He had tips from customers, and on one red-letter day he found a purse belonging to a gentleman, who rewarded him for his honesty with a half-sovereign.

It was a proud day for Sam when he was able to buy his Scout's outfit; and he was often glad when he could give Cissie the ribbon or the sweets that her little soul delighted in. 'It's easy to keep our Scouts' rule,' he told his mother, 'about doing a kind action every day. What with Mrs. Sims and the little ones, and the customers, and the folks at home, there's always some one wanting kind actions done—and I'm the one that must do them.'

Well, Sam is likely to prosper; and he who works for himself may get on quite as well as Harry Pearson, who has everything provided for him.

C. J. BLAKE.





“‘Mr. Sims,’ he said, shyly, ‘do you know any one who wants a boy?’”





“It was Annie herself, apparently lifeless.”



## A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

IN the year 1745 there lived in a castle of Argyleshire a Laird devoted to the cause of 'Prince Charlie.' On the death of his elder brother, this Scottish gentleman had retired from foreign service and returned to his own country, bringing with him his young sister Mary, who had been educated in France.

The girl, who was delicate and timid, found life in the old castle very dull, especially as her brother seemed anxious and despondent. In order to enliven both him and herself, she invited a friend—a distant cousin—to spend some months with them. The invitation was accepted.

Annie Mackay, some years older than Mary, was a cheerful, energetic girl. She felt sorry for the Laird, who evidently had something on his mind. It was not long before she won his confidence, for he found that she, like himself, was an ardent Jacobite.

One night, after Mary had gone to bed, the Laird said to Annie that he had a secret to tell her. 'I must start for Inverness early to-morrow,' he said. 'I am going to help Prince Charlie, who is planning an invasion. As travelling is rather risky nowadays (especially for a Jacobite), I wish to leave here, in our family hiding-place, some very important papers—deeds and bonds—which, if discovered, would endanger the lives of many loyal gentlemen who have helped our cause. There are also bags of jewels and gold, contributed by these gentlemen. I will show you the hiding-place, of which no one knows but myself.'

'But why,' inquired Annie, 'should you show it to any one? Is it not enough that *you* know where these precious things are?'

'I may never come back, Annie. I may fall in battle, or be taken prisoner and be executed as a rebel. In that case, I wish you to destroy every document in your charge. But that is not the hardest thing that I have to ask of you. It is very likely that at some time or another we may need some of the gold, and possibly some of the documents. Should this be the case, I will send a messenger to you. But before I say more, let me show you the way to the hiding-hole.'

The Laird then, carrying a small lantern, led his cousin through some large, deserted, unfurnished rooms—telling her to note well the way—to a smaller room. Here he stopped, and having locked the door, and again warning Annie to observe and remember all he did, he pressed his foot upon the almost invisible spring of a trap-door, which immediately sprang open. He then guided his cousin down a steep flight of stone steps into a vault which evidently ran far under the castle.

'There, Annie!' said the Laird. 'Should you have the courage to come here alone at dead of night? But there is really no danger.'

'For Prince Charlie's sake,' said the girl, 'I would do something more than go down a dark stair.'

'I forgot—there is a danger,' said the Laird. 'Above all things, my dear Annie, when you come down here, be sure you leave the trap-door firmly settled on its supports, as it *opens only from the outside*.'

'I will be careful,' said Annie. 'Now show me the papers and the bags of gold.'

These were stored in a big iron chest. It was arranged between the cousins that should the gold be needed the Laird would send a trustworthy messenger,

to whom Annie was to deliver it under cover of night. The sign of this messenger's arrival was to be a cross cut on the trunk of an ash-tree which grew opposite the window of Annie's bedroom. The number of tiny crosses cut under the large one would show the number of bags required. When night came, and Annie had fetched the bags from the vault, she was to take them to a certain door leading into the quadrangle, where the messenger would be waiting. He would not have a key of the door, and before opening it Annie was to give the pass-word 'Bruce,' to which the answer should be 'Charles Edward.'

Then she would open the door, and give the bags to the messenger. He would hand her a receipt for them, which she was to take to the iron chest in the vault.

To all these instructions Annie listened attentively, and before he left her the Laird again begged her to be very, very careful about the trap-door.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nearly three weeks had passed since the Laird's departure when Annie one morning saw the crosses on the tree—one large cross and two smaller ones. All the day she could not, naturally, help feeling nervous about the task which lay before her. But she managed to conceal her anxiety, and when the hour of trial came, everything went well. She found her way to the vault, and fetched the bags of gold. A gentleman in Highland dress answered her challenge, took from her the two bags and gave her the receipt, which she then placed in the iron chest.

Summer and autumn passed; the winter drew on, and still the Laird did not return. His sister fretted over his long absence, but in her friend, Annie Mackay, she had a tender comforter.

At last, one morning, Annie again saw the sign, freshly cut, on the tree.

\* \* \* \* \*

The night following a tremendous storm raged around the castle. The wind howled and bellowed so boisterously that only now and then could be heard the roar of the distant sea. At midnight, Annie, carrying her lantern, hurried through the dark, empty rooms, the crazy old windows of which rattled noisily. Her hand shook a little as she settled the rests of the trap-door, but she soon got over her nervousness. As before, she took the bags to the door at which the Laird's messenger was waiting. When he had gone away with the gold, Annie returned to the vault with the receipt. She was just placing the paper in the chest when she was startled by a terrific bang! At the same instant her light was blown out. At once poor Annie understood what had happened. The trap-door had been closed by a wild gust of wind, which had forced in the window just above it. Across her mind flashed the Laird's warning: '*It opens only from the outside*.'

What a terrible position to be in! The only person who could rescue Annie and save her from a lingering death was (as she thought) far away. At first she called loudly for help. It was extremely unlikely that any one could hear her, especially with such a blizzard blowing; and presently she bethought herself that *should* any one do so, she would have betrayed her cousin's secret. So the brave girl ceased to call, and gave herself quietly to prayer. And soon she fell into a merciful swoon.



Help was not so far away as she had thought it to be. Twenty-four hours after the Laird had sent off his friend, he found that one of the papers in the iron chest was urgently needed. He took the quickest means of obtaining it by setting out himself to fetch it.

He arrived in the early morning, before any one was about. Having the master-key to all the doors, he went straight to the vault without entering the inhabited part of the castle.

It was the Laird's intention to leave a line in the chest, telling Annie what he had done, for he thought it prudent not to see his sister or arouse the curiosity of the servants. He noticed the damage done to the window. Then he lifted the trap-door, and, as he descended the stairs, rays from his lantern fell upon the bright colours of Annie's plaid.

How horrified he was to find that it was Annie herself, apparently lifeless, lying at the foot of the stairs. Happily, he had with him a flask of water, and after he had moistened her lips several times, she began to revive. He then made her eat some fragments of oat-cake. Soon she was strong enough to leave her prison, leaning on the arm of her deliverer, who said that never again would he allow her to visit the vault. Should he require anything from it, he would in future send his Highland friend, who had proved himself entirely trustworthy.

They parted in the courtyard of the castle. With a thankful heart Annie went to her bed. She was late for breakfast, and when she appeared her pallor alarmed Mary. But she kept her secret, and merely remarked that the wind had given her a bad night.

A 'bad night' indeed!

\* \* \* \* \*

Some say that Annie Mackay was married to the Laird after things had settled down. Others say that the Laird died on the battle-field, and that Annie wedded the Highland gentleman who was his trusted friend and messenger. Whoever the bridegroom was, he was a fortunate man.

### THE HARE IN THE MOON.

WE sometimes speak of 'the man in the moon,' but in Japan peasants talk of 'the Hare in the Moon.' This animal is supposed to spend its time pounding rice in a mortar and making it into cakes. Probably the origin of this curious fancy is to be found in a pun, as the same Japanese word (*mochi*) means both 'rice-cake' and 'full moon.'

### LOST IN THE BUSH.

AN Australian paper, the *Kalgoorlie Miner*, tells the story of a white-haired, ten-year-old boy who has had an unpleasant adventure.

This boy was away from home, spending a week's holiday with his cousin at a poultry farm. When, one afternoon, he went out and did not return, his friends naturally felt alarmed.

The child seems to have lost his sense of locality, and wandered in a circle. He said afterwards that when night came on he sat down, but did not sleep. He fancied he saw the light of a lamp, and called out, but there was no reply.

On the following day, which was a very hot one, the poor child suffered much with hunger and thirst, but he never lost hope, and still plodded on. When night came again, he fell into a fitful slumber, disturbed by wild dreams. Once when he woke he thought he heard a train in the distance, and very sensibly turned the toes of his boots (which he had taken off to ease his feet) in the direction of the sound. In the morning, however, he could not find the railway line.

By this time the lad was pretty nearly exhausted. Happily, help was at hand. His friends had applied to the Kalgoorlie police, and a mounted constable and a black tracker named 'Charlie' were searching for him. When about seven o'clock in the morning they came upon him, he was in a pitiable condition. His tongue was swollen, his nose and mouth were bleeding. His boots, tied together, were hanging over his shoulder. He must have travelled (in intensely warm weather) about forty miles. He could scarcely have survived another day's wandering and fasting. But, thanks to black Charlie and Constable Harrop, the little fellow is now safe and well.

### THE NEST IN THE GARDEN WALL.

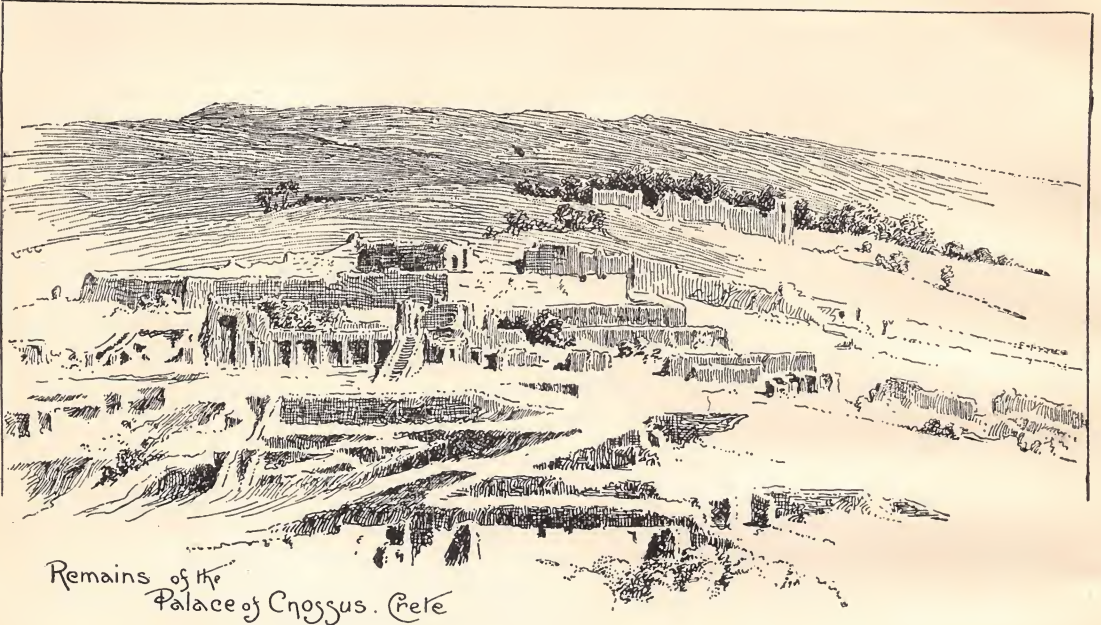
An Alphabet.

A is the Ancient, grey, time-tinted wall,  
Battered and beautiful—scorning to fall.  
C is for Crevice, and Cranny, and Chink.  
D is a Dewdrop, for thrushes to drink.  
E is for Ev'ning, when shadows are long.  
F is for Flints, weather-beaten and strong.  
G is for Glory of shadow and light.  
H is the little Hole, just out of sight.  
I is the Ivy, with trunk like a tree.  
J is the Joy to us Nature can be.  
Kings in their Kingdoms have naught that can beat.  
Larkspurs and Lilacs, and Lavender sweet.  
M is the Moss which clothes coping and bole.  
N is the little Nest, tucked in the hole.  
O is the Opening, whence the birds flit.  
P is the Patience of dear little Tit:  
Quilting and plaiting, and planning for all;  
Resting, when work is done, deep in the wall.  
S is for Some-day, like balls soft and round,  
Tiny new Tom-tits will drop to the ground;  
Uplift their little song, blink at the sun,  
Venture a little way, home again run.  
When they grow braver, and fear not to fly,  
'Xpanding bright feathers, they'll chirrup 'Good-bye.  
You would grow wings in your hole in the wall?  
Zest for the best's the first feather of all.

### 'THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE.'

'THE Glory that was Greece.' Those words are familiar to most of us, and they bring to our minds pictures of great, stately temples, decked with statues and reliefs, of marble-seated theatres scooped out of sunburnt hill-sides, of alcoved market-places, where philosophers and poets taught and argued and gossiped.





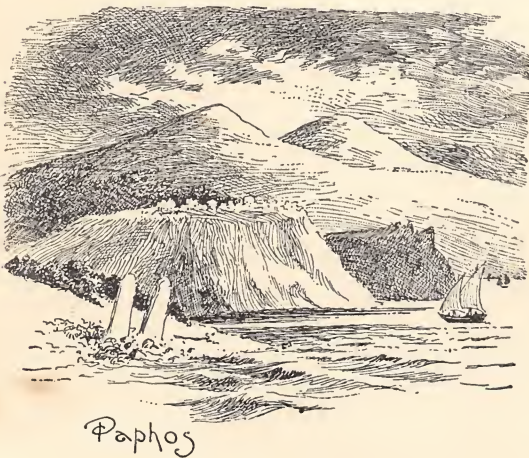
and of green, shady groves where priests served the gods, and where crowds of worshippers with their musical instruments and their offerings and their flowers wended their way in long processions to the hidden shrines. We almost seem to smell the fragrance of incense and blossoms, to hear the murmur of chanting voices and the shrill notes of the reed-pipes, and to catch glimpses of white-robed figures against the background of green laurels and grey olive-trees. Then the visions fade away, and we are back again in the twentieth century, for the glory of Greece has departed long ago, and there are only ruined temples and broken statues to remind us of the Golden Age, when she was

the centre of the world and the leader of its highest civilisation and culture.

We will start on a make-believe journey, and, in crossing the sea, use Crete and Cyprus as stepping-stones, for in those islands there are buried cities which show us how the arts of Greece were influenced by those of the older nation. Many of the Doric temples, indeed, are strangely like those of Thebes and Memphis, and the Corinthian pillars, with their graceful acanthus capitals, must surely have been adapted from the lotus and papyrus columns at Karnak and Luxor.

We visit Crete first, 'Hundred-cities Crete,' as tradition calls it, where Greek architecture is said to have had its origin, and where civilisation paused for a while, as it were, on its northward journey. The power and magnificence of the island have passed away long ago—even in Homer's time it had fallen into decay, but traces of the old splendour can still be seen at Knossos, one of the famous century of cities, where wonderful discoveries have lately been made.

The history of Crete, like that of Greece itself and of all other ancient nations, reaches far back, beyond the Iron Age, the Bronze Age, and the Stone Age, into fairy-tale time, and we have the story of the terrible Minotaur, and of how the hero, Theseus, found his way into the labyrinth and rescued Ariadne, the king's daughter, from a horrible fate. It is all very vague and mysterious, and we cannot tell what allegory or historical event is hidden away in the strange fable; but now, during the last twenty years, after being buried for nearly thirty centuries, the ruins of Knossos have been laid bare; and we can picture a great city with buildings fashioned of stones so huge that it seems as if giants must have been at work, with a splendid hall of audience, a throne on which, perhaps, King Minos once







THIS WAY TO THE CIRCUS.



sat, and with reliefs and frescoes that show us what the men and women of Crete were like, and even how they dressed and danced and amused themselves all those thousands of years ago.

When Theseus rescued Ariadne he carried her away to Naxos, so the legend tells us, but we, instead of going northward in the wake of the hero's ship, must first sail due east, until we come to Cyprus, where there are the ruins of many strange dead cities to be unearthed and explored, for all through the centuries this island has been a rendezvous for the soldiers and merchants of Europe, Asia, and Africa, who have coveted its riches or found it a convenient headquarters when they were occupied with some adventure or warlike enterprise.

It was Egyptians who first took possession of the island, according to history, in 1450 B.C., and after that there came a long procession of conquerors and colonists.

Phoenicians, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Jews, Crusaders, Turks—they have all left their traces in Cyprus, and we find there to-day the relics and ruins of many races and many ages.

Cyprus, too, like Crete, has legends as well as history, for one of its chief heroes was Cinyras, the inventor of hammer and anvil, who, in Trojan times made the armour and weapons for Agamemnon, when the latter was setting out on his famous expedition. Cinyras, however, seems to have been a worthless ally, for not only did the arms of their leader prove to be worthless, but when he promised to provide the Greeks with one

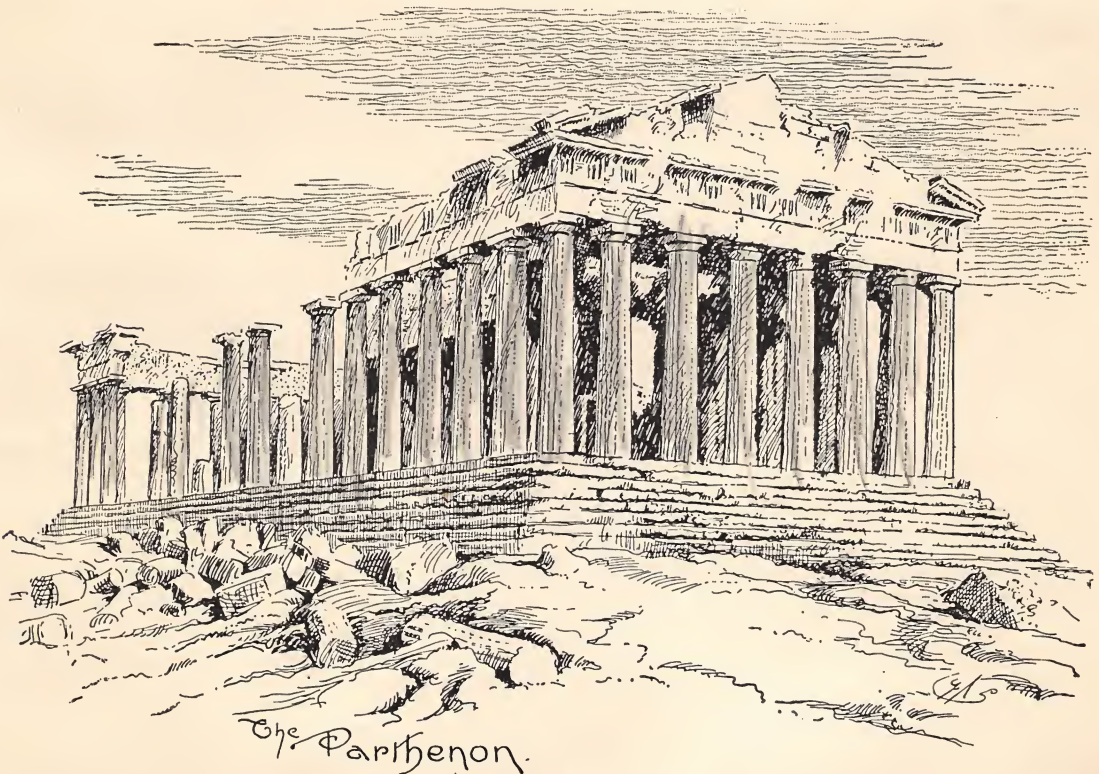
hundred ships, only one of these was a full-sized vessel, the others being little toy boats manned by clay figures.

Later, tradition says, when the Trojan War came to an end, a number of the returning soldiers settled in Cyprus, and thus the first Greek colony was founded.

Of the many buried cities in this island, Paphos, Anathos, and Citum are of Phœnician origin, and in their ruins many strange relics and treasures have been found. Salamis, a Greek town on the coast, is nearly covered by the drifting sand, but the harbour and seawall can still be traced, and there are shapeless masses of masonry hidden away under the tangles of weeds and thistles.

We must leave Cyprus now and go northward, threading our way through a maze of islands whose names bring back to our minds the wonderful romances and fairy-tales of ancient Greece. Rhodes, where once the great Colossus, one of the wonders of the world, guarded the harbour entrance; Delos, where Neptune summoned up from the depths of the sea; Paros, with its celebrated marble quarries; and Naxos, where deserted Ariadne awaited the return of her faithless hero. Then we come to the Gulf of Nauplia, and, by way of Argos, the city which the Cyclops built, make our way up to Mycenæ, the oldest and one of the most famous of all the dead cities of Greece.

The authentic history of Greece dates from about 800 B.C., but Mycenæ had fallen into ruins by that time, for it was founded by Perseus, ruled by Atreus,



The Parthenon.



and was a contemporary of Egyptian Thebes. Here we see beehive-shaped buildings that were constructed in pre-historic times: the famous gateway with its stone lions, that are said to be the oldest sculptured figures in the world, and massive walls that remind us of those in Crete and Troy. We find ourselves, indeed, carried back once more into Trojan times, when we drive through the cornfields from Argos and reach the hills where these ruins are situated, for Mycenæ was the city of Agamemnon and Menelaus and it was through the Lion Gateway, most likely, that these heroes passed when they set forth on their great adventure.

Dr. Schliemann, the excavator of Troy, worked here, too, and he claimed to have discovered the tomb of no less a person than Agamemnon himself. However that may be, the explorer certainly found the resting-place of some very wealthy and important chieftain, for the tomb-chamber was furnished with gold and silver ornaments, weapons, and jewels which formed a hoard that rivalled the celebrated 'Treasure of Priam,' unearthed at Troy.

We come back to Argo now, and, setting sail once more, reach the Piræus, the port of Athens, and, indeed, at one time actually part of the city itself. The Greeks, in their Golden Age, realised how necessary sea-power was to the prosperity of a nation, and therefore, after the Persian wars, when Athens, having been destroyed by the enemy, was rebuild and enlarged, the famous Long Walls were constructed which connected the harbour with the capital, and included it within the fortifications. There are only a few fragments left now of those great bulwarks, but we follow their line when we drive up the long, dusty road towards Athens, and see, far away in the distance, the famous city, with its violet crown of mountains beyond. High aloft, on the Acropolis hill, show the golden-white walls and columns of the Parthenon, which was once—and perhaps is still—the most beautiful building in the whole world.

There are many ruins and many buried cities in Greece, but none so wonderful and so interesting as this of Athens, which is not really a buried city at all, for here, at the Acropolis, we can see exactly how an ancient Greek city had its beginning, and how a hill was chosen, strongly fortified, and then crowned with stately temples, palaces, and halls of justice.

The Acropolis was Athens itself in those early days, but as years went on and the population of the city increased, houses were built beyond the walls, the hill serving as a haven of refuge in times of danger. Later on new fortifications were constructed to protect the new city, and the Acropolis became a holy place, the centre of religion, government, and learning.

On this famous hill there can still be seen the traces of many stages of Greek civilisation, for the steep slopes are faced with fragments of mortarless walls dating from pre-historic times, while beneath the ruins of the Parthenon are the massive foundations and great altar platform of an earlier temple.

It was in the fifth century that the Persian wars took place; one invasion followed another, but although Athens was destroyed and pillaged, the Greeks were a brave and hardy race, and did not remain for long under the foreign yoke. As soon as they were free again the restoration of the city was set about in earnest, and under the leaders Themistocles and Pericles, with Phidias, the sculptor, to help and advise them, new

temples and palaces rose quickly upon the ruins of the old.

The Parthenon, or temple of the goddess Athena, which crowns the Acropolis hill, is considered to be the greatest triumph of Grecian architecture, and it is difficult to believe that, even in the days of its perfection, it could have been more beautiful than it is now, when we see it with the sunshine glinting on its honey-coloured marbles, and the blue sky and bluer sea showing between the broken columns. Wonderful descriptions, however, in the old writings tell us what it was like in those far-off days. We must try to reconstruct the scene, and, carrying our thoughts back through two thousand and two hundred years, fancy that we see the crowds of worshippers and sight-seers thronging once more through the five gates of the Propylea and making their way past the little shrine of the Wingless Victory, standing white and new on its buttressed terrace, to the great temple of Minerva above.

We have most of us heard of the Elgin Marbles, and have seen them, perhaps, in the dark, gloomy rooms of the British Museum. We may even have wondered why they are considered beautiful; but if we want to picture the Parthenon as it was in the days of Phidias and Pericles, we must think of those sculptured groups, unbroken and unsullied, back again on the walls of the great temple, with frieze and metope and pediment, gleaming white and clear-cut in the brilliant sunshine of a Greek noon-day. And then, in imagination, we enter the shrine and find new wonders awaiting us, for here are paintings and reliefs, statues, and votive offerings; an altar of solid silver; and beyond it, with her face to the east, the colossal figure of the Goddess of Wisdom herself, fashioned in ivory and gold by the hands of Phidias, and wearing her triple-crested helmet and ornaments of gold, enamel, and precious stones.

The old splendours fade away, for many generations of robbers and iconoclasts and antiquarians have stolen the treasures of Athens; and now we are back again in our own century, standing on a windy, sunlit hill-top, with broken columns around us, and the plain of Athens spread out like a map below. We can see Salamis and Phaleron, Mount Hymettus and Pentelicon, Lycabettus and Piræus. These are all far away; but near at hand, in the city itself, are the temple of Theseus and Jupiter, the Tower of the Winds, and the marble theatres, where once the dramas of Euripides and Sophocles were performed by masked play-actors. Everything seems to speak to us of the Golden Age, when Athens stood in the forefront of civilisation. But quite close to the Acropolis, is another hill called the Areopagus, and we remember how once St. Paul stood there, facing his judges, and how, looking up at the clustered temples above, he said: 'Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.'

The shrines and the theatres and the palaces are all deserted now, and the ancient cities are dead cities, whether they stand ruined on their sun-baked hill-tops or are hidden away beneath the olive groves and pink asphodel blossoms of the countryside; but in spite of everything the spirit of the past lives on, and the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles, the poetry of Homer and Sophocles and Euripides, and the wonderful buildings, of which the Parthenon is the finest example, are still unrivalled, and serve as souvenirs to us, in this twentieth century, of 'The Glory that was Greece.'



## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 19.)

MARJORY stopped her laughter and chatter for a moment as the door opened, and seeing Lena, Jane rose with a smile and a respectful 'How do you do, Miss Lena?'

'Good-morning, Jane,' replied Lena haughtily. 'You are here early.'

'I came in answer to your mother's telegram, Miss, that is all,' said Jane simply.

'Oh, of course, Mother wired. There was really no need though. I think Mother forgets how old I am.'

Jane felt nettled. There was something in Lena's tone which annoyed her and she replied very sharply, 'I did but obey Mrs. Lester's bidding, Miss, a thing I'll always do as long as I'm able; and right glad I am, too, that I came when I did. Here was little Miss Marjory crying her heart out. Governesses be all very well, but when they takes to having favourites and neglecting of their duty the minute they see missus's back, I say it's time they went.'

'That will do, Jane, thank you,' replied Lena, her lip curling scornfully. 'Miss Marjory is a great baby. However, I will stay with her now.'

Feeling herself dismissed, Jane retired and Marjory and Lena were left alone.

Marjory climbed back into the rocking-chair. She felt better since Jane had come, and she wondered why Lena and Jane talked like this to each other. She supposed that Lena was beginning to show that she meant to be mistress.

'Marjory!' Lena began, 'there's to be no more of this playing with the servants.'

'Jane isn't a servant,' protested Marjory.

'Yes, she is. You'll be having the cook and housemaid up here next.'

'No, I shan't,' replied Marjory bluntly. 'I wouldn't mind, though. But Jane's different, and if she is a servant she's a very, very nice one, and I love her very, very much.'

'Love her as much as you like then; I can't help that,' said Lena, 'but she's not coming up here to play with you.'

'Yes, she is!' cried Marjory, 'if I ask her. And you are a horrid girl, Lena, and I wish and wish and wish that Mother hadn't gone away.' She slid from the chair and went out of the room sobbing.

'Stupid little thing!' said Lena to herself. 'I'd better go after her, I suppose,' and Lena followed her sister.

Marjory was on her way downstairs. If Jane might not come to her, she would go to Jane; but she was very slow about it. She stopped a little while on each stair and passed her fingers idly over the banisters. Would Lena be cross if she went, and did she mind if Lena was cross? She heard Lena open the nursery door, but she kept quite still, hoping to escape discovery.

Lena called to her.

'Well,' she replied, quite sulkily.

'Come here, I want you.' Marjory hesitated. Lena's voice sounded conciliatory. Should she go back?

Lena leaned over the banister and looked down at Marjory. 'Where are you going?' she asked.

'Downstairs,' was the obstinate reply.

It was plain to Lena that unless she was more gentle she would do nothing with Marjory.

'Look here, Marjory!' she said. 'Don't be so cross. Come back, and we'll play in the nursery.'

'I don't want to play.' Marjory remained stolid, halfway down the stairs.

'Well, we'll go out. We'll go to the Cottage.' Marjory was almost too cross even for this to be acceptable, but she looked up at Lena's proposal.

'There isn't time before dinner,' she said. 'You know that.'

'Isn't there?' replied Lena. 'I hadn't thought about the time.'

'Let's go after dinner,' said Marjory. 'Without Miss Jackson.'

'Oh, but I wanted to stay in lest Uncle came,' protested Lena.

'I don't think he will come,' replied Marjory with great certainty.

'But he *might*, Marjory.'

'Well, if he did we should see him. He has to come that way from the station,' argued Marjory.

That was quite true, so Lena agreed.

At dinner they excused themselves to Miss Jackson, and they set off immediately the meal was over.

When they neared the Cottage, Marjory ran on ahead to open the little gate. Her finger was on the latch, and she was just about to open the gate, when a fox-terrier came scampering down the path, barking sharply. Marjory looked through the gate. 'What has happened?' she asked herself, and then, turning quickly, she flew back to Lena.

'Lena! Lena!' she cried excitedly. 'It's taken!'

'What's taken?' asked Lena, who had not perceived the dog.

'Why, the Cottage! There's curtains at the windows. Somebody's living there.'

'Oh, what a pity!' said Lena. 'Then we can't go in the garden. Well, shall we turn back, or go on further?'

'Oh, Lena! We must walk past, and see.'

'We can't go staring in at people's gardens,' Marjory.

'No, no. But we can just go past once,' pleaded Marjory, and Lena consented.

Marjory walked very slowly. She was determined to see all she possibly could.

The fox-terrier sniffed uneasily under the gate, and at the back of the house a much larger dog barked loudly.

'There's two dogs, then,' said Marjory almost in a whisper, her face all the while turned to the Cottage.

'Marjory, don't stare,' cried Lena, impatiently.

'I'm not staring, I'm only looking,' replied Marjory.

'And, Lena, there was a girl up at one of the windows—about as big as you.'

They had passed now, and Marjory was anxious to turn back at once, but Lena refused to do so lest it should seem as if they were curious.

Would the girl be gone from the window when they returned? wondered Marjory. She was very anxious and impatient as they proceeded, but at last Lena turned.

No, the girl was still there and evidently as eager to see Marjory and Lena as Marjory was to see her. Marjory thought that the girl smiled, but she could not be sure.

The Cottage was at last let, and Marjory felt quite certain that in the girl at the window they would find a friend.

(Continued on page 34.)





“ ‘Where are you going?’ she asked.”





‘They set off down the road.’



## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 31.)

### CHAPTER III.

THE girl at the Cottage window was Ethel Drayton. When Margery and Lena went past, Ethel and her mother and Mr. Drayton had only been in the house a few hours.

They had come down from London quite suddenly; at least, so it seemed to Ethel, who had never heard of Paston Regis till that morning, when Mr. Drayton remarked at breakfast that they would go and live in the country. And here they were.

Ethel could see now that this was one of those surprises which Mr. Drayton delighted to give. He must have been making arrangements for the country home for quite a long time; everything was in readiness and the Cottage seemed to expect them.

Ethel was greatly excited, and ran about admiring the place, her black eyes shining with delight. The tiny hall, the small sitting-rooms, her own bedroom with the little window that looked right down the road to the village—each came in for its share of praise.

Ethel was thirteen years old, full of enthusiasm, and interested in everything that came under her notice. When she caught sight of Marjory and Lena her excitement increased. She thought they looked so jolly, especially Marjory, and she felt that she must make their acquaintance. They would be great friends.

She ran downstairs to find her mother and ask her what she thought about the girls, and the possibility of getting to know them.

Mrs. Drayton was busy in the little sitting-room, making a few alterations in the arrangement of the furniture. She was tall and strongly built, and was very quietly dressed, a simple lace collar being her only ornament. Every one who knew her loved her, and no one ever stopped to consider whether she was good-looking or not. Mrs. Drayton smiled at Ethel's description of Marjory and Lena. She saw no reason why they should not be friends. She said Ethel must ask Mr. Drayton what he thought, when he came in from the village. Perhaps he would know who they were, for wherever he went he always picked up information about people.

The moment Ethel heard Mr. Drayton's step in the hall she called to him.

'Hullo! hullo!' he replied, as he hung up his cap. 'Where's your mother?'

Mr. Drayton was a big, clean-shaven man, with kind blue eyes. Nearly all children liked him immediately, as they did Mrs. Drayton, and to Ethel he seemed more like a big brother than a father. His first inquiry on coming in was always for Mrs. Drayton.

Immediately he entered the room, Ethel began to question him, too impatient to wait while he bent down and kissed his wife; she was delighted to find that he could tell her the names of the two girls and where they lived.

'Oh, I must know them!' she cried. 'I must know them!'

'They may not wish to know you, though,' said Mr. Drayton as he sat down in an easy chair.

'Why ever not, Father?' asked Ethel.

'I am told,' said Mr. Drayton slowly, 'that the eldest

young lady, Miss Lester, has a mighty opinion of herself, and it is not everybody that she will speak to. I advise you to be careful.' There was a look of amusement in Mr. Drayton's eyes, and Ethel did not know whether to take him seriously or not, until she remembered that, in passing, Lena had not so much as glanced at the Cottage; only Marjory had looked. She determined to wait and see how things turned out.

It was not till the following Monday, when she went down to the post office with her Mother, that Ethel saw the girls again.

The morning was very wet and windy, and Mrs. Drayton put on thick boots and a short skirt. Ethel insisted on taking Tiger, the big St. Bernard, and, in the joy of being let loose, he bounded backwards and forwards and round about them so vigorously, that before they had fairly started they were splashed from head to foot. Nip, too, the little fox-terrier, danced about them, regardless of muddy paws. Mrs. Drayton protested that she was not fit to be seen, but Ethel only laughed and said that nothing mattered in the country, and pulling her red Tam-o'-shanter further on her head, she took her mother's arm and they set off down the road.

Their business at the post-office done, nothing would satisfy Ethel but that they should walk past the Manor House, and she was delighted to see that Marjory happened to be at the window. Ethel looked up ready to smile, but Marjory had turned and was evidently speaking to some one within the room. As they came back again Ethel saw that Lena had joined Marjory at the window, and again she was just on the point of smiling, when, to her astonishment, Lena pushed Marjory away and angrily pulled the curtain across the window. There was no mistaking the meaning of Lena's movement, and for a moment Ethel stood spellbound.

'Well, Mother!' she exclaimed. 'Did you see that?'

Mrs. Drayton had seen, but she said very little, and they walked home almost in silence; Ethel trying to think what could be the cause of Lena's behaviour, but never dreaming that their appearance had anything to do with it.

(Continued on page 47.)

### JUSTIFIED.

WHAT do you sing,  
Little thing,  
With white face and blue wing?

You're growing much thinner,  
For some little sinner  
Has stolen your dinner?

Why did he do it?  
'Twas yours, and he knew it—  
A bone and some suet.

Well, I have heard  
Just a word,  
Little twittering bird.

A robin came peeping,  
When others were sleeping,  
Said he: 'Finding's keeping!'

'When tom-tits awaken,  
They'll find their food taken—  
Fine crumbs and fat bacon!'

LILIAN HOLMES.



### A HARD-WORKED LITTLE WORD.

THIS is what a Swiss friend said to a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*:

'When I go back to my country, I shall certainly tell the Swiss people a new way to speak English. I shall tell them that they must use "up" to everything. Everything is up. I am knocked up in the morning. I wake up, I get up, I button up my dress. Why "up?" I button it down. Then I eat up my breakfast, I drink up my coffee, and then somebody washes up the pots and cleans up the house. I pick up my umbrella and go out of the house, and when I see a friend in front I catch her up. How can I catch her up? It is ridiculous! It is all up. You lie up when you are ill, and you save up for a rainy day.

'Your English language is very funny! My employer put his head in at my office the other day and said, "I want you to stop to-night." So I got up and put my cloak on. When he saw me he got quite worked up. He said, "Why have you got your cloak on?" I told you to stop." I said, "I have stopped." Why was he angry? I look into the dictionary, and "stop" means "leave off," and he meant me to go on.'

### THE HIGHWAYS OF THE WORLD.

I.—FROM LONDON TO GENOA (2).

AFTER leaving Dijon on our journey to the Riviera, we go southward and come to Lyons, one of the largest and most important cities in all France. It is situated just where the river Saône runs into the Rhone, which, having risen high up among the ice and snow of the Alps, and rushed, a swift, muddy-brown stream, through the blue waters of the Lake of Geneva, is now on its way to the Mediterranean Sea.

Lyons, besides being one of the finest towns of France, is also one of the most ancient, for it was founded by the Greeks, and later became a great Roman capital. On his march through Gaul, Julius Cæsar camped near by at Fourvières, and the trenches which it is said that the soldiers of his legions dug with their sword-points, can still be traced. Luceii Dunum, or Lugdunum, the city was called in those old days, and as the years and centuries went by it became more and more wealthy and prosperous, until the silk of Lyons—for that is the chief manufactory—became famous all over Europe.

In the time of the French Revolution, however, dark days came, for the people of Lyons rose against the tyranny of Robespierre and shut the gates of the city when his army tried to subdue it. For two months Lyons held out bravely, but at last it was forced to surrender, and then there came a time of terrible punishment and revenge; for it was decreed that every building should be destroyed, and that a new city with a new name should rise in its place. 'Lyons withstood the Republic—Lyons is no more.' That was the sentence, but the position changed before the work of destruction was fully carried out, and Lyons is still, next to Paris, the greatest city in France.

We go on now, down the long Rhone valley, and on the way see many signs of the Roman occupation of Gaul, for here, as in other countries, the conquerors have left fine buildings and straight, well-made roads, leading from town to town.

Vienne, not far from Lyons, is our next stopping-place, and here there are Roman ramparts and the ruins of a temple; but the memories of this old town carry us back even beyond the times of Julius Cæsar, for it was here that the great Carthaginian leader, Hannibal, crossed the Rhone on his journey from Spain to Italy.

Cæsar and Hannibal, Rome and Carthage, and then, going on to Valence, we meet, as it were, another great soldier, the founder of another empire; for here Napoleon Buonaparte was stationed for a time, when he was a young soldier in the French army, and many years later, after leading that army through triumphs and defeats, he passed through the town again on his way to exile in Elba.

Our train carries us on for a long way now, due south, down the windy valley where cypress-trees are grown to shield roads and houses from the bitter north wind, or mistral, as it is called, and then at Orange we come across a little bit of our own English history.

William of Orange married Queen Mary. We may have wondered at the title of the Dutch prince, and here is the explanation; for long ago, in the Middle Ages, this district was a tiny independent province, and when its last ruler died, in 1531, it was inherited by his nephew, the Prince of Nassau, whose descendant was the husband of our Queen Mary II. It is strange to think that more than a century after the loss of Calais in the reign of Mary I., a little province of France was the property of an English king; but William III. died, and Orange went back to its Dutch heir. In 1713, by the Treaty of Utrecht, it became united to France, and now only the title of the Royal house of Holland remains to tell of its former independence.

Not far away from Orange is Avignon, where during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Popes held their court; and here, too, spanning the Rhone is the ancient bridge, the 'Pont d'Avignon' of the French nursery rhyme, where all the world dances. High above the town there still stands the great fortress palace of the Popes, 'As strong a place as any in the world' the chronicler Froissart says, and it had need to be strong in those war-like mediæval days, when the Popes were arrogant monarchs as well as bishops.

In 1399 Benedict did not hesitate to rebel against the King of France, and then, having laid in a great store of provisions, he shut himself up in his stronghold and prepared for a long siege. Wine, corn, lard, oil, and sufficient victuals for two or three years—the store-rooms of the palace of Avignon were well filled, but firewood had been forgotten, and thus, unable to cook their food the followers of Benedict soon grew tired of the siege and agreed to make peace. So a treaty was signed, the Pope was left a prisoner guarded by his own friends, and the French army marched away to other battlefields.

From Avignon to Tarascon we go southward again, and now pass from the realms of sober history into fairyland; for this place is named—so we are told—after a fabulous monster or dragon, which once upon a time used to live in the Rhone, and sally forth by night to devour the people of the unfortunate city.

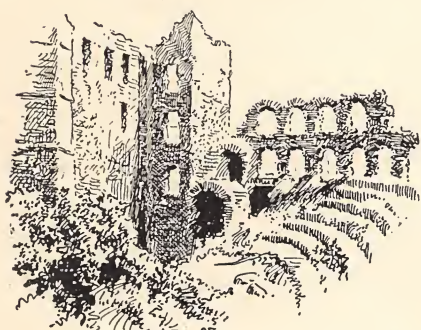
Many years passed, years of distress and terror: but at last tidings came that three powerful saints, Mary and Martha and Lazarus, having come from Palestine, were at Aix, not far away. Messages were sent, begging St. Martha to come to the aid of Tarascon. She came, and ventured alone into a dark wood where the monster,



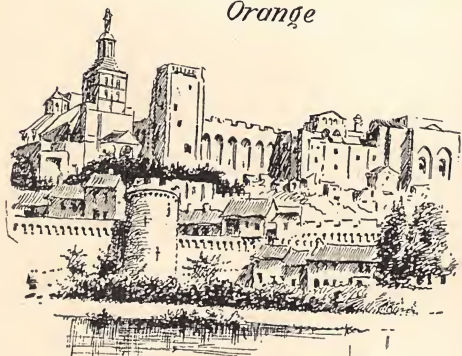
Dijon



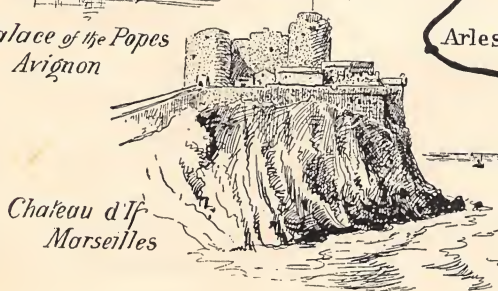
*Pont de la Guillotiere  
Lyons*



*Roman Theatre  
Orange*



*Palace of the Popes  
Avignon*



*Chateau d'If  
Marseilles*

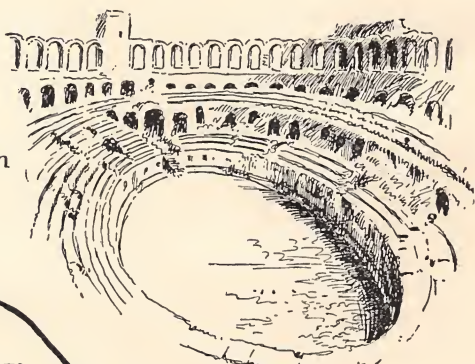
Lyons

Valence

Orange

Avignon

Arles



*Roman Amphitheatre  
Arles*

Marseilles

Toulon

or Tarasque, was hiding. The people waited, and dreadful roars and growls were heard coming from the forest; but after a while the saint re-appeared, and to the amazement of every one she was leading by a ribbon the monster which her holiness had tamed and subdued.

That is the legend, and whenever we see a picture or statue of St. Martha, there is the dragon at her side, and every year the people of Tarascon keep a festival in memory of the great miracle.

It is a beautiful old story, but we are in a country of fairy tales now, for this is Provence, the land of knights and minstrels, which, far back in the dark, ignorant Middle Ages, had a language and a literature and a romance of its own. The very word 'romance,' indeed, comes to us from Provence, for this country was Gallic Rome, and the language used was called 'Romance.' As time went on, the stories of chivalry and adventure told in that language came to be known as romances, and the troubadours and minstrels from Arles and Aix and Pierrefou travelled far afield to all the royal courts of Europe, singing their songs and telling their stories—or romances—of brave knights and fair ladies and gallant deeds.

Arles is only a little way south of Tarascon, and in this city we find many legends and many wonderful old ruins. There is an amphitheatre which could accommodate twenty-six thousand spectators, where there used to be held chariot races, gladiatorial combats, and fights between fierce wild beasts. Arles was the favourite residence of the Emperor Constantine the Great, and it was while on a journey from this place to Rome with his army that, it is said, he saw a fiery cross in the sky with the words beneath, 'In this sign conquer.' Constantine believed this to be an omen of victory, and his confidence was well founded; for in the great battle which followed, the legions of the pagan Emperor, Maximus, were utterly defeated.

We go southward again—we and the Rhone together—

From Dijon to Lyons and Toulon—



and travel through a strange desolate region of salt marshes and lagoons and wind-swept sand-hills. Then comes Marseilles, and we seem suddenly to find ourselves in a blaze of sunshine, for the hot South and the mysterious East both meet and welcome us in this great glowing seaport. There are Moors and black-faced negroes to be seen in the crowded, noisy streets, Arab soldiers of the French army in their white burnouses and scarlet leather boots, Lascars and Chinamen, and sailors from every land. The warm air has in it a tang of the sea, a flavour of fish, and a whiff of Oriental perfume; strange languages are heard on every side, strange wares are offered for sale, and there are roses and violets and oranges, even on mid-winter days. We have reached the 'Côte d'Azur' at last, there is no doubt about that, for overhead is the cloudless sky, and in front, beyond the masts and sails of many ships, we see the blue dancing waves of the Mediterranean.

Massilia, that was the name of this brilliant, noisy, dirty city in olden days; and those old days are very ancient indeed, for the port was a rival of Tyre and Sidon, and the great unwieldy quinquiremes used to put in here to unload their cargoes of spices and cedar-wood and purple stuffs. Later it became a Roman city and was converted to Christianity—so legend says—by Lazarus and his sisters, who landed here on their arrival in France; and then centuries went by—centuries of war and adventure and commerce—until Marseilles became what it still is, the chief port and one of the largest cities of France.

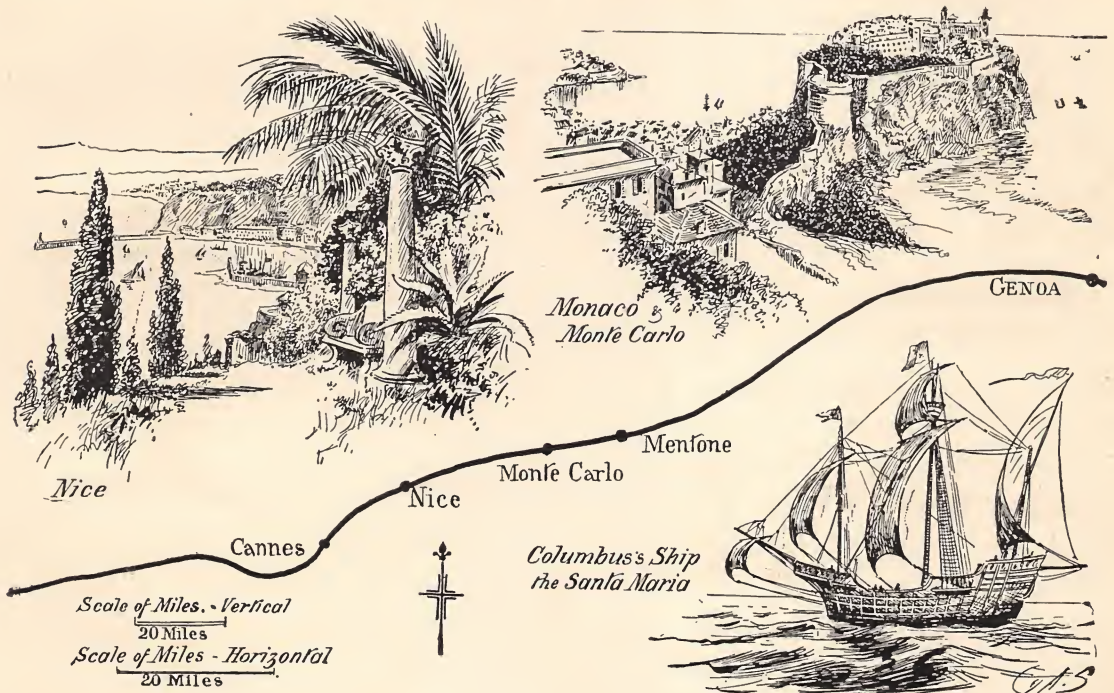
Out at sea, not far from Marseilles, are several grey rocky islands, and on one of these is an old castle called the Château d'If. It was used as a State prison for many

years, and from one of its dungeons, as the story-teller Dumas relates, the famous Count of Monte Cristo made his wonderful escape.

From Marseilles, the commercial port, we go on, eastward, to Toulon, the great naval harbour of France. During the French Revolution, Toulon, with other towns in the south, remained loyal to the King, and the British were invited to help them in the struggle. A fleet was sent under Lord Hood, but the army of the republicans was very strong, and a terrible massacre took place, more than six thousand of the townsfolk being killed. Many others were taken into safety on the English ships, but the loyalists were defeated, and Toulon was condemned to a terrible punishment, and even the mention of its name was forbidden by the revolutionary leaders. It was at this time that a young French soldier, Napoleon Buonaparte, first distinguished himself; but, although he was an officer in the republican army, he did his best to stop the cruelties that were taking place.

We seem to meet with Napoleon many times on this journey of ours through France, for it was at St. Raphael, not far away, that he embarked for Elba; and later, when he escaped from his island of exile, he landed with his little band of followers at Cannes, and started from there on his strange march northward up the Rhone valley to Lyons and Paris. From this part of the Riviera, too, on clear days, we can often see, away to the southward, the mountains of Corsica, where the great Emperor was born.

Nice, twenty miles beyond Cannes, our next halting-place, is the largest and gayest city on the Riviera; and then, skirting along the coast and passing the beautiful



—and through the Riviera to Genoa.



harbour of Villefranche—where, it is said, the navies of all the world could anchor in safety—we reach Monaco, a little independent principality in republican France, with a ruler and laws and privileges of its own. There are two towns in the tiny dominion: Monaco, the capital, said to be the cleanest and most prosperous place on the Riviera, and Monte Carlo with its beautiful gardens, fine buildings, and famous Casino, where the game of roulette is played, and where gamblers win—or more often lose—large sums of money.

Monte Carlo and Monaco—there is an Italian sound about these two names, and we are getting very near to Italy now, as we travel eastward. Mentone, indeed, which we reach next, with its narrow streets and tall houses, is much more like an Italian town than a French one; and then, just beyond, we cross the frontier and come to Bordighera and San Remo, with palm-trees and grey olive gardens.

About thirty years ago there was a terrible earthquake on the Riviera, and in Nice and other towns many buildings were destroyed. Some of the villages still show cracks in the walls of churches and houses, and there are often archways across the narrow streets to strengthen the buildings and make them able to withstand shocks.

Our journey along the Riviera began at Marseilles, and now we end it at Genoa, another famous commercial port, and one of the largest and finest towns in Italy. Christopher Columbus was born here far back in the fifteenth century, and in the Palazzo Bianco, now a museum, there may be seen a model of the *Santa Maria*, the little ship in which he crossed the Atlantic, and other interesting relics.

There are many fine palaces to be seen in the narrow streets of Genoa, and one of the largest is the Palazzo Doria, where Andrea Doria, Admiral of the Papal, French, and Genoese fleets, in the days when the city was under the protection of Charles V., used to entertain the grandees of Spain and Italy with lavish hospitality.

On one such occasion, when Charles himself was present, a great banquet took place on board a galley which was moored at the bottom of the palace garden, and the host, after the health of the Emperor had been drunk, bade his guests fling their gold and silver goblets into the sea, so that they might never be used for a less worthy toast. The guests, we are told, praised this reckless generosity; but the Genoese merchant princes were thrifty folk, even when entertaining royalty, and it is amusing to learn that the Admiral had ordered nets to be slung round the sides of the vessel, so that the costly drinking-cups should not be lost.

### DON'T ASK SILLY QUESTIONS!

**S**ILLY questions waste time and try the temper. Railway officials have to endure much useless questioning. They are expected to know everything. By means of a number-recording watch, an assistant station-master at Paddington station made a record of the number of questions put to him by the public during the week ending August 3rd, 1913. The total was two thousand one hundred and eighty-eight. Some of these questions were exceedingly foolish. One was, 'Will the 11 a.m. for Newquay on August 16th be a very crowded train?'

### WATTLE AND WARATAH.

**A**USTRALIA is said to be the only country which has two floral emblems. One, of course, is the familiar and fragrant 'wattle' (called by English folk *minosa*). The other is the waratah, which has been enthusiastically described by Australian botanists as 'the most magnificent plant which the prolific soil affords.'

The waratah's botanical name, *Telopea* ('seen afar'), was given to it because of the great distance at which the brilliant crimson blossoms can be seen. The Australian natives, like big black bees, suck these flowers for the sake of their honey.

At one time, the waratah appeared on some Australian stamps and postcards.

### THE WHITE TERRIER.

**W**HAT with rheumatism and the general lack of work at Splashley-on-the-Clay, poor Jonas Billington was in a very bad way indeed; in fact, as he himself put it, 'he didn't know which way to turn for a job, or whatever might be comin' next.'

To make matters worse, his wife was in the County Hospital being treated for a severe throat complaint, and although now on the fair road to recovery, she was still a long way from being well enough to think about returning to her home at Spashley, much as she desired to rejoin her husband and relieve him of a portion of his worries. The result was that Jonas was obliged to do almost all the housework by himself, for though he now and then enlisted the help of old Mrs. Clover in scrubbing the brick floor and bathing the six-year-old Ted, still, the closest friend of that estimable dame could scarcely have held her up as the model of a first-class and up-to-date charwoman. So, in spite of all their hard work, I can assure you that the cottage was considerably altered from the bright, spick-and-span little home it had been under the careful supervision of Mrs. Billington, and Jonas—though he uttered no word of complaint that might offend his well-meaning assistant—longed heartily for the day when the scrubbing and cleaning department might come once more under the personal management of his tidy and neat-handed wife.

'Well, Jonas, how's the rheumatics?' cried Tom Widgeon, the keeper, as our friend, having sent young Ted off to school, was drawing a bucket of water from the well in the little kitchen-garden. 'Better, I hope; it's an awkward sort of job to be laid up at any time, and a sight worse when a man's wage is laid up besides—that *is* a bit of real bad luck, and no mistake about it.'

'Thank'ee, Tom; I think I feel a goodish deal better. It's not so much the rheumatics that worries me as the being so long out of regular work,' replied Jonas, setting down his bucket and coming across to the hedge, 'and, of course, what with the youngster and other things I feel rather lost without my Bessie—she's a host in herself is Bessie.'

'Well, it's not altogether about your rheumatics, I wanted to talk,' said the keeper, with a laugh; 'there's a fairish good job waiting for a handy, reliable chap up at Jem Slowberry's farm, and as I've put in a word for you with Bill Geeson, the foreman—who's a particular chum of mine—I should think it's quite on the cards that if you go up there pretty soon they'll make no



trouble over taking you on; anyhow, the walk won't cost you anything, and for my part I think it's well worth trying.'

'I'll start in less than ten minutes, and I'm much beholden to you, Tom,' cried Jonas, joyfully. 'If I get the place I'll do my best to act up to the character you've given me, and if I can ever do you a good turn in exchange, why you shan't find me wanting, and that's the real honest truth.'

'That's all right, Jonas—only too glad to help a lame dog over a stile. Now I must be off to the coverts—come on, Flossie.' And whistling up his spaniel, the good-natured Tom Widgeon strode briskly away down the village.

You may be sure that Jonas did not lose much time in making his few preparations, and in less than the ten minutes he was on his way to the turning that leads to Slowberry's Farm—the farm itself lying on a gentle wooded slope some mile and a half from Splashley-on-the-Clay.

'Half-past nine,' said Jonas, referring to his old silver 'turnip' watch, 'I ought to be there by something after ten at the latest'; and filled with pleasant anticipations of regular work and good wages he soon arrived at the end of the narrow, twisting lane and found himself on a tract of rough common land dotted with ancient hawthorns, whilst here and there pools of deep and stagnant water marked the site of some long-disused gravel pits. He had scarcely progressed forty paces when his attention was arrested by a group of three boys—or, rather, young men—who gathered round a pool some distance from the footpath, were engaged in some sport that evidently afforded them great amusement, and curious to know what was causing such shouts of laughter, Jonas, turning off the track, saw on approaching nearer, that the object of their mirth was an unfortunate white terrier, which was vainly struggling to free itself from some heavy weight tied by a length of stout twine to its two hind legs—a pitiable spectacle indeed.

'What sort of chaps do you call yourselves?' cried Jonas, in great indignation, and bestowing a vigorous cuff on the head of the biggest and noisiest of the trio. 'I've a rare good mind to set the three of you swimming,' and he looked so very likely to forthwith carry out the threat that the cowardly fellows promptly took to their heels and were quickly lost to sight in a small copse of trees that skirted the high road to Splashley. 'I shall never get the poor beast to land at this rate,' said Jonas, after several ineffectual attempts to hook the rope with his stick and draw the drowning dog within arm's length; 'rheumatics or no rheumatics I can't stand here and watch it drown by inches—the only way is to go right in and carry it ashore, and the sooner I start the better,' and stepping into the water and wading out up to his waist, he at length managed, by a skilful cast, to catch the elusive rope, when the animal, knowing him instinctively to be a friend, allowed him to take it in his arms and carry it safely to the bank, where he promptly severed the thong that bound its hind legs with a slash of his keen-bladed clasp-knife.

'I'm more than afraid you've lost me the chance of that job at Slowberry's,' remarked Jonas, as the dog made a feeble effort to show its gratitude by trying to jump up and lick its preserver's hand; 'it's very certain I can't go there dripping wet through and smothered in mud from the pond; seems to me there's no help for it

but to get back home, shift into some dry clothes, and try my fortune later on. It's not your fault, though, old chap, and as you don't seem up to walking I'd best give you a lift.'

Picking up the shivering and exhausted dog he started to retrace his way to Splashley, and on arriving at the cottage shut his newly found charge into an outhouse, where with a plentiful supply of straw and food he left it to recover its lost strength in warmth and comfort combined.

'And now I've got you settled it's only fair that I thought about changing,' said Jonas; 'I begin to feel just a little bit queer and shivery—perhaps dry things and a bite of food will make me all right enough'; and without further delay he climbed the short staircase, and by the time young Ted returned from school he was seated at the plain deal table, on which he had already laid the modest supply of food that made their very simple dinner.

'Why, Father, you've got your best black coat on!' cried Teddy, suddenly breaking off in his chatter about the morning's doings at the school, 'and you don't look very well, either, and then you're not eating anything—do tell me if there's anything the matter, and then perhaps I can go out and fetch some one to come in and help—old Mrs. Clover, or somebody from the village.'

'I'm all right, my man,' answered his father, making a pretence of helping himself to a slice of cold pork. 'I got a bit of a wetting; you get along with your dinner, sonny, and I'll tell you all about it.' And as Ted, somewhat comforted, did his best to follow his advice, Jonas gave him a full, true, and particular account of his adventures on the common, and his saving and bringing home the unfortunate white terrier.

'Shall we be able to keep him, father? perhaps if we can he'll be like a black cat and bring us no end of good fortune,' exclaimed Ted, as, the meal finished, he sat in the straw beside the new addition to the family and patted its rough wiry head. 'It's a fox-terrier, isn't it?'

'Yes, and looks to me like a rare good-bred one,' replied Jonas. 'As to keeping him, sonny, why that's another question. There's two things to think about—first, whether any one happens to come along and claim him, and secondly, the seven shillings and sixpence for a licence. Now you'd best cut off to school, and when you come back you shall give him his tea—he's getting so lively I pity any stray cat that happens to come sneaking round after the odds and ends of his dinner.'

Delighted at actually having a dog of their own, Ted scampered off to impart the marvellous news to his school-mates, whilst his father returned indoors to make ready for his second journey to Glowberry's Farm, a journey, however, which as things turned out he never succeeded in accomplishing. For no sooner had he entered the house than he was taken with such an attack of cramps and shivers that he found himself totally unable to do anything but sit himself down in the one easy chair, and old Mrs. Clover happening to come in some half-hour later insisted, in spite of all his protests, on his going straightway to bed, remarking to herself as he closed the staircase door, 'that Jonas Billington never will own to having anything the matter with him—but all the same I know what I know, and whether he likes it or whether he don't, still, off I goes to fetch Doctor Hardy.'

(Concluded on page 45.)





“Stepping into the water and wading out up to his waist.”





"We stood there, our hearts beating quickly with dread and excitement."



## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

### CHAPTER I.

'HARK!' cried Mysie suddenly, springing to her feet and standing motionless, the old iron fork with which she had been turning the apples in her hand, and I leaned back on to my heels and listened intently. For some minutes we waited, but the only sounds to be heard were the wild howls of the wind round the castle, the thunder and crash of the waves on the beach far below, and the splutter of the roasting apples on the hearth.

'There's nothing,' I said at last, stooping forward once more, and then it came again—there was no mistake about it this time—the dull report of a gun far out at sea. I jumped up, and rushing to the window, with Mysie at my heels, dragged open the heavy shutter. We stood there with the cold rain tingling against our cheeks, and our hearts beating quickly with dread and excitement. Gun-fire out at sea on a night like this meant a signal of distress, and such a signal meant that a ship was aground on the Wolf's Tooth Reef, and that men—yes, and perhaps women and little children, too—were in danger.

It was a wild February evening in the year 1578 that this happened, and all day long the tempest had raged round our old Scottish castle, which hung like a swallow's nest on the edge of the steep cliffs looking out over the North Sea. Never could we remember such a storm, and, an hour ago, Jean, our old serving-maid, had shaken her grey head over her spinning-wheel and had bidden us say a prayer for the poor mariners out at sea.

Mysie and I had not paid much heed to the woman's words, for we were intent on our apple-roasting, but we had noticed that Mother, who was busy with some needlework on the other side of the hearth, had glanced up every now and then, with a look of distress on her sweet, sad face, and had shivered when a more furious blast than usual seemed as if it would tear the ancient castle from its foundations. She laid aside her strip of embroidery now and followed us to the window, where she stood with one hand on my shoulder, and with the soft white hair that had once been as golden as little Mysie's curls, blowing back from her forehead. Old Jean joined us before many minutes had passed, and the men and maids from the kitchen below crowded together in the open doorway.

'Tis a vessel aground on the Wolf's Tooth Reef,' said my mother at last, as the report of the gun sounded once more above the wild raving of wind and sea. 'God help the poor folk aboard her, for it is little enough that we can do to succour them.' And then she turned away from the window, and, raising her voice, bade the women make up the fires and prepare hot food and drink, while the men hastened down to the beach with ropes and lanterns.

'Yes, you go with them, Jock, my son,' she said, as I clutched her arm and was about to break into eager, impatient speech, 'and I will come, too, but little Mysie must bide here and help Jean.' Then, having kissed my little sister, she wrapped herself in a thick hooded cloak that one of the maids had brought. I picked up

a lantern, and together we went out through the narrow arched doorway of the postern and down a steep winding path which led to the beach below.

The rocky coast bent back at this point into a wide, deep bay, and on its northern side was a craggy headland called Drummond's Ness, on which our castle was built. From this point ran out the treacherous Wolf's Tooth Reef, jutting high above the sea at first, but ending in a cruel jagged ridge, that was awash even at the lowest tides.

Many stout ships had perished on those rocks, and old Jean had awesome tales to tell of wrecks and drowning men, and of strange merchandise that had from time to time been washed ashore in the bay. Of late, however, there had been no such happenings, and although Mysie and I always listened and watched on stormy nights, this was the first time that we had ever heard the signal of distress. It was small wonder then that my heart beat quickly as we hurried down the rocky path and came out on to the open strand, where the fierce wind tore at our clothes, made the lantern flames flicker even behind their horn shields, and dashed white salt foam from the huge, thundering breakers into our faces.

As my mother had said, it was little enough that could be done to aid those who were in peril that night, for there was no boat within miles of us on that rocky coast and, even if there had been one ready at hand, it would have been impossible to launch it. We could only wave our lanterns to and fro in hopes that their feeble light might guide some swimmer into safety, and be ready with our ropes to succour those who should be swept by the waves within our reach. It seemed impossible, however, that any man, no matter how strong and hardy he might be, could live for a moment in the seething cauldron of those raging billows, and I began to despair as we crouched in the lee of a high rock and waited, listening breathlessly to the report of the signal gun, which again and again sounded above the din with its hopeless summons. Once a vivid streak of red flame tore the blackness as a torch was kindled on board the doomed vessel, and for a minute, in its lurid flicker, we could see the dark shape of the hull tilted high out of the water against the rocks, the stump of a broken mast and a tangle of torn sails and cordage. I almost thought, too, that I could discern huddled figures of men clinging to the ropes and flattened against the steeply sloping deck.

'Look! Look!' I cried, turning quickly, but my mother had hidden her face in her hands, and when she raised it her lips were quivering pitifully, and the soft eyes were full of fear and anguish.

'Oh, Jock,' she faltered, and it was difficult to hear her voice in the tumult, 'if is foolish of me, but I always think of your father on wild, stormy nights like this. What if he should be on his way back to us now? What if he should be in danger on that sinking ship?'

And then she bowed her head again and wept bitterly.

'Poor Mother!' I patted her bent shoulder with my clumsy, sunburnt hand, and cudgelled my brains to think of something that I might say to comfort her, but no words would come. It was five years now since my father went away to fight in the wars in Flanders—four years since we had had news of him, and I—like every one else except Mother herself—believed him to be dead.



How could it be otherwise, indeed; for surely had he been yet alive, he would not have left us all this long weary time without tidings of his safety.

(Continued on page 54.)

### 'LUCK' AND LABOUR.

THE following proverbs, written by Cobden, the statesman, are worthy of preservation:—

'Luck is waiting for something to turn up. Labour, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.'

'Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would come and bring him the news of a legacy. Labour turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation for competence.'

'Luck relies on chances; Labour on character.'

'Luck slips down to indigence. Labour climbs up to independence.'

But, although all this is excellent advice for young folk, we must never jump to the conclusion that if a person is poor it is necessarily through his own fault. It may indeed be the very opposite of that—the result of his virtue. His poverty may be due not to indolence but to unselfishness. We must never 'judge' other people; it is as much as we can do to keep ourselves in order.

E. D.

### THE PRINCES OF THE EAST.

#### II.—THE MAHARAJAH OF KOLHAPUR.

KOLHAPUR is one of the principal native States in the Presidency of Bombay, and it stretches southward along the west coast of India.

The city of Bombay was one of the first of our great Indian possessions, for it came to England as part of the dowry of Princess Catherine of Braganza, the daughter of the King of Portugal, when she married Charles II.

At that time, however, instead of being the large and wealthy town which it has since become, Bombay was only a small settlement, and as it was not strongly fortified, it suffered very much from the attacks of the pirates of the Kolhapur—or, as it was called then, the Calabar—coast, who used to sally forth from the bays and river-mouths and rob the English merchant vessels as they entered the harbour or sailed along the coast. For many years these sea freebooters were a serious danger to the new settlement, but at last, in 1766, Lord Clive managed to capture the port of Gheria, one of their strongholds. Later the ruler of Kolhapur agreed that he would help to put down the pirates, and he also compensated the British merchants for their losses and allowed them to establish new trading-posts at Malwan and other places along the coast.

The Rajahs of Kolhapur belong to one of the oldest families in India, and claim to be descended from Ram, the son of the famous chieftain, Sivaji, who founded the Mahratta Empire. After the death of Ram, in 1731, his widow made her own son Rajah in his place—the elder son of the dead prince being a prisoner at that time in the hands of his enemies. Before very long, however, this young man regained his freedom, and then, for many years, there were bitter disputes

and warfare between the two claimants to the throne.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the State came under British protection, and a period of peace and prosperity set in.

During the Mahratta War, in 1817, Kolhapur helped the English against the Peishwá, and was rewarded for its loyalty; but later there were endless troubles and rebellions, and at last a British Minister was appointed to act as Regent and govern the country.

Kolhapur is a large State, and stretches on each side of the range of mountains called the Western Ghats. To the east of these hills is a flat cultivated plain, while to the west is wild country, with thick forests and rocky gorges. Among the hills are perched old fortresses, which were the strongholds of the chiefs in the old warlike days. Kolhapur City, the capital of the Province, is about one hundred and twenty-eight miles south of Poonah. It is a picturesque city, but of late years many fine new buildings have been erected, which look strangely modern by the side of ancient palaces and ruined temples. There are in Kolhapur, for instance, the ruins of several Buddhist shrines, which are said to be more than two thousand years old.

The present Maharajah of Kolhapur is named Sir Shahir Chatrapati, and came to the throne when he was only a boy of eleven years old, having been the adopted son of the previous prince. He is well educated, and is now a fine example of an Indian chief, who rules his dominions well and takes an interest in all the improvements that are made. He has been to England, and was present at the coronation of King Edward VII. in 1902.

Another great ceremony in which the Maharajah took part was the Durbar in 1911, when King George, as Emperor of India, received the homage of the native rulers. This Durbar was held at Delhi, which, once the chief town of the old Mohammedan monarchs, is now to be the new capital of India, and it must have been one of the most wonderful ceremonies ever seen, even in a country which is famous for magnificent festivals and gorgeous triumphal processions.

People who were present there describe what took place, and we can picture the scene with the rajahs in their wonderful dresses of state, the soldiers in their imposing uniforms—for that was before the days of khaki—and the motley crowd of spectators who gathered together to see the show.

As each prince arrived upon the scene the British troops presented arms, the guns fired the salute to which he was entitled, and an official went forward to welcome him and to conduct him to his place. Many of the rajahs rode on richly-caparisoned elephants, the howdahs being of gold or silver, and they wore robes of stiff brocade, and marvellous jewels—diamonds, pearls, rubies and emeralds, while servants held great fans of peacock feathers above their heads.

Then came the horsemen, for each chief brought with him a throng of retainers, and there were Mahrattas, Sikhs, and Rajputs mounted on horses that had long trappings like the steeds of mediæval knights, and dyed manes and tails.

It all seemed then to be only a strange and magnificent spectacle, but the loyalty which these Indian princes professed to their Emperor has proved to be very real, and three years later, in 1914, when war





H.H. The Maharajah of Kolhapur.

broke out between England and Germany, it was put to the test. We all know how, in those dark days of August, 1914, the rulers of the native States of India came forward with offers of men and guns and money,

and how Rajputs and Sikhs, Gurkhas and Pathans and Mahrattas, fought side by side with our British soldiers in France and Flanders, in Palestine and Egypt and Mesopotamia.





"Joe's jumping on him as if they were quite old friends."

### THE WHITE TERRIER.

(Concluded from page 39.)

ONE autumn evening, some three months later, Jonas Billington, not yet wholly recovered from the severe illness brought about by his rescue of the white terrier,

sat outside the cottage watching his wife and young Ted busily engaged in hoeing up weeds between the gooseberry and currant bushes that flanked the little kitchen garden. Things had gone very hardly with Jonas since the day of that interrupted journey in search of work to



Glowberry's Farm, for though Tom Widgeon had done his best to induce Geeson to leave the place open for Billington, the foreman had been quite unable to wait, and the vacancy was now filled by an experienced and more active man. And although Mrs. Billington was now perfectly restored to health, she had found it such an uphill fight against poverty that every week she was in dread of receiving notice to quit the cottage, the rent being very considerably behindhand and their landlord being by no means the class of man who could afford to wait long—even had he been willing to do so—for the payment of any money due to him.

'There! I shall have to stop for a bit and take a rest—I'm sure my back aches most terri ly,' said Mrs. Billington, leaning on her hoe and mopping her brow with her handkerchief. 'If your poor father was strong enough to work he'd have done the whole garden in less than no time—don't you go and tire yourself out, Teddy, there's plenty of time before it falls dusk.'

'I'm all right enough, Mother, I just love hoeing up the weeds,' cried her small assistant with great enthusiasm. 'If you're tired you go and sit down on the settle alongside of father, and when you come back I shall have—hullo! there's some one coming through our garden gate—such a big gentleman—and oh! do look, Mother, he's calling our dog Joe, "Ponto," and Joe's jumping on him as though they were quite old friends—do please hurry up and come and see!'

Before Teddy in his excitement could drag his mother within view of this novel performance, a stout, broad-shouldered gentleman presented himself before Mrs. Billington, and raising his cap, cried out with a jolly laugh that at once won her heart: 'I'm sorry I've come to rob you of a member of your family, ma'am—this chap here, who's a special favourite of my wife and daughter, and as he spoke he stooped and patted the wiry head of the late 'Joe,' now 'Ponto,' who, in response to the stranger's attentions gave every token of the most lively and exaggerated delight.

'Well, well, dear me! so he's your dog then, is he, sir?' exclaimed Mrs. Billington, whilst Teddy stood by looking disconsolate enough at the prospect of a lasting separation from his playmate. 'That's my husband sitting on the bench yonder—he's not quite up to the mark yet after rather a sharp illness—if you'll just step this way, sir, he will tell you just how he came to find 'Joe,' as we call him, and how we never had any answers to the inquiries after his owner.'

'Not been very well, eh?' queried the burly stranger, as Jonas rose from the settle and apologised for not coming forward to meet him, 'I think I know pretty well how you come to be laid on the shelf, but just let me have the whole story of how, when, and where you found this rascal and then we can settle about his keep, &c.—and perhaps settle some other little matters afterwards. My name is Gower—Reginald Gower, and I live at a place called Somersham Court, in Bedfordshire. So now fire away and let's have a complete account of the finding of my wife's very special favourite, Ponto.'

Sitting down, the visitor heard all the details of Jonas Billington's adventure on the common, except that our hero modestly concealed the fact that by rescuing the white terrier from drowning he had lost the chance of both regular work and good wages from the foreman at Glowberry's Farm.

'It's an extraordinary thing the beggar's straying to Splashley at all,' remarked Mr. Gower, as Jonas at

length concluded his story. 'I lost him in Hemingford, quite twenty miles from here, when I stopped to lunch at an hotel when motoring over to see a friend at Thorndyke Hall; we didn't even know we *had* lost him until we found on arriving at the Hall that he wasn't curled up comfortably asleep on his cushion. It was by a mere chance I heard this morning the rumour of a dog being found at Splashley, so I ran the car ten miles out of the way to make inquiries, and the landlord of the "Six Bells," down there in the village, sent me straight on to you.'

'Well, sir, I'm sure I'm glad—the dog being such a favourite with yourself and your lady—that you've happened on him again, safe and well,' said Jonas; 'he's a rare fine animal, and for my part I'm sure I shall miss him as much as will my little Teddy—we've all been great friends with poor Joe, sir—or rather, as I should now say, with "Ponto."'

'What! after all the trouble and expense he's been to you?' queried the visitor with a laugh. 'I should have imagined you'd have been only too jolly glad to see the last of him—many people in your place would either have sold him long ago to pay the cost of his keep, or even had him destroyed as being an extra mouth to feed.'

'Well, sir, perhaps we may not have been so extra wise as some folk, but let that be as it may I shall be grieved to part with him and that's the honest downright truth,' replied our friend, and there was a genuine ring in his voice which completely set at rest in the mind of the listener any lingering doubts as to the speaker's strict integrity.

'Well then, if that's the state of the case why part with him at all, Billington?' asked Mr. Gower, after a moment's pause, and looking at Jonas with a queer twinkle in his laughing grey eyes; 'why not come with him?'

'Come with him, sir?' echoed Jonas, staring at his questioner in unfeigned astonishment. 'I'm sure I beg your pardon, sir, but however on earth should I be able to come with him?'

'Oh, I'll very soon tell you how *that* can be managed,' laughed Mr. Gower. 'I want a good reliable sort of man for a lodge-keeper at Somersham Court, so if you and Mrs. Billington think it worth your while you can step into the place any time within the next fortnight, in fact the earlier the better as far as I'm concerned. For though you never mentioned the circumstance that your illness came through your wading into that pond to save a drowning terrier, I heard the whole story down in the village and I've a notion that the man who would do a thing of that kind is just the right person to be my new lodge-keeper at Somersham.'

And that's how, after all, the white terrier brought Jonas Billington and his family lasting good fortune.

G. BAIRD.

## JOYS TO COME.

'CHICKEN'S horrid!' grumbled Tony—  
'Tough and stringy, hard and bony!'

Can't I have some pie?—

Pie that, if I'm not mistaken,  
Is filled with veal, and eggs, and bacon—

I've been down to spy—

Trimmed with parsley and a frill,  
That dining-room pie could make nobody ill.'



'Pudding made of rice is sloppy,  
And blancmange, so cold and floppy,  
Isn't nice,' said he;  
'Very much more tempting, *very*,  
Is a pie that's made of cherry,  
Plum, or gooseberry.  
I'd like to know the reason why  
A nursery boy can't have dining-room pie!'

'Never mind,' said Bob, 'let's own up,  
Stuff like veal and ham is grown-up  
Food—not fit for us;  
I've seen Cookie, and I asked her—  
"Wait a bit," she said, "young master,  
Don't make such a fuss!"—  
Then she whispered: "Perhaps there'll be  
Hot-buttered toasties and honey for tea!"'

## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 34.)

WHEN, during dinner, Ethel told Mr. Drayton about Lena's strange behaviour, he roared with laughing, and said it was the best joke he had heard for a long time. Ethel could not see anything to laugh at. She felt angry, but Mr. Drayton told her she would soon get over it.

'I believe, Father, you knew what would happen,' she said. 'You told me to be careful.'

'No, no. Not at all,' replied Mr. Drayton. 'That was only my fun. I had, as a matter of fact, heard that the elder one was absurdly proud, and that she ruled the little one.'

'It was the eldest one,' said Ethel. 'I believe the little one would be friends directly.'

'Well, dear, never mind,' said Mrs. Drayton, soothingly. 'You'll manage very well without them, I dare say.'

'It isn't that, Mother,' Ethel began, hotly.

'Of course it isn't! I'm surprised at you, my dear,' interrupted Mr. Drayton, with a look of pretended reproof at his wife. 'It's our pride that is hurt, and now we are going to nurse it all we can, like little Miss Lena, of the Manor House.'

'No, I'm not, Father!' cried Ethel. 'I suppose,' she continued slowly, 'I suppose *you* could soon get to know them.'

'Nothing simpler,' replied Mr. Drayton, and laughed. 'But I'm not going to,' he added hastily. 'You must manage your own affairs; and don't be too easily deterred.'

'Well,' said Ethel, thoughtfully, 'if I could only catch Marjory alone one of these days, I would stop and speak to her, and find out something.'

'What? Work on the weaker member? Bad plan; bad plan,' repeated Mr. Drayton, and, lighting a cigar, he rose and left the table.

But bad plan or not, Ethel carried it out only a few days later.

She was going down to the village, and in the distance she saw Marjory run across the road from the Manor House and go into the post-office. If she made haste

she could get to the post-office before Marjory came out, and she determined to enter into conversation.

She ran quickly, and had almost reached the post-office when she heard the bell over the door go 'clang,' and the next instant Marjory was out and off back.

'Oh, stop, Marjory!' cried Ethel, breathlessly, and without considering what she should say next.

Marjory turned on hearing her name, and then, seeing who it was, she hesitated. She did not know what to do. Her first feeling was one of delight that Ethel should speak to her, and impulsively she moved to meet her; then she thought of Lena, and stopped, throwing a timid glance at the windows of the Manor House.

Ethel came up to her.

'Look here, Marjory,' she began, a little nervously, 'won't you speak to me?'

'Yes. But—' stammered Marjory, who wished to be polite but was afraid of vexing Lena.

'Oh, I know,' put in Ethel quickly and a little contemptuously, as she saw Marjory glance again at the Manor House. 'It's Lena. I know.'

Marjory stared.

'How do you know it's Lena?' she asked, 'and how do you know our names?'

'Oh, I soon found out your names,' Ethel replied, laughing, 'and other things, too. I know, for instance, that Mr. and Mrs. Lester are away, and as for Lena—well, I couldn't help seeing what she did the other morning at the window, could I?'

Marjory's face flushed, and she remained silent, not knowing what to say.

'Well?' asked Ethel.

'Well!' echoed Marjory, and then they both laughed.

'Can't we be friends and know each other?' continued Ethel.

'Oh, I should so like to,' cried Marjory brightly, 'but—but there's Lena,' she added, hesitatingly.

'Well, I'll come along and see Lena,' Ethel suggested.

'Oh, no; you mustn't, really!' replied Marjory with much emphasis.

Ethel looked puzzled.

'Well, I don't understand it,' she said.

'Lena's so very particular,' Marjory explained slowly.

'And I'm—not good enough,' said Ethel, after an awkward pause.

Again Marjory's face went crimson.

'Oh, please don't be vexed,' she pleaded.

'I'm not vexed,' replied Ethel, but in a tone that rather belied her words. 'I'll be even with Lena yet, though,' she added, and she set her lips together and nodded her head sharply.

'You see,' said Marjory apologetically, 'you don't know Lena.'

'No, I certainly don't,' Ethel replied. 'But I will know her, whether I'm good enough or not. So good-bye, you timid little Marjory. You needn't tell Lena that you've seen me.' She turned to go.

'Oh, I must tell her,' said Marjory.

'You must? Oh, very well. Good-morning.'

'Good-morning,' said Marjory.

Ethel, assured of Marjory's friendliness, returned home to think out some plan by which she could obtain Lena's acquaintance.

(Continued on page 50.)





“‘Oh, stop, Marjory!’ cried Ethel, breathlessly.”





“The news soon spread that there was a stranger in the village.



## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 47.)

### CHAPTER IV.

FOR a day or two Ethel was very much preoccupied. She was determined to be even with Lena, and she spent her time in thinking how it could be managed. Suddenly an idea occurred to her, and, delighted, she rushed into the kitchen to Mrs. Drayton.

'I've got it! I've got the idea, Mother,' she exclaimed.

Mrs. Drayton smiled, knowing quite well to what Ethel referred.

'Well, dear?' she asked pleasantly; 'and what is it?'

'It's just this, Mother,' said Ethel, emphatically. 'As a girl I have no attraction for the fair and haughty Lena, but, as a boy, I should be absolutely irresistible. See? Where, then, is my seaside rig-out?'

'Now, Ethel,' protested Mrs. Drayton, 'you know we put those clothes away finally after your last holiday. You are too big to go about in knickers any longer. If that is your idea, I'm afraid you must think of something else.'

'Mother!' exclaimed Ethel dramatically, 'would you thus frustrate my plans? Say quickly where they are, or I'll squeeze all the breath out of you,' and Ethel threw her arms round her mother.

'They are here, aren't they?' she asked anxiously.

'Yes, they are,' replied Mrs. Drayton, laughing at the change in Ethel's tone.

The clothes in question were a knitted jersey and knickers, which Ethel was accustomed to wear at the seaside. Miss Drayton always felt annoyed to see girls hampered by their petticoats when paddling or playing in the sand, and she had, very sensibly, determined to avoid this inconvenience in Ethel's case by substituting boy's knickers for petticoats. Thus, to pretend to be a boy did not seem at all a difficult matter to Ethel. She was relieved to hear that the garments had been brought to the country home.

'That's right,' she said, and added promptly, 'but why did you bring them, Mother, if I'm not to wear them?'

'I don't say that you are not to wear them,' replied Mrs. Drayton. 'I say nothing about them for garden use, but I don't like the idea of you masquerading through the village as a boy.'

'Oh, but, Mother, dear, there would be no harm,' pleaded Ethel.

'I know that, child,' said Mrs. Drayton quietly. 'Do you suppose I would even discuss the matter, if there were?'

'Well, Mother, if Father will let me, will you?' coaxed Ethel. Mrs. Drayton smiled and considered a moment. Ethel felt sure of Mr. Drayton's consent, and waited anxiously for her mother's reply. At last she said, 'Very well. If Father agrees I'll say no more.'

'Oh, you dear old mother,' Ethel cried excitedly, and ran off to find Mr. Drayton. Mr. Drayton was much amused at the idea and was easily persuaded to consent.

The next morning, dressed as a boy, Ethel came gleefully down to breakfast.

'Shall I do, Father?' she asked mischievously as she entered the room, her hands thrust well into her pockets. Mr. Drayton merely nodded, but there was an

amused and admiring twinkle in his eyes as he looked at her.

She made a beautiful boy. Her jersey, knickers and stockings were a rich, golden brown, and, above it all, her hair fell to her neck, dark and curly.

'My dear!' began Mrs. Drayton, who would still have been glad for Ethel to give up her plan. 'You——' But Ethel broke in.

'Now, Mother,' she said. 'It's no use. You promised to say no more. Shall I do? That's all I want to know.' Ethel sat down to her breakfast.

'Your hair, child?' cried Mrs. Drayton.

'Silly Mother!' replied Ethel. 'That will be all hidden in my Tam-o'-shanter.'

'Cut it off,' suggested Mr. Drayton. 'Do the thing properly.'

'No, thanks, Father,' Ethel replied. 'I wouldn't be a real boy for anything, except to please Mother. It will do very well.'

'Well, what is the order of the day?' Mr. Drayton asked. 'Attired as you are, you ought really to come shooting with me. I want a companion.'

'No, thank you,' replied Ethel again. 'I am just going to the village to idle about in a proper boy-like manner. I'm pretty certain to see Marjory and Lena, but, as a boy, I shall take no notice of them.' Her eyes sparkled with fun at the thought of it.

'You be careful, my dear,' said Mrs. Drayton. 'If they find you out, you may give up, for ever, all idea of making friends.'

'All right, Mother,' replied Ethel, as she pulled a brown Tam-o'-shanter well over her head and tucked her hair inside. 'Now I'm ready,' and she set off.

Mr. and Mrs. Drayton stood at the gate and watched her as she sauntered down the road. Her hands were in her pockets, and she whistled merrily. She was enjoying herself thoroughly. She passed several of the villagers without in any way betraying that she knew them, and the news soon spread that there was a stranger in the village, a young gentleman so like Miss Ethel that he could only be her brother. Heads peeped from behind curtains and women gazed after her from their open doors. She met Ward, the policeman, and he went so far as to address her with 'Nice morning.' There was no doubt her disguise was quite successful. But unless she could see Marjory and Lena it was useless. She saw nothing of them in the village, and, in the hope that they were within doors, she determined to walk past the house. Would Marjory be at the window? Yes, there she was, and in another moment Lena had joined her. This was delightful. Everything was going splendidly. Ethel threw a careless glance full at the two girls and walked past unconcerned. She knew she would arouse more interest and curiosity if she took no notice.

And in this she was quite right. Marjory was wildly excited at the sight of the boy, and called Lena to the window.

(Continued on page 63.)

## A TALE OF A TAIL.

A True Story.

LARGE tears rolled from Mary's tender blue eyes as she stood helplessly by.

Bob, her beloved Bob, was in trouble. Alas! Bob frequently was in trouble. 'Mischief,' or sheer 'down-



right wickedness,' her mother called it; but Mary knew better, for she was often included in the punishment, and so who could feel more clearly that what the 'grown-ups' considered wrong was only the outcome of high spirits.

However, this time it *was* Bob, and Bob alone, who had done it, and Mary felt, with almost a sense of guilt, that she could not share the blame. There was not a shadow of doubt about it—the paint had been newly scratched from the immaculately neat front door! Poor old Bob! he was investigating his favourite larder under the laurel bush, when he heard the bang that shut him out; so he trotted round to the kitchen, only to find that Sarah, intent on dishing the greens, either could not or *would* not listen to a little dog.

Bob was young and impatient—and he knew his little mistress was not allowed in what her mother described as the 'back regions'—so he returned from whence he came, and hurled himself impetuously against the door which had barred him out, and then worked vigorously on it with his strong, sharp nails. Mary heard him 'giving himself away,' and she shivered, for her mother was in front of her, and rescue impossible. The culprit was caught red-handed, and the whip curled round his shrinking body.

'There!' said Mary's mother as she pushed Bob away from her. 'I have warned you what would happen if that dog spoilt the paint again, and now I tell you once for all—if it happens after this, out he goes, and you keep nothing more destructive than a canary.'

'Oh, Bob! Oh, Bob! Oh, Bob!' moaned Mary, sitting on the step, and gathering the trembling puppy up closely in her arms. 'Does it hurt *very* much? Oh, Bob! what *shall* we do? Bob! Bob! you must not spoil the paint, or we shall be parted. Oh, don't!... I wonder if you *really* understand why you were whipped?' And here Mary's sobs broke out afresh.

'See! Darling—look where your dear little paws made these big ugly marks'—and soft hands rubbed the small black nose backwards and forwards over the unsightly scratches—gently but firmly. 'Now, do you understand, Bob? Never, never ask to be let in like that again. You won't, will you, dear Bob?' And Bob pricked up an ear, and held his head on one side looking at the door as if he was quite surprised to see such unsightly marks upon it, and then he looked at Mary and wagged his tail: after which, he put a paw on each shoulder and licked her face, his eloquent brown doggy eyes saying as plainly as eyes can speak, 'It's all right now! Don't cry any more,' and his tail went wiggle-waggle, wiggle-waggle. Bob had a dear little wise head, with a black-and-tan patch over one eye and down the side of his face, which made him look very knowing. He really should have been a fox terrier, but he wasn't... not quite—for his feet were very big and his tail—well! that was long and strong and feathery, and curled over his back in a way of which he ought to have been ashamed, but he was not, not a bit. He waved it when he was pleased, he waved it when he was pleading, waved it when he said good-morning, and waved it when he said good-night.

Mary's father was fond of repeating the stale old joke that Bob didn't wag his tail, his tail wagged Bob.

'If only Father was here,' mused Mary, with the softening of her eyes that was always brought by the

thought of Father, 'he would find some way of teaching you what you must not do—some kind way. But oh! Bob! he isn't here, and how we miss him! and when he comes home from the trenches we must tell him we have tried to be good and brave, because we wanted to be like him—so we'll cheer up, Bob,' and Mary issued a sudden order: 'The King!' Bob gave three short sharp barks.

'The Kaiser!' Bob growled, and showed his teeth and rolled his eyes viciously.

'Your Country!' Bob rolled over and lay rigid, to express his willingness to die in her defence: and when he came to life again, he was quite his eager little self, with no bitter memories of punishment rankling in his great forgiving heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

That night Mary's mother sat by the fire with her knitting in her hand, the sock grew quickly under her busy fingers, a book was on the reading stand beside her, but her thoughts were far away... in the glowing embers she pictured the red flare of battle—the crackling of the logs sounded in her ears like the sharp report of the sniper's rifle. Esther startled her by her sudden entrance.

'If you please, m'm,' she said, 'there's some one at the front door who keeps on knocking, an' he won't say who he is or what he's wanting.'

'Well!' asked Mary's mother, 'did you open the door to see who it was?'

'No, m'm, I—I—felt afraid,' and Esther's white face confirmed her words.

'We will soon see about *that*,' and Mary's mother rising walked into the hall, followed closely by the nervous maid—a distinct and regular knocking was clearly audible.

'Who is there?' asked the lady in the voice she kept for delinquents. There was no answer, but the rapping was renewed with redoubled vigour.

'Stop that knocking at once, and tell me what you want,' cried Mary's mother, 'or I will telephone to the Police Station.'

Rap! Rap!! Rap!!!

'I will give you in charge,' called Mary's mother, more frightened than she would have allowed, and taking her courage in both hands, she put the chain on the door, and opened it a little way so she could look out. There was no one there! Nothing to be seen on the bright moonlight drive. No ragged tramp as she half expected, confronting her. She pushed the door wider still, for the mysterious knocking continued, though louder and quicker. Esther grown bold looked over her mistress' shoulder.

'Oh! ma'am!' she exclaimed. 'I do believe it is that dog!'

Mary's mother flung open the door, and the disturber of the peace, the cause of their alarm, stood revealed! Yes! it was Bob! He had patiently waited, wagging his great big curly tail against that door until such time as some one should see fit to let him come in. Never again should his beloved little mistress shed such bitter tears because he had scratched the paint!

Mary's mother patted his head and called him, 'Good boy,' while Esther brought him a saucer of milk, and it was a very happy little dog that waved his tail as he went to bed that evening.

Good-night, Bob!

J. M. HARTWELL.





"Yes! It was Bob!"





A PICTURE PUZZLE.—FIND TWENTY BIRDS OR BEASTS.

(List of names on page 59.)



## GLASTONBURY AND ITS LAKE VILLAGE.

THE little town of Glastonbury, in Somerset, is not much heard of nowadays. It has a population of only four or five thousand people, and they are occupied chiefly in farming and fruit-growing. Yet in days long gone by it was a place of great importance, and we are reminded of this fact by the buildings which we see in Glastonbury to-day.

Here are the remains of an abbey which was once one of the greatest in England. In the early days of Henry VIII. the Abbot of Glastonbury ranked as the second in England, next only to the Abbot of St. Albans. He is said to have entertained as many as five hundred people at his table at once, and to have relieved all the poor of the district twice a week. The huge kitchen in which these feasts were prepared, having four fire-hearths, each large enough to roast an ox, is still to be seen.

The origin of the church cannot be traced. We know that one building succeeded another, until the abbey was finally stripped of its treasures and furniture in the reign of Henry VIII. We know that Dunstan was Abbot of Glastonbury, and then Archbishop of Canterbury, a century before the Normans conquered England. Prior to that there are old legends which may have an element of truth in them, carrying us back to the earliest days of Christianity in Britain.

But even that is hardly the beginning of Glastonbury's story. Modern science has pieced together a sort of mosaic picture of the life of the people living on these Somersetshire lowlands in the centuries long before the birth of Christ, when the inhabitants of Britain were little better than savages.

A number of antiquarians noticed a group of low mounds in a field about a mile to the north of the town. In 1892 they began to dig into them, in order to discover whether they were artificial or natural, and whether they contained any objects of human manufacture. The efforts of the explorers were rewarded by the discovery of many weapons, ornaments, fragments of pottery, combs, and other things, which showed that the site had been inhabited long centuries ago.

One of the most interesting objects discovered was a boat, eighteen feet long, which had been hollowed out of a single tree. As a boat could have been of no use on dry land, this discovery suggested that there must have been either a river or extensive sheets of water near to this old village.

The land is very low, being only about sixteen or seventeen feet above the level of the sea, which is fourteen miles distant. An old map shows that, less than four hundred years ago, there was a large mere or lake, five miles in circumference, not far from the village. This lake was probably shrinking in size at that time, and it has now disappeared altogether. Centuries earlier than the oldest map it would probably extend beyond the village, so it was supposed that the houses were built above the water, and the settlement was a lake-village.

The excavations showed that this was the fact. Each little mound was the site of a hut. A section cut through it showed that the lowest portion of it was an artificial foundation made by laying large pieces of timber and layers of brushwood on the peat which formed the bottom of the shallow lake or swamp. The

materials of the foundations were kept from spreading by means of hundreds of small piles, pegging them down, as it were, especially near the edges.

A floor of clay was smeared over the top of each foundation, and a round or circular hut was then built upon it. The walls were formed of a circle of upright posts, placed about a foot apart, and filled in with interlaced twigs, which were afterwards covered with clay. The roofs were probably thatched with reeds. A hearth, composed of a few flat stones embedded in the clay, was usually placed near the centre of the floor.

The structures have tumbled in a heap, those materials which were perishable have, in many cases decayed, and the whole has been buried in peat and soil and covered with grass, until the mounds in the field were formed as the explorers first discovered them.

There were about sixty-five mounds in the village, each of which represented a hut or dwelling-place. The whole village, which covered an area of about three and a half acres, was surrounded by a palisade of wooden piles; and outside this palisade there was in one place an artificial embankment, which may have led from the village in the swamp to a landing-place.

Among the objects discovered in the peat underlying and surrounding the mounds were a beautiful bronze bowl, a wooden bowl tastefully carved, the nave of a wheel and some of its spokes, a wooden ladder, part of what was thought to be a loom, a few glass beads, several horse-bits, rings and knives, and numerous bones of animals, seeds, and other remains which showed what kind of food the villagers subsisted on.

Hundreds of articles were found giving interesting information of the kind of life which these lakemen led. One very striking result of the excavations was an almost entire absence of objects clearly belonging to historical times. The history of Britain begins with the conquest of the country by the Romans; and the oldest objects which belong to civilised life in this country are Roman ones. The absence of Roman weapons and implements at Glastonbury makes it clear that the inhabitants of the lake-village were Britons who lived some time—we can hardly tell how long—before the Roman invasions.

W. A. ATKINSON.

## THE MOON.

ONE night I crept to break the ice  
My birdies' water chilling,  
And shining in the sky I saw  
The moon—a silver shilling!

One night I crept to save a moth,  
'Twas near the candle hovering,  
And shining in the sky I saw  
The moon—a golden sovereign!

## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Continued from page 43.)

LITTLE Mysie, my sister, who was only four years old when he went away, had no memories of our father, but I—being nearly five years older, could remember everything well. I had often to d her about the mariner who, his ship being becalmed in the bay, came up to the castle one hot summer evening and



held us spell-bound with his tales of the Dutch wars, of the savage Spanish soldiers, of hapless people killed without mercy, and of cities besieged and burnt and pillaged.

My mother had noticed me at last, a little tow-headed urchin, listening open-eyed and open-mouthed to the terrible stories, and then she had hurried me away to bed; but I never forgot what I had heard, although next morning the mariner sailed away in his ship and we never saw him again.

After that time, however, my father, David Drummond, seemed to grow strangely restless. He would wander for miles by himself over the hills, or sit silent and brooding by the fire, and sometimes he would take down his old sword from its place on the wall and polish its blade or rub the rust from its hilt and scabbard. My mother watched him during those days with a great fear in her blue eyes, and then, one sunny September morning, he buckled on the sword and bade us all farewell, saying that he must needs go away to the Low Countries to fight against the Spaniards with the brave soldiers of the Scots Brigade.

My father had himself been a warrior and an adventurer in his youth, and had travelled afield as far as London. It was there, indeed, that he had met and wedded our English mother, and she had loved him well enough to follow him northward to his bleak, lonely castle by the sea, and to give up friends and home and country for his sake.

That was in the warlike reign of Queen Mary, but, later, there came more peaceful days, when the sword was hung on the wall in the great hall and father turned his thoughts to the sheep and cattle and the lean, stony acres that were his heritage. He was, however, more of a fighter than a farmer by nature, and the sad tales of those poor folk in Flanders fired his blood. His head was held high, his step was firm, and his eyes were as bright as the dinted old weapon at his side on that sunny autumn morning when he set out once again for the wars.

'I leave thee in charge of the home and the women-folk, laddie,' he said to me, when I clung to his arm and begged to be allowed to go with him and be a soldier too; and then he patted my head for the last time and trudged off in the direction of the seaport town, twelve miles away, stopping for a moment at the corner of the path by the big rock to wave his hand to us in farewell.

'He will come back, Jock, never fear,' my mother assured me that day when I ran to her for comfort, and she said those same words often in the long years that came after, and refused to don the black coil of widowhood, although her bright hair turned grey as time went on and her sweet face grew pale and thin with suspense and grief.

'He will come back—ah, yes, surely he will come back'—how well I remember the bravely-spoken words, and then she would tell me of how the people of the Low Countries had risen in rebellion against their cruel master, the Spanish king, and of how many gallant Scottish gentlemen had banded themselves together and crossed the sea to help the patriots in their long, weary struggle for Faith and Freedom.

There were only three of us now—Mother, Mysie, and me, besides the men servants and maids—living in the old castle, which the folk round about called the 'Corbie's Nest,' and, although it was perhaps a lonely life, we children were always happy and contented

enough. We both loved our old grey home, with its massive stone walls, its narrow windows, and the high central tower, where in old days beacon fires had been kindled, and we loved the rocky bay below the cliffs where we played and climbed and ran barefoot at low tide.

In the summer-time I went to school, trudging five miles morning and evening over the heather-covered hills to the little inland town. I learnt to write and read there, and I learnt to fight as well, for the other boys laughed at the English manner of speech I had caught from my London mother, and called me a foreigner and no true Scot.

Many a fierce battle I had, and many a black eye and bruised cheek I brought back to the 'Corbie's Nest,' but the rough treatment did me no harm, and, indeed, those boyish conflicts were fine practice, for I always meant to be a soldier, like my father, when I grew to manhood.

In winter, when the snow lay deep on the hills and the bogs were full of water, I stayed at home, and my mother would teach Mysie and me many things as we sat round the glowing peat fire in the castle hall. She was a good scholar, that English mother of ours, so we were taught something of the French tongue, and when lessons were over heard wonderful stories of knights and fairies, and her own girlhood days in far-away London town.

'We will all go there together some day, when your father comes home,' Mother would say, but, as the years went by and he did not come, these words were less often on her lips, and I began to think that she, like the rest of us, must believe him to be dead.

It was, therefore, with dismay and a sinking heart that I heard her speak of him again on that wild, stormy night, when we waited on the shore while the luckless ship beat itself to pieces on the Wolf's Tooth Reef.

I was still patting my mother's shoulder and wondering how best to console her, when there came a rift in the wind-swept clouds and a gleam of pale moonlight shone down on to the troubled waters of the bay. In its pale, fitful radiance we could see that the wrecked vessel was fast nearing its doom, for it had heeled over now on to one side, and the waves dashed and foamed furiously over the empty deck. And then, suddenly, a great shout went up from our serving-men, who were standing together in a little group further down the beach, and we saw the ship slide off the rock and disappear beneath the cruel, shrieking billows.

It was a terrible sight to see a fine vessel perish in this wise, and all the more terrible because we knew full well that, while she sank, living men were struggling and drowning in the black depths.

My mother wrapped her cloak more closely round her then, and we hurried down to the edge of the seething water, almost within reach of the breaking waves, but there was nothing to be seen, and then I and two of the men clambered over the slippery, seaweed-covered rocks, and even ventured far out on to the jagged ridge of the Wolf's Tooth itself. We found some planks floating in the water there, and a few kegs and sodden bales of merchandise, but of human life there was no trace. We came back at last, the men with the useless coils of rope looped round their shoulders, and all of us feeling weary and downcast. It was sad to think of those poor folk who had perished so miserably out there in the darkness, and of how our waiting and watching and labour had been all in vain.

(Continued on page 58.)





"We saw the ship slip off the rock and disappear."





"We thought, at first, that the shipwrecked man must be dead."



## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

BY A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.**(Continued from page 55.)*

MY mother was standing on the beach where we had left her, a lantern upraised in her hand, and, as we approached, she came forward and peered eagerly into our faces.

'Nay, we have found naught,' I said, in answer to her unspoken question, and then she turned, and as the lantern-light flickered across the wet sand my keen young eyes caught sight of something among the rocks at a little distance.

The tide was beginning to ebb by this time, and the wild fury of the tempest had, in a measure, abated. In a shallow pool, among some seaweed-covered boulders, a dark, huddled figure was lying. I snatched the lantern from my mother's hand and held it high. The rays gleamed downward upon a white, still face.

We thought, at first, that the shipwrecked man must be dead, so pale and still did he look as he lay there in the dark, shallow pool, with his eyes closed and his black hair floating like seaweed on the water. Jamie and Robin lifted him gently and laid him on a patch of smooth sand, and then my mother drew near, and, kneeling down at his side, loosened the jerkin at his neck and chafed the cold, wet hands. It seemed impossible that there could be any life or breath left in him, after the savage buffeting of the waves, while a broken leg bent under him, and a long red gash across cheek and temple showed how he had been dashed against the rocks and shingle.

'Poor soul,' 'twas a hard fight that he made,' Jamie said, pointing to a tuft of brown weed that was still clenched tightly in one stiff hand, and then he drew me aside and bade me persuade my mother to go home to the castle, seeing that naught could be done now for the drowned stranger, nor for the other unfortunates who had perished with him.

'Come, Mother, dear,' I whispered, touching her shoulder, but she did not seem to hear. She was bending over the man, with one hand on his heart. The next moment she looked up, and there was a new, eager expression in her eyes.

'He lives!' she cried. 'His heart is still beating! I can feel it. Jock, help me to raise his head, and you, Robin, hasten to the castle and bring the wherewithal to carry him up the hill.'

Robin bent over the man, gazing at him closely, and then he hurried away with Jamie in his wake. In a very little while they were back again, bringing with them one of the hurdles from the cattle-pen. The man was laid on this, wrapped in our cloaks, and carried slowly up the steep track, Davie going before with a lantern to guide the steps of the bearers, and my mother and I bringing up the rear. When the castle was reached we found old Jean, Mysie, and the maid-servants waiting in the gateway, and everything in readiness for the tending not of one, but of many rescued men.

It was later that evening, when my mother had gone to change her drenched kirtle, that I went to the guest-chamber, where the stranger lay, and found that he was still to all seeming dead, and with Jean in attendance at his side. I stood by the bed looking at him,

and beheld a man of middle age, strongly built by nature, but thin and haggard, as if he had endured great hardships, or a long and weary illness. There were the scars of old wounds, moreover, on his face and shoulders, and round his wrists dark, roughened marks that I knew must have been made by ropes or fetters.

'I wonder who he is and where he comes from, Jean,' I said, and then the old woman pointed to a pile of ragged, soaked garments that lay on a bench near at hand.

'It were well to know that, young master,' she said. 'Strangers, perchance, are enemies, and who knows what this fellow may do when he comes to his senses?' And then she got up stiffly, for she is seventy years old and more and bent with rheumatism, and brought me the wet clothes and a leather pouch that had been fastened to a belt round the man's waist. This I opened at Jean's bidding, and found within it sundry papers and parchments sodden with sea-water, a little leather-covered book, and a purse containing a few gold and silver coins.

I unfolded the papers one by one, hardly liking the task, but knowing that it must needs be done, for, as Jean said, it behoved us to know the stranger's name and business. It seemed, however, at first, as if the search would be a fruitless one, for the writings were so stained and blurred as to be well-nigh unreadable.

Here and there, it is true, a word could with difficulty be deciphered, but that was all, and I shrugged my shoulders in despair. 'Nay, Jean, there is nothing to be made of it: we must needs take the fellow on trust,' I said; and then the old woman stooped suddenly, picked up another paper which had fallen unheeded to the floor when I first opened the pouch, and thrust it into my hand.

This last paper was tightly folded and bound with a ribbon, so that although it too was soaked and discoloured, a few words could yet be read. It was written in what seemed to be red ink, and there was a little picture, drawn roughly as a child draws, of a windmill, six tall trees, and a tower with narrow windows, at one of which an arrow pointed. I stared at this, not knowing what to make of it, and then, turning the page, found more blurred, spoilt writing and two words, which, having been inscribed on the innermost fold of all, were still clear and readable.

I nearly dropped the paper then and my heart beat quickly with amazement, for the two words made a name, and that name was my own—'John Drummond.'

'John Drummond.' For a minute I stared round-eyed at the two words, and then I turned, hurried out of the room, and raced down the steep stone stairway as if all the ghosts of 'Corbie's Nest' were at my heels. I jumped the three last steps and flung myself across the hall to the open hearth where Mother, in dry garments and with her wind-blown hair once more smoothed beneath her coif, was seated in a high-backed oaken chair with little Mysie at her side.

I remember well the pretty picture that they made. Mother was leaning forward to warm her chilled hands at the blaze, and Mysie, who was a fair, sonsie little lass, was kneeling and listening entranced to the story of the shipwreck. The ruddy glow from the burning peat and driftwood flickered on their faces and on Mysie's golden curls, while among the ashes still lay the blackened and shrivelled fragments of the winter apples that we had been roasting earlier in the evening.



It seems to me now, looking back, that that fire-lit scene was the last of my childhood's memories, and that the happy, peaceful home life was shattered and came to an end when I burst into the hall that evening with the letter which the rescued mariner had brought in my hand.

'Look, Mother! look! What means this?' I cried, breathlessly, thrusting the paper in front of her. She took it from me, and held it low so that the red flame lit up the strange red writing.

Then she sprang to her feet with a great cry of joy and stood upright, the letter clasped to her breast, and a wonderful light in her eyes that made her look beautiful and young and happy again.

'It is your father's name and your father's handwriting,' she said in a clear, ringing voice. 'Children, he is alive! He is safe, and he will come home to us again at last.'

(Continued on page 66.)

### 'OUR MIST.'

THE following story of the war, about a certain Colonel and a Californian on outpost duty, is told by an American General.

'It was in the Toul sector,' says the General, 'where the weather had been damp and drizzly for several days. The Colonel approached the guard, but was promptly discovered in spite of the fog, and the challenge rang out, "Halt! Who goes there?"—"Friend," answered the Colonel.—"Welcome to our mist (midst)!" answered the guard, and, although it was a breach of military etiquette, the remark was so apt, and spoke so well for the feelings of the men under disagreeable conditions, that the Colonel had to laugh, and utterly overlooked censuring the man for his facetiousness.'

### PICTURE PUZZLE.—Birds and Beasts.

THE twenty Birds and Beasts hidden in the Picture Puzzle on page 53 are—Camel, Cassowary, Chameleon, Cockatoo, Crocodile, Donkey, Duck, Eagle, Kangaroo, Lion, Ostrich, Owl, Pelican, Porcupine, Rabbit, Sheep, Stork, Tiger, Walrus, Wolf.

### BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO GET.

THIS true little story is taken from a periodical called the *Semeur Vaudois*:

At Basel there is a big society for the relief of invalid children, seven or eight thousand of whom it deals with every year.

One day a man in working clothes called at the society's central office. The secretary, naturally supposing him to be a parent in need of help, asked the usual questions. The man said that he was earning six shillings and sixpence a day, that he had a boy of nine, another of seven, and a rather consumptive wife.

'Quite a suitable case,' said the secretary. 'We will arrange a holiday for the two children, so that their mother can have a nice rest and get up her strength.'

'But that is not what I have come about, sir,' said the man. 'My wife and I wish to do something to help your splendid society. So for several months past I have been busy splitting wood in the evenings (after I have finished my regular work), and now I bring you the money I have earned by it. I make only one condition—please do not let my name appear in your Report.'

### A CAT-AND-DOG FRIENDSHIP.

CATS and dogs often disagree; hence the saying, 'a cat-and-dog life.' But there are exceptions to every rule, and in an old book entitled *Observations on the Language of Brutes*, the writer tells the following story:—

'I had a cat and a dog which became so attached to each other that they never willingly would be asunder. Whenever the dog got any choice morsel of food, he was sure to divide it with his whiskered friend. They always ate sociably out of the same plate, slept in the same bed, and daily walked out together. Wishing to put this apparently sincere friendship to the proof, I one day took the cat by herself into my room, while I had the dog kept in another apartment. I entertained the cat in a most sumptuous manner, being desirous to see what sort of meal she would make without her friend, who had been hitherto her constant table companion. The cat enjoyed the treat, and seemed entirely to have forgotten the dog. I had a partridge for dinner, half of which I intended to keep for supper. My wife covered it with a plate, and put it in a cupboard, the door of which she did not lock. The cat left the room, and I walked out on business; my wife meanwhile sat at work in an adjoining room. When I returned home she told me that the cat, having hastily left the dining-room, went to the dog and mewed unusually loudly and in different tones, which the dog from time to time answered with a short bark; that they then went together to the door of the room where the cat had dined, and waited till it was opened, when the two friends immediately entered the room. My wife rose from her seat, and went softly to the door, which stood ajar, to observe what was going on. The cat led the dog to the cupboard which contained the partridge, pushed off the plate which covered it, and, taking out my intended supper, laid it before her dog-friend, who devoured it quickly.'

### THE OLD TWENTY-FOURTH.

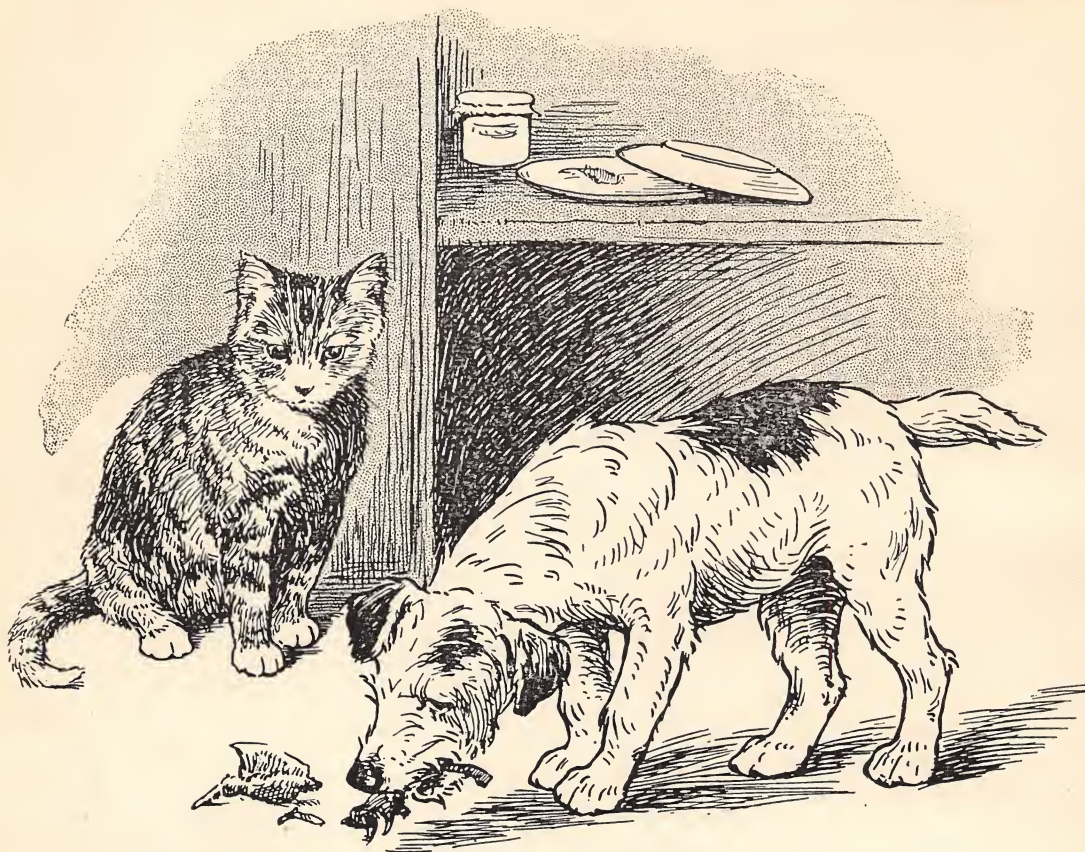
THE South Wales Borderers, or Twenty-fourth Foot, was raised in 1689, together with the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and several other regiments, and not long afterwards was dispatched to the Continent, where the men fought bravely through the long war of the Spanish Succession.

Blenheim, Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, the names of Marlborough's four great victories, all figure on the colours of the regiment, and then, after a first taste of South African warfare in 1806, there came the Peninsular campaign, with Talavera, Busaco, Vittoria, and Nivelle were added to the roll of honour.

The war in Spain came to an end in 1814 with the abdication of Napoleon Buonaparte, and, passing over thirty-five years, we find the 'Twenty-fourth' in India, fighting against the Sikhs in the disastrous battle of Chillianwallah and at Goojerat.

Looking backward through the military history of our country, we see that the English have again and again met with defeat, simply because they were too certain of success, and under-rated the strength and determination of their enemies. This has especially been the case when fighting against Eastern or uncivilised nations, and the Twenty-fourth Regiment has twice





"The cat laid the supper before her dog-friend, who devoured it quickly." (See p. 59.)

been called upon to pay dearly for the mistakes and over-confidence of those in command. The first tragedy took place at Chillianwallah, when victory—if it can be called victory—was won at a terrible cost.

The Sikhs are one of the bravest and most warlike of all the races of India, and at this time they were well trained and equipped, and provided with excellent artillery. Their cavalry, too, was—and still is—among the finest in the whole world. No nation, however experienced in warfare, could afford to despise such foemen, especially when, as in 1849, they were fighting in their own country, and for their own independence and honour.

It was on January 13th that the British forces approached Chillianwallah, where the Sikh army under Shere Ali was arrayed, and as it was already afternoon, the British commander, Lord Gough, decided that he would not engage the enemy until the next day.

Shere Ali, however, was impatient and ready to begin the conflict. While the tents were being pitched and preparations made for the night, the first cannon shots were heard in the distance.

Lord Gough then gave orders for an immediate attack, and the advance began without further delay.

On the right of the British army in this battle was a force consisting of the Twenty-fourth Regiment and

some native troops, Colonel Pennycuik of the Twenty-fourth was in command. The men went forward over difficult ground, and in the gathering twilight exposed to the deadly fire of the Sikh artillery, and then the natives, who should have supported them, proved worthless, and fled in confusion pursued by the enemy cavalry.

The Twenty-fourth had been given orders to capture the Sikh batteries by storm, and this they succeeded in doing, although many lives were sacrificed. Colonel Pennycuik fell in the advance, and his son, a mere boy, was shot as he stood over his father's body. Altogether thirteen officers and more than two hundred men were killed.

These numbers, of course, do not seem very large when compared to the casualties in modern battles; but they meant disaster in those Nineteenth Century days, and although Chillianwallah was claimed as a victory by the British, Lord Gough was superseded, and Sir Charles Napier put in command of the expedition. Before long, however, the Sikhs were entirely defeated at Goojerat, and this brave nation, who were well treated when they laid down their arms, were transformed from enemies into loyal friends and allies.

Another thirty years pass away, it is January again, and we find history repeating itself in a strange fashion





FRIEND OR FOE?



The 'Twenty-fourth' are in South Africa now, and the British authority is threatened by the Zulus, a savage race, very unlike the Sikhs in training and equipment, but no whit behindhand in courage, hardihood and determination. They were, in fact, a nation of warriors, and their spirit is shown in the words of their war-song, which they chanted as they rushed upon their foes.

'If we go forward we are killed, if we go back we are killed,  
It is better to go forward.'

For a long time the Zulus had been a menace both to the British colony of Natal and to the Dutch settlements, for there had been constant raids, murders and robberies. The trouble came to a climax in the autumn of 1878, and it was decided that the time had come to punish the offenders and to subdue their rebellious king, who was named Cetewayo.

A force was prepared therefore under Lord Chelmsford, and five separate columns prepared to march upon Ulundi, the capital of Zululand. On January 11th, 1879, the Commander-in-chief himself with two battalions of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, together with some Colonial and native troops, crossed the Buffalo River and advanced into the enemy country.

There were a few successful skirmishes on the way, but no serious fighting, and the evening of January 20th found the British pitching their camp in a lonely valley beneath the shadow of a mountain called Isandhlwana, or the Little Hand.

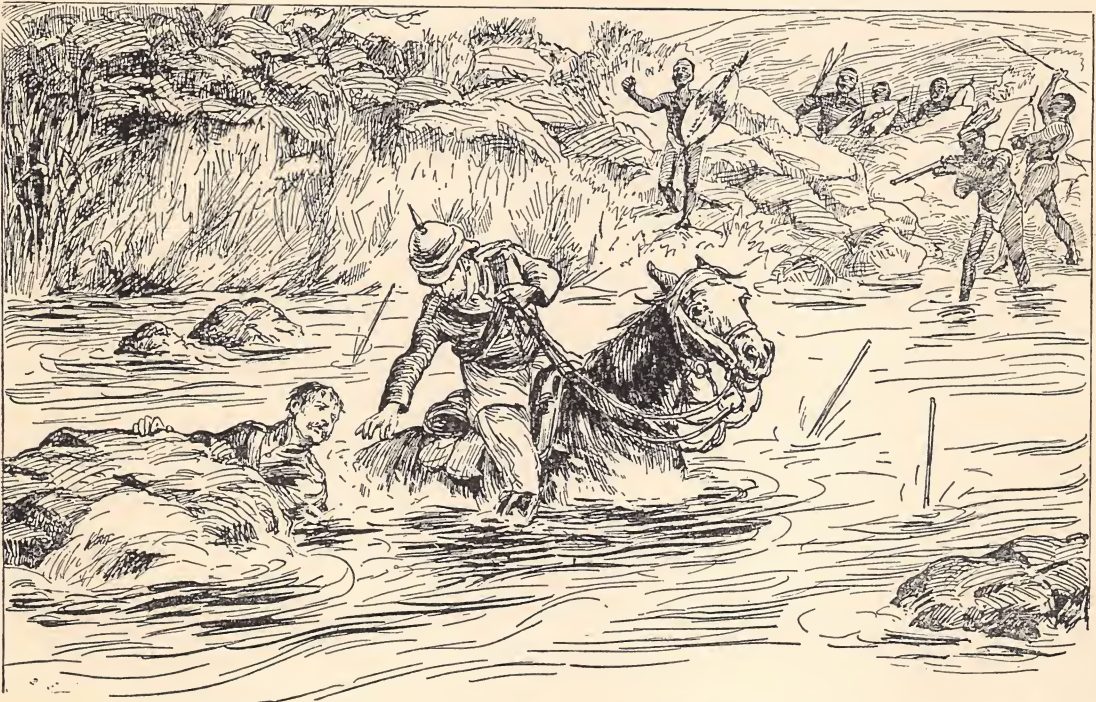
We must pass over what followed very quickly and come to the final disaster, for it was just the story of Chillianwallah over again, as far as the Twenty-fourth



The Badge of the South Wales Borderers.

regiment was concerned, the story of inadequate numbers, of faithless native allies, of under-rated foes, of over-confidence, and of steadfast courage and sacrifice.

The next day, January 21st, a party was dispatched from the camp, under Major Dartnell, to reconnoitre.



A V.C Incident: "Coghill brought him safely to the shore."



They encountered a large body of Zulus, and sent an urgent appeal for reinforcements. Lord Chelmsford, on receiving this message, left Isandhlwana at once with two battalions of the Twenty-fourth, and, during his absence, the camp was attacked by a great Zulu army, and the little force that had been left behind, under Colonel Pulleine, was overwhelmed and destroyed.

It is not easy to describe what happened in the battle of Isandhlwana, for very few of the Englishmen escaped, and the accounts which we find in histories and in newspapers published at the time do not always agree. One thing is quite certain, however, and that is, that the officers and men of the Twenty-fourth Regiment were true to all their old traditions, and never flinched even when the Zulu warriors, armed with their spears and javelins and shouting their savage war-cries, broke through the defences of the camp. One writer tells us that the last order given was, 'Fix bayonets, men, and die as English soldiers do,' while another authority says that Colonel Pulleine, when he realised that the position was hopeless, turned to the remnant of his gallant regiment and said, 'Men of the Twenty-fourth, we are here, and here we stand to fight it out to the last.'

What may be the exact truth about those final terrible moments we cannot tell; but we know that the men fell with their faces to the foe, and that they were found lying in their ranks as if on a last parade when the British, later on, made their way back to that tragic valley of the 'Little Hand.'

One of the very few survivors of the massacre at Isandhlwana camp was a beautiful dog which belonged to Lieutenant Daly. He was with his master all through the thick of the fighting, and when Daly was killed managed to escape from the battle-field, and was found afterwards with two assegai wounds in his side.

There were many heroes among the soldiers of the Twenty-fourth Regiment who fought and died at Isandhlwana, but two names above all others must be remembered, for the story of how the young lieutenants, Melville and Coghill, saved the Queen's colour and sacrificed their lives, is one of the finest and saddest in the annals of warfare. It was when the battle was at its height that Melville was given the colour by the adjutant of the regiment, and as he rode away pursued by the Zulus, he was joined by Coghill, and together they galloped towards the river, reached it, and plunged into the water.

While swimming across the stream, which was swollen into a torrent with recent rains, Melville was swept away, and the precious colour torn from his grasp; but Coghill, who had reached the opposite bank, went to his assistance, and brought him safely to the shore. The Zulus followed them, however, and some days later their bodies were found lying in the shelter of a rock with the savages whom they had killed piled around. Search was then made for the tattered flag which Melville and his comrade had died to save. It was recovered from the flooded river, and given once more to the regiment, but since that time the colours have never been carried into battle.

The Victoria Cross was awarded to the relations of these two heroes, and on January 22nd and 23rd eight more V.C.'s were won by the officers and men of the Twenty-fourth. This brings us to the story of Rorke's Drift, the story of a fight as gallant and as desperate as that of Isandhlwana, but which ended in victory instead of in disaster.

When the British, under Lord Chelmsford, advanced into Zululand, a little force was left behind at Rorke's Drift to guard the ford over the Buffalo River, and to take charge of the hospital, where were some sick men and others wounded in the early skirmishes of the war. Lieutenant Bromhead was in command of a company of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, and there were besides some soldiers belonging to other corps; and Lieutenant Chard, of the Royal Engineers, who was employed in making a temporary bridge across the river.

It was in the afternoon of January 22nd that two horsemen appeared on the opposite bank of the Buffalo river, near where Chard was at work. They were fugitives from Isandhlwana, and brought news of the terrible catastrophe that had overtaken the British camp only eight miles away. Chard was the first to hear the news, and then it was carried to Bromhead, who began at once to make preparations to meet the Zulu attack.

Rorke's Drift is situated at a point where the three countries, Natal, the Transvaal, and Zululand meet, and if it were captured the way would be open for an invasion of the British and Dutch Settlements. The men of the little garrison knew that the lives of many Europeans, men, women, and children, depended on their strength and courage, and they determined to defend the frail little fortress at all costs.

The Zulu army was marching towards the river, and there was barely half-an-hour in which to make ready. Materials, too, were lacking, but the brave men piled biscuit boxes and sacks of corn into a rough breast-work, and arranged that, if it were impossible to defend the hospital, they would retreat to the store, which stood within a stone wall, and there hold out till the end.

At three o'clock the first band of Zulus appeared in the distance; they advanced rapidly, and long before the preparations for defence were completed, the attack began.

It is difficult in all the history of war to find records of a fight so unequal and so desperate as the one that took place at Rorke's Drift in the gathering twilight of that January afternoon, and which lasted all through the night. Again and again the Zulus attacked, again and again they were beaten off, but there were three thousand of the savages, and they flung themselves forward with reckless courage, caring nothing for the numbers that were killed, and even trying to seize and unscrew the bayonets that confronted them.

The hospital had to be abandoned at last, and it was burnt to the ground. We can picture the scene then lit up by the red glare of the leaping flames, the Englishmen standing grimly at bay within their barricade; the wounded, who had been brought from the hospital, helping their comrades as best they could, and outside the wild figures of the Zulu warriors, the men who had fought and won at Isandhlwana, and who knew that, if they could only overcome this dauntless little band, still greater victories awaited them.

In the meanwhile Lord Chelmsford, with his troops, had heard rumours of the fighting at Isandhlwana, and had hurried back to the camp, hoping to be there in time to stem the tide of defeat. He arrived too late, as we know, and the exhausted men were obliged to watch and wait on the scene of the disaster, expecting every moment to be attacked by the victorious Zulus.



That was a strange night, one of the most momentous and perilous in all the history of South Africa, for while the men of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, living and dead, kept guard over the blood-stained battle-field of Isandhlwana, and their comrades fought desperately at Rorke's Drift, the colony beyond was awake and alert, feverishly busy with preparations for defence against the dreaded invasion.

But Rorke's Drift held out to the end, and at dawn the enemy retreated, leaving three hundred dead behind them. Soon after Lord Chelmsford and his troops reached the river, and found the British flag still flying over the battered little fortress.

Two lieutenants, Bromhead and Brown, Corporal Allen, and five privates of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, received the Victoria Cross for their share in the fighting at Rorke's Drift, and there are wonderful stories told of how the wounded were rescued from the hospital when its thatched roof was already ablaze; of how the men who could no longer fight themselves served out ammunition to their comrades, and of how the leader, Bromhead, together with Lieutenant Chard, who was also awarded the V.C. for that night's work, saved Rorke's Drift, and guarded the road into Natal.

Twenty years later, in 1899, the Twenty-fourth Regiment, now known by its territorial name of the South Wales Borderers, was back again in South Africa, fighting bravely through the Boer War, and winning new honours in the land where they had achieved so much and suffered so much in the past. It was another foe that they had to meet this time; a foe as brave and as formidable as the Zulus, but the campaign ended in victory at last, and now another twenty years have gone by, the old enmities are forgotten, and British, Dutch, and Zulus are friends, allies and, if need be, brothers-in-arms.

## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 50.)

'ONLY come and see, Lena!' cried Marjory. 'There is such a nice boy going past and—why, he must be that girl's brother. He's just like her, only taller.'

Lena, who was busy sorting a box of ribbons, looked up when she heard mention of a nice boy; but when Marjory said that he must be Ethel's brother she proceeded with her sorting. She would have nothing to do with that girl; she had been very angry with Marjory for speaking to her, and now, when Marjory begged her again to come and look, she replied coldly, 'Certainly not, and I wish you would come away.'

But Marjory had no intention of coming away. Seeing that she had made a mistake in mentioning Ethel, she continued hastily, 'Perhaps he isn't her brother, after all. He does look jolly and is awfully nicely dressed. Just come and look once, Lena.'

Lena, curious and relenting, joined Marjory and was surprised to see such a handsome boy. She flushed with pleasure.

'Well?' said Marjory.

'Well!' repeated Lena.

'I guess you're sorry now about the way you've treated that girl.'

'No, I'm not,' retorted Lena, a little vexed. 'If he looks a gentleman, she certainly doesn't look a lady. Besides, who says they are brother and sister?'

'He's exactly like her, anyway, and if you'd not been disagreeable we could have known them both.'

'Well,' said Lena, rather snappishly, 'I suppose it's not too late,' and she waited at the window with Marjory, to see the boy go back again. He had seen them once, so he would surely look up again, and perhaps—

'There he is!' cried Marjory, 'and he's not going to look. I expect his sister has told him about us and he won't take any notice. Well, it serves you right, Lena,' she added, as Ethel passed on without having shown the slightest interest in them.

Lena left the window, thoroughly annoyed, vexed with herself, with the boy, and with everybody. She had never known any one—certainly no boy—to see her once and not look at her again.

All that morning Lena remained cross, and after dinner Marjory was glad to leave her and join Jane, who was busy scrubbing the attic floor.

To be out of the way she sat on an old linen chest, her hands clasped round her legs and her knees drawn up.

'Lena's so cross,' she began. 'She won't play and she won't go out. She won't do anything.'

Jane said nothing, and Marjory continued: 'She's special cross to-day and I know what it is. She wants to be in love again.'

'In what, Miss?' asked Jane, surprised.

'In love,' repeated Marjory, emphatically. 'She's often in love, you know. Always, when we are at the seaside. All the boys like her, she's so beautiful; but the girls don't. They call her stuck-up, but Lena says they're jealous.'

'In love' was rather a strange name for Lena's friendships. She was only in love with herself, but she liked to be romantic over her acquaintances, and to fancy herself a princess in a story, courted by whoever happened to play the part of the prince at the moment.

'But there's no one round here that Miss Lena would look at,' remarked Jane.

'Oh, isn't there!' cried Marjory. 'There's a boy at the Cottage that she's dying to speak to.'

'The Cottage!' exclaimed Jane. 'Miss Lena never held as they were gentlefolk.'

'That's just it, Jane. That's the vexing part. You see she didn't know that there was a boy. He makes all the difference. She won't say so, but I know she's awfully vexed with herself. She's pretending to read now, but I'm sure she's thinking of that boy all the time.'

'Why won't she go for a walk?' asked Jane.

'Don't know,' said Marjory, shaking her head. 'We might see him if we went out, though I'm sure she wouldn't walk that way. Still, I'll go and ask her again,' and Marjory slipped down from the chest and went to find Lena.

To Marjory's surprise Lena was not in the nursery. She called her, but obtained no reply. She looked in all the rooms in vain.

'Then she's gone out without me,' said Marjory to herself. 'Well, that is too bad of her, but I don't care, she can't have been gone long, so I'll put my things on and go after her. I shall be sure to find her.'

(Continued on page 71.)





“‘There’s no one round here that Miss Lena would look at.’”





"I awoke with a start and found my mother standing at my side."



## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. Methley,  
Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' etc.

## CHAPTER II.

ALL through that night my mother watched beside the sick man in the guest-chamber at Corbies' Nest, tending him with gentlest care, and hoping against hope that he would recover his senses, even if only for a moment, and give her news of our lost father.

Mysie went to bed at her usual hour—being but a little maid, and wearied with all the fears and excitements of the evening—but, as for me, I could not sleep, and although I went up to my room in the south turret when my mother bade me, I did not take off my clothes, but sat for a long time in the deep stone recess of the window, looking out at the storm-swept sea and sky and listening to the thunder of the waves, the roar of the wind, and the rustling and scampering of mice behind the wainscot.

My brain seemed to be in a whirl that night so that I could not rest, and after a while I got up, and going softly in my stocking-feet, crept to the guest-chamber where lay the shipwrecked man who had been the silent messenger of such strange tidings.

My mother glanced up at the sound of my entry, and laid a finger on her lips, so that I did not speak, but stood once more beside the bed, gazing down at the white face, the locked lips that could have told us so much, and the out-flung arms, on which, even in the dim lantern light, could be seen the cruel scars of manacles.

It was very quiet there, for the thick shutters were closed and barred and the sounds of wind and waves seemed muffled and far away. My mother sat motionless, but the eager light in her eyes and the way in which her slender hands clenched and unclenched themselves as they lay on her lap told of the turmoil that was in her heart. On the other side of the bed old Jean crouched over a brazier on which a posset hissed and simmered. She looked like a witch with her wrinkled face, white elf-locks, and thin, claw-like fingers.

I did not stay long with the watchers in that silent room, for a great restlessness had me in its grip, so that I longed to seize the sick man by his shoulders, rouse him from his stupor and wrench the secret out of him. It seemed so cruel and needless that, when tidings had come at last, after all the years of waiting, he should die with the words unspoken and should carry the message that we so longed to hear away with him into the unknown.

My father was alive. I felt sure of that—and I knew that Mother did, too—but where was he? How circumstanced? And what was the hidden meaning of the strange picture with its three windmills?

The sailor knew. He, and he only, could explain the riddle, and now he was like to die with the truth unrevealed.

I bent to kiss my mother's cheek, marvelling at her gentleness and patience, and then wandered away once more and stretched myself by the fire in the great hall, where the two deerhounds, Bran and Wolf, were asleep on a shaggy sheep-skin. I must have fallen asleep, too, after a time, lulled by the soft rustle of the flames and the deep, regular breathing of the dogs, for I remember nothing more until I awoke with a start at daybreak and found my mother standing at

my side, looking like a wraith in the dim grey light.

I lifted my head from Wolf's rough shoulder, and she answered my unspoken question with a sorrowful shake of the head. 'Yes, Jock; he is dead,' she said, after a minute's silence. 'He died an hour ago, and with never a word, although before the end he opened his eyes and tried to speak. His lips moved, but no sound came, so weak he was with the buffeting of the waves, and—and—' her voice faltered, 'with the cruel hardships that he had endured before. Oh! Jock, Jock! to think of all that he might have told us—of all that he knew; and now—and now—' the tears gathered in her blue eyes and trickled slowly down her cheeks.

I made Mother sit down by the hearth, and knelt at her side, my head against her arm. After a time she stroked my hair softly and smiled through her tears.

'You are a good boy and fast growing into a man. Jock,' she said; 'and there shall be no secrets now between you and me.' Then she opened her left hand, which till now had been tightly clenched, and showed me a scrap of a silver coin or medal, pierced roughly, and hanging on a worn, discoloured ribbon.

I took it in my own hand, turned it over, and then looked up for an explanation.

My mother did not answer at once, but she drew from beneath the white kerchief that was crossed on her breast a thin gold chain. Mysie and I had often wondered what it was that she wore concealed under her dress. Now I was to know at last.

It was the half of a silver coin, and, to my amazement, the fragment which I held clearly formed part of the same disc. My mother took it from me and fitted the pieces together. There on her palm lay a medal with on it the picture of a sinking, dismasted ship and some Latin words. One quarter of the thing was still missing, but it was easy to see what the design and inscription had been.

"Quo Fata ferent," I read slowly, and Mother's soft voice translated the sentence: "'Wherever Fate may bear her!'" That ship, Jock, is the distressed country of the Netherlands, tempest-driven and at the mercy of a cruel foe. A sea-captain brought it here many years ago—you remember his coming?—and gave it to your father. It was this picture, methinks, that touched his heart and sent him oversea to fight for those persecuted folk—and before he left, when he bade me farewell, he cut the medal in twain and pierced a hole in each half. The one he gave to me—I have worn it ever since—and the other he hung round his own neck. "It shall be a talisman," he said, "to bring me good fortune, and you keep this as a keepsake until I come home again in safety."

'Yes, Mother, but—but—' The story explained her own amulet but not the other fragment of the medal, that fragment which she had brought with her from the sailor's death-bed.

It was a minute or two before my mother spoke again. I had stirred the embers on the hearth into a blaze, and she sat motionless, gazing at the red, leaping flames.

'When that poor man lay dying,' she said at last, in a low, broken voice, 'he was too feeble for speech, but he fumbled at his breast as if there was something that he fain would give me. I bent over him, and his fingers plucked at this ribbon. It is your father's token, Jock, don't you understand? He has cut his own talisman in half again and sent me this that I might know that he is indeed alive and that I might



trust the messenger who brought the good tidings.'

'But why has he not come back to us himself?' The question had been trembling on my lips for hours—ever since I first found the paper with my father's name; and then Mother, with trembling lips, put my fears and dread suspicions into words: 'He is a captive, Jock, in some foreign prison, fast bound and enduring who knows what dire pains and perils. That other had escaped or been given his freedom, and he was coming here with the letter and token to bring us news. And now he is dead—dead without saying a word of his message; and how shall we find your father—my dear, dear husband? How shall we find him and how rescue him from his cruel bondage?'

Never before had my mother spoken to me in this wise—as if I were a man myself instead of a bairn—and never had I seen her so deeply moved. She got up from her place by the hearth, and crossing the stone-flagged hall, stood by the window where Mysie and I had stood last night and looked out at the eastern sky and sea, aflame now with the red radiance of the rising sun.

'He is over there, beyond the sea,' she went on, and her face was pale and drawn with anguish. 'But who shall I send to find him and bring him home? If only my father were alive or your uncle, Jamie Drummond, who was killed long ago fighting at Langside!'

She bowed her head against the cold stone wall, but I took her hand and held it tightly in my warm, sun-tanned fist. 'It will be all right, Mother, dear,' I said, trying my best to speak cheerfully—and, indeed, it was not difficult, for even as I spoke a wonderful idea flashed into my mind—'Our father is alive, we know that much, at least, and I will go myself and bring him home.' (Continued on page 78.)

### CONFEDERATES.

IT seems to me,  
Anemone,

Perhaps you'll understand my worries;  
I can't explain  
To Nurse again,  
For every time it rains she hurries.

It's this, you see,  
Anemone,

At last I own a real umbrella;  
And though I try  
To keep it dry,  
Nurse will not heed me when I tell her.

Anemone,  
I often see

You fold your pale umbrella tightly  
If it should rain;  
And then again  
'Tis open when the sun shines brightly.

So we'll agree,  
Anemone,

To do the things Nurse says are 'feckless.'  
I think, with you,  
'Twould never do  
With new umbrellas to be reckless.

Lillian Holmes.

### THE TRAWLERS OF THE NORTH SEA.

THE plaice, the sole, and their kindred are common enough objects on the breakfast-table, but the majority of people have all too little knowledge of the way in which they get there, and seldom realise the dangers and hardships that are undergone almost daily by the men who make such breakfasts possible.

In almost every town up and down the East Coast you will find signs of the great fishing industry, which gives employment to thousands of people and provides a great proportion of our fish supply. Along the quays of Lowestoft, Yarmouth, Grimsby, Hull, and many other towns, are to be found numbers of long, low, one-funnelled boats, with two stumpy masts and a powerful smell of fish. These are the trawlers of the North Sea, the nature of whose work is practically unknown to two-thirds of their fellow-countrymen. The old-time sailing vessel has now almost disappeared, its place having been taken by the modern steam trawler.

The trawlers work together in fleets, under the direction of one of their number, which carries the 'Admiral,' the latter being a skilful and experienced fisherman, who keeps a fatherly eye upon his fellow-workers from the wheel-house of his own little craft. A fleet consists often of as many as fifty or sixty boats, and has its own recognised fishing-grounds.

The method of fishing in fleets has great advantages, both in the way of safety and of time-saving. As the trawler works, as a rule, at a considerable distance from the shore, there is with each fleet a useful craft known as the 'carrier,' whose business it is to make daily trips between the port and the fishing-grounds, and thus form a kind of connecting link between the markets and the open sea. The carrier makes the round of the fleet and collects from the vessels the fish that they have recently gathered. When she has taken a full cargo she heads again for the shore and lands the fish, which is at once packed, loaded on trains, and dispatched to its destination. This system saves time and labour by leaving the crews of the trawlers free to carry on their work without interruption, while it prevents the fish decaying in large quantities, as would probably be the case if each trawler were compelled to return to harbour with its own cargo.

Let us now follow one of these boats as she sets out one morning for her fishing-grounds. The time taken in reaching the grounds is fully occupied in the overhauling of nets, the testing of gear, and in making everything ready for the work that is to come. Arriving at the fishing-grounds, the vessel prepares to drop or 'shoot' the trawl. 'Shooting' the trawl is an operation requiring skill and knowledge, for the direction of the wind and tide must be considered if the work is to be done neatly. The trawl itself is a huge net, shaped like a cone, with the wide end uppermost and held open by a strong beam. A trawler usually carries two such nets, and uses them alternately if she is fishing for a long time. The trawl is carefully arranged in position over the side of the boat, and then, with the aid of a small steam winch or capstan, is lowered into the water. All the time the boat is slowly steaming ahead, and her motion drags open the mouth of the trawl and settles the net in position. The trawl is then paid out until it is calculated to have reached the required depth, and is then made fast, while the boat herself continues to steam ahead. The





Hauling in the Trawl.



Sorting and Cleaning the Catch.

depth at which the trawling is carried out varies considerably, but since the introduction of steam has generally increased a great deal, because where formerly the trawl had to be hauled in by hand, and therefore, on account of the labour necessary, could not be lowered to a great depth, the work now is done almost entirely by the steam winch, which finishes its job very quickly and well.

The trawl remains lowered generally for a whole tide, or about six hours, during which time it will cover a dozen miles or more, its load of fish increasing every moment. The fish, on meeting the trawl, are swept into its wide, open mouth, until they are



Overhauling the Nets.

brought up against the narrow end. Here there are, arranged along the sides of the net, huge pockets, so contrived that when the fish endeavour to escape from the net they are trapped in the pockets and find themselves unable to get free, the more so as every minute newcomers are added to their number and force them still further into the pockets.

When the skipper of the trawler judges that the time is ripe, the order is given to haul in the trawl. This is usually a lengthy process, and one calling for as much skill as was needed in the lowering. Here, again, the steam winch is useful.

As the trawl appears above the surface of the water, the beam that keeps open the wide end is secured to



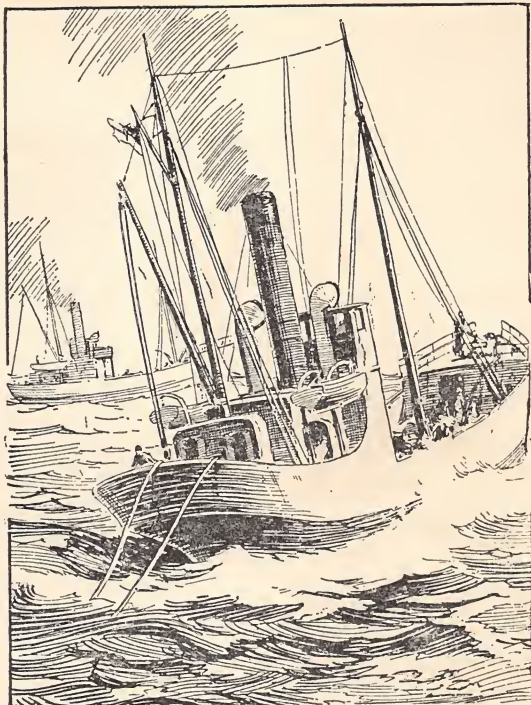
the side of the boat, and bit by bit the rest of the net is hauled aboard, until there appears above the side the bulging, struggling mass that represents the catch. This is hoisted on deck and the narrow end of the net unfastened, thus allowing the fish to fall to the deck in a shining, floundering mass. On each side of the deck are what are known as the 'pounds,' which are simply shallow boxes made by setting planks on end at right angles to each in specially arranged slots clamped to the deck. Into these pounds the fish are now flung, as they are disgorged by the net. In the pound the fish are sorted, cleaned, and packed away in ice in the hold or fish-room, to await the arrival of the



A Visit from the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen.

carrier. With the arrival of the latter, the trawler's responsibility for that particular catch ceases, and her crew turn their energies to securing another.

In fine weather the work, though hard, is not dangerous in itself, but when the wind and sea are in an evil temper the matter is very different. Watch a trawler putting out from harbour when the sea is only slightly rough; you will see how she rolls and pitches as she forges ahead. Imagine, then, what difficulties will have to be met and overcome when she arrives on the fishing-grounds, where the waves are probably far worse, and where the wind is twice as powerful as it is in the shelter of the land. Then the work becomes one long, hard struggle with the sea;



Mine-Sweeping in Couples.



Exploding a Mine.



the lowering and hauling of the trawls become a great and often dangerous labour, while the transferring of the catch from the trawlers to the carrier is rendered doubly difficult. Here, again, is shown the advantage of the fleet system, for if one vessel finds herself in difficulties, there are others close at hand able and anxious to assist her.

A great and valuable work is carried on among the trawling fleets by the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, whose ships are well known and welcome wherever the trawlers are found. By their agency Church services are held among the fleets, and books, tobacco, and clothing held available and distributed where they are needed. The medical aid that these mission ships offer is also frequently of the greatest value, and many a member of a trawler's crew who has been injured in the course of his every-day work has reason to be grateful to these friends and helpers.

The war has dealt hardly with these fishing fleets of the North Sea, and they are at present fewer and smaller than was the case five years ago. A number of reasons help to explain this fact, chief among them, of course, being the great part that the trawlers themselves have played in helping to keep the seas clear of mines, and the danger of the submarine.

The record of these little, peaceable fishing-boats is one of which they may well be proud, for the wearisome, nerve-racking, and perilous duty of mine-sweeping was carried out almost entirely by vessels of this type. Carrying their usual crew, armed with rifles—and in some cases with a small gun—the trawlers patrolled back and forth over the grey wastes of water with an eye always open for the slightest sign of the floating mine. A suspicious object some distance away would be the signal for all eyes to be strained in that direction, and presently, perhaps, a shot would ring out from the boat, to be followed by a terrific explosion and a spout of water high into the air; and there would now be one mine the less to act as a danger to all passing craft. But at times, when the weather was bad and the air thick and misty, the mine would not be seen at all until too late; there would be an explosion, as before, but this time the little boat herself would begin rapidly to sink, leaving her crew, if they were fortunate, to be picked up by some other vessel.

Other trawlers, again, hunted in couples, swinging between them the long wire rope whose duty was to find the mines that lay anchored just below the surface, and, by wrenching them from their moorings, to bring them to view on top of the water. This was a work that was never for a moment free from danger when once the mined area was entered, for at any moment a wandering mine, broken loose from its moorings, might be carried against the vessel with sufficient force to cause it to explode. And even at the present time the work has not diminished, for it has been naturally been impossible to gather in all the mines that were left floating about at the end of the war. For the first few months after the Armistice the trawlers worked at the risk of their lives to keep the country supplied with fish, while even now occasional tragedies are reported.

But the fishermen consider these trials and dangers as all in the day's work, and continue day after day, in good weather and bad, to set out for their fishing-grounds, in order that one of the greatest sources of the country's food-supply may not fail in its duty.

## OWN-UP PEGGY.

'PLEASE, Aunt Jane, need I wear it at school?' 'Certainly,' was the answer, as Aunt Jane brushed the hair so vigorously from her niece's forehead that the tears came into Peggy's eyes; 'I had it specially made for school wear. Dark grey is always so serviceable—'

'The other girls wear cotton things,' Peggy sighed, 'like I used to wear in India, Aunt Jane.'

'You are not in India now,' replied her aunt, and perhaps she hardly realised how Peggy wished that she had never been sent home to England. It was her first term at school, and the little girl often thought that her mother would have understood, without needing to be told, how frightfully important it was to 'be like the others.' Unfortunately Peggy had outgrown her thin frocks, and now, in the very middle of the summer term, Aunt Jane had had this ugly dark dress, trimmed with braid, made for Peggy by her own dressmaker. It was even worse, Peggy told herself, than the blue serge she was wearing at present: she was the only girl in her form who hadn't so much as a light cotton blouse.

'This climate is treacherous,' Aunt Jane continued, 'and little girls born in India are particularly liable to take cold. Put on your new dress, Peggy, and come down at once to breakfast.'

'I don't want to,' said Peggy, slowly.

'In that case,' said Aunt Jane, 'you will spend the day in bed; and,' she went on, 'I shall write a note to the headmistress explaining why I have kept you away.'

That settled it.

Very reluctantly Peggy put on the grey dress, and if she couldn't truthfully have said that she felt hot in it, there was no doubt about its looking unsuitable to the time of the year. But Aunt Jane didn't seem to think so.

'You look very nice indeed,' observed she, standing on the doorstep to see Peggy start. 'Don't lose your hair-ribbon to-day,' Aunt Jane added, though Peggy felt quite certain that she should, and secretly wished that her aunt would allow her to do her own hair instead of straining it back so that her rather pale face wore quite a startled expression.

'Why can't I be like the others?' Peggy asked herself rebelliously, and at school things turned out even worse than she had anticipated.

'How hot you must be!' cried Agatha Weston, as Peggy shyly went to her seat.

'I'm not,' said Peggy, though her cheeks were crimson.

'Fancy coming to school in a stuff dress this weather!' said Phyllis Roberts, with a complacent glance at her own print tunic, and a red-haired girl sprawling at a desk just behind Peggy began to giggle.

'Peggy thinks it's the workhouse,' she said.

'Oh, shut up, do!' cried Marjorie Pearson. 'I—I like dark grey,' she went on valiantly. 'Anyhow, it's nobody's business but Peggy's—'

'Don't admire her taste,' muttered the red-haired girl, and then Miss Tompkins, the third-form mistress, entered the room. Agatha sprang to shut the door after her, and Peggy, her cheeks still tingling, looked gratefully at Marjorie. Marjorie Pearson was a little older than herself, and a good deal taller. Though she was very simply dressed, she always wore exactly the cool, sensible clothes which Peggy would



have chosen for herself, and though she was the most popular girl in her form, there was a special friendship between her and the new girl who was having a bad time. She liked Peggy, and was quick enough to realise that if she often appeared short-tempered, and even sulky, it was because the others wouldn't leave her alone. She was shy and unused to other children: the girls soon discovered it, and the more ill-natured were continually criticising her: now it was her dress, now the way she did her hair, and every day poor Peggy became more painfully conscious of the difference between them and herself.

(Continued on page 90.)

### GEESSE IN BOOTS.

VILNA, an important and interesting town in West Russia, is probably the only place in the world where people shoe their geese. The birds have their feet dipped in tar, and are then driven over heaps of loose sand. This treatment provides them with a pair of boots, or its equivalent, and enables them to march all the way to the goose-market at Warsaw without getting footsore or developing corns.

### THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By Tertia Bennett, Author of 'Tiptail,' etc.

(Continued from page 63.)

#### CHAPTER V.

AS Marjory had said, Lena was only pretending to read. She was cross. She felt now that she had been foolish, and she wished she had behaved differently. But how could she have known that such a shabby-looking girl would have such a nice, gentlemanly brother? Was it too late to make amends? And could she do so without loss of dignity? All these thoughts passed through Lena's mind. She felt very restless, yet did not know what to do. Something urged her to go out, but she had no wish to take Marjory with her, and she was relieved when Marjory went away to talk to Jane.

This was Lena's opportunity. She threw her book down and ran into the bedroom for her hat. She chose the large white felt hat with feathers, knowing it would look well against her red ulster. Then, with her hands in a little white muff, which hung from her neck by a gold chain, she gave a final glance at herself in the long mirror, and, thoroughly satisfied, went out.

She was a beautiful girl, and she knew it; and it was the desire to show herself that prompted her to walk towards the Cottage.

Ethel, grown tired for that day of her boy's clothes, had gone upstairs to her room to change, when, happening to glance through her tiny window, she saw Lena in the distance. Instantly it occurred to her that she, as a boy, was the cause of Lena's solitary walk, and she at once decided to waylay her. Seizing her Tam-o'-shanter again, and fixing her hair firmly in it, she hurried downstairs and went out at the back. She must come upon Lena suddenly from the fields, rather than meet her in the road, and in her mind she selected a certain gate as an appropriate meeting-place: to get there in time she ran very quickly through two fields. She was climbing over the gate just as Lena approached, and without hesitation she

sang out, 'I say, you haven't seen a little fox-terrier down the road, have you?'

Perched on the top of the gate, she awaited Lena's reply, and took breath after her hard run.

Lena, surprised at being addressed—for she had been quite unaware that any one was near—looked up quickly and then, blushing, looked away again.

'No, I haven't,' she replied, and stood still, hoping that this boy would say something more.

To Lena this meeting was a piece of wonderful good fortune. Little did she think that it was Ethel sitting there and laughing at her.

'Hem!' continued Ethel, not knowing what to say. She had begun about the fox-terrier and felt that she must follow up the subject a little, though she knew perfectly well that Nip had accompanied Mr. Drayton. 'It's very awkward. Stupid little beggar not to follow!'

Lena made no reply.

'I say,' Ethel went on after a slight pause, 'do people steal dogs in these parts?'

'Oh, no!' replied Lena, pleased to be able to say something. 'Somebody would be sure to bring him back.'

'Then I shall leave the little brute to find himself,' said Ethel. 'I've been down to the village once to-day. I'm not going again.'

'I know; I saw you,' Lena ventured to remark.

'You saw me?' cried Ethel, staring hard at Lena. 'Oh, I know. How stupid of me! You are the girl at the window.'

Lena nodded, flattered to think that, after all, the boy had noticed her.

'So you are,' murmured Ethel. 'I think I shall leave that confounded dog and go back home. I say, may I walk up with you?'

'I—I'm not going far,' said Lena prettily.

'Aren't you? Well, I'll come as far as you go, if you'll let me,' replied Ethel, and dropped from the gate to Lena's side.

For a moment or two there was silence. Ethel could not think of anything to say, and she wondered what the end of the affair was going to be. Suppose Lena should find her out?

The silence was becoming awkward, and Ethel began to whistle and to shy stones at trees not very far away. What could she say? From time to time she stole side glances at Lena, and at last burst out with: 'I say, what a jolly hat you've got on!'

Lena laughed and looked pleased.

'Boys don't usually notice girls' hats,' she said.

'Don't they?' remarked Ethel. 'Oh, well, you know, I'm different. I always notice them. I think that's a ripping hat—on you. I wouldn't like to wear it myself, though.'

'Well, of course you wouldn't,' said Lena, very much amused.

'Tell me,' continued Ethel, who felt she was being quite successful, 'do you always dress up like this, or are you going somewhere?'

'I'm not going anywhere at all, except for a walk, and I'm not dressed up,' Lena replied.

'Aren't you? Well, you look awfully nice, you know; but I should hate always to feel so ladylike.'

Lena laughed again, merrily; it was so funny to hear a boy talk of feeling ladylike. She turned to Ethel and said quickly, 'I don't see that I'm any more dressed up than you are.'

(Continued on page 74.)





““You haven’t seen a little fox-terrier down the road, have you?””





"It was too late, Lena at once saw the trick."



## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 71.)

'ME!' cried Ethel, taken aback a little. 'I'm not—you don't think I'm dressed up, do you?'

'Well, I don't know; you look awfully nice, too, you know,' said Lena, blushing at her own boldness. Then she added quickly, 'Your sister hates nice clothes, doesn't she?'

'My sister! Ethel, you mean?' said Ethel, remembering just in time that she was not Ethel.

'I don't know her name,' replied Lena, 'but there's only one, is there?'

'Yes, there's only Ethel,' Ethel said, thinking how strange it seemed to be talking of herself as if she were some other person. 'But she doesn't hate nice clothes. She loves them, really.'

'I should think you loved them more than she does,' remarked Lena.

'Well, you see,' said Ethel, 'it's this way with—my sister. She won't wear decent skirts because of messing them; she's always climbing about somewhere, and they get in the way. Now, if she could wear trousers, like a boy, she'd be all right.'

'Wear what?' cried Lena.

'Trousers—knickers, you know,' replied Ethel. 'She'd like to wear them always.'

'Always!' repeated Lena. 'Does she ever wear such horrid things?'

'Oh, well, you know,' said Ethel, who felt that the conversation was getting awkward, 'I dare say she has just tried them on sometimes—for fun.'

'I don't think such ideas are nice at all,' replied Lena, very stiffly, 'and I wish you would talk of something else.'

'Oh, I say!' cried Ethel hastily, 'you're not vexed, are you? Really, I didn't know. But,' she added slyly, 'you look awfully nice when you are vexed.' It was much safer to be paying compliments.

'Please don't be silly,' said Lena.

'I'm not. I mean it.'

By this time they had reached the Cottage, and Lena spoke of turning back, hoping that this handsome boy would suggest walking back with her. But Ethel made no such suggestion, though she was wondering what to do. She had been very successful so far, but she was no nearer gaining her end. She stood at the gate, in full view of the windows, but Lena was screened by the hedge.

'Well, look here,' Ethel said, looking at Lena, 'when can I see you again? I'm awfully glad I lost that tiresome little animal.'

Lena looked away and said nothing.

'Will you be out in the —'

'Ethel! Ethel!' called Mrs. Drayton from the Cottage.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Ethel resisted the impulse to turn on hearing her name. She took no notice, but grew suddenly impatient to get away from Lena. Any moment might bring exposure.

'In the morning?' she continued hurriedly, and, still watching Lena, she put a hand to the latch of the gate. She felt relieved that the call was not repeated, and she was waiting less anxiously for Lena's reply when a hand touched her shoulder, and the voice of Mrs. Drayton said quietly, but very distinctly, 'Ethel,

my dear girl, do go and take off those absurd clothes.' Then, catching sight of Lena, Mrs. Drayton perceived her mistake.

It was too late. Lena saw at once the trick that had been played on her, and her face grew hot and angry as she looked, and looked again, at Ethel.

After a reproachful, yet amused, 'Well, Mother!' Ethel waited to see what would happen.

'Then you are not a boy at all!' cried Lena indignantly, ignoring Mrs. Drayton, who looked at her kindly and longed to tell her not to be so foolish and so proud.

'No, not at all,' replied Ethel, laughing, and, pulling off her 'Tam-o'-shanter, her hair fell down round her neck. 'But please don't be vexed,' she continued. 'I did my best.'

'Your best!' Lena cried. 'Your worst! I think you are a horrid, vulgar girl, and—and——' but tears of vexation choked Lena's speech, and she turned on her heel and left Ethel stammering out apologies.

She walked home, scarcely seeing anything on the way, and, flinging her hat and ulster on the bed, she went into the nursery and rang the bell furiously. She would have Marjory up and just tell her the truth about this girl. There should be no more nonsense.

'Where is Miss Marjory?' she asked when Jane came in answer to the ring. Even with old Jane, Lena never omitted to refer to her sister as Miss Marjory.

'I haven't seen her, Miss, since she came in,' replied Jane.

'In!' exclaimed Lena. 'Where has she been?'

'Why, with you, Miss, hasn't she?' said Jane, somewhat surprised.

'With me? I've not seen her since dinner.'

'Then she's not indoors, Miss,' replied Jane, earnestly and a little anxiously. 'You were both out, and I thought you were together.'

'When I left the house she was with you,' returned Lena, severely, 'and you ought to have seen after her better than to let her go out alone. You know it's forbidden.'

Jane's eyes flashed indignantly. 'I know,' she retorted, 'she begged of you to take her a walk and you wouldn't, but you must needs go and leave her. I dare say she's gone to meet you. But see, it's dark already. Where can she be? I'll go to the door and look out for her.'

Leaving Lena still complaining, Jane went downstairs and stood out at the front. Anxiously she looked up and down the road. It grew dark and cold, but there was no sign of Marjory, and Jane, now quite distressed, returned to the house to consider what could be done.

(Continued on page 87.)

## A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

ON December 5th, 1664, a boat sank while crossing the Menai Strait. Of the eighty-one passengers on board, only one escaped. His name was Hugh Williams. One hundred and twenty-one years later, another boat went down on the very same date and in the very same place. All her passengers, sixty in number, were drowned, with the exception of one. That one's name was Hugh Williams. Yet again, on August 5th, 1820, a boat was wrecked on the same spot. Of her twenty-five passengers only one survived, and *he* was a Hugh Williams! This, perhaps, is the most remarkable name-coincidence on record.



## THE PEACE MUSEUM.

AT the Quai d'Orsay in Paris there is a little museum in which will shortly be stored small but interesting souvenirs of the Peace Conference.

Here already are relics of former wars and peace-making. Here, for example, you may see the goose-quill pens with which Bismarck and Jules Favre signed the armistice treaty of January 28th, 1871.

These quills are yellowed by age, but a group of figures in bronze carries one still further back—right back to the time of Napoleon I., who is represented sitting at a table with an Austrian diplomat. Napoleon, irritated by the Austrian's words, has just flung down a breakfast service, which lies all in pieces at his feet. 'I will break your monarchy,' he is saying, 'as I have broken this porcelain.'

Another curiosity is the portfolio in red morocco in which dispatches were sent to Napoleon during his campaigns. This, however, is a reminder of war rather than of peace.

One quaint little article, a soap-box with a miniature of Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, is a souvenir of the happy pair's visit to France in the reign of Napoleon III.

That visit was returned. This museum possesses a roll of parchment containing an address of greeting to the French Emperor 'from the Merchants, Bankers, and Traders of the City of London,' expressing their 'cordial satisfaction for the friendship and alliance now happily existing between France and England.'

These exhibits are trivial things, but some of us would rather see pens which have helped to make peace than guns which have helped to make war.

Talking of pens, a funny story is told of that used for the Paris Treaty of 1856. The Director of the Protocol, thinking an ordinary quill unworthy of the occasion, sent an attendant to the Jardin des Plantes to pluck a plume from an imperial eagle. Poor bird! and poor man! for both suffered in the struggle. *That* pen is not in our museum. Mounted with gold and diamonds, it is one of the treasures belonging to the ex-Empress Eugénie.

## CHARADE.

THOUGH poets old its glories sing,  
My *first's* a grievous, hateful thing.

My *second* helps to give us light  
When we a candle burn at night.

My *third* upon the map is found—  
A portion of fair English ground.

My *third* remove; then see the name  
Of town and castle known to fame.

Restore my *third*; my *whole* doth stand  
Just in the midst of English land.

Answer: WARWICKSHIRE. E. D.

## THE HIGHWAYS OF THE WORLD.

## II.—PARIS TO GIBRALTAR.

PARIS is the starting-point for most of our journeys through Europe, as London is in England, and so to-day we go over the Seine to the station of the Orleans Railway, on the Quai d'Orsay, and take

tickets to Gibraltar *via* Bordeaux and Madrid. There is a quick train by this route, furnished luxuriously with sleeping-cars and a restaurant, which can whirl us through France and Spain at express speed; but we are very independent travellers—not trammelled by time-tables or expense—and so, instead of taking all our journey at once, we will break it at different places and try to see as much as possible of the towns and country that is passed through on our way south and west.

Orleans is the first important stopping-place on our journey, and here we must wait awhile, for it is a town that is full of interest both to French and English travellers, associated as it is with one of the most marvellous figures in history, Joan of Arc.

Orleans is a fine modern city now, and it is not easy to realise what it was like long ago, in the fifteenth century, during the great siege; but we must try to 'make believe,' as little children say, and picture an old walled fortress, and round it a great entrenched camp thronged with English and Scotch soldiers, who watched all the entrances to the beleaguered city and intercepted reinforcements and supplies of food.

All through the winter of 1428-1429 Orleans held out, and then there arose rumours of a strange champion who was coming to deliver the city.

Some believed in this strange story—for those were credulous days—but many scoffed at the idea of the seventeen-year-old peasant girl, who declared that it was her mission to drive the English invaders out of France. And then, one spring day, she came, the little Maid of Domrémy, mounted on her white war-horse, and accompanied by the greatest leaders of the French Army, with the Fleur-de-Lys banner carried in front of her, and with the sacred sword of St. Catherine, with five crosses on its blade, in her hand.

A saint herself, the famished people of Orleans declared Joan to be, as she rode fearlessly towards the city walls; but to the English she seemed to be a witch, and the brave archers, some of whom had fought beside Madcap Harry at Agincourt, fled or threw down their weapons at her approach, and so the maid led the assault on the main fortress, the Tournelles, which was strongly held by the enemy, and the next day Orleans was relieved.

It is a wonderful tale indeed, and all through France the memory of the Maid of Orleans is revered and loved. There is a statue of her here, in the city which she saved, and we see her as a young girl in knightly armour, with an unsheathed sword clasped to her breast.

We go on to Blois, where Joan first raised her standard, and where, after the relief of Orleans, she met King Charles of France, and then came to Poitiers, where, peering back another century into the past, we see the English, not defeated as at Orleans, but victorious and triumphant.

'Truly this battle was right great and perilous,' the old chronicler, Froissart, writes, and he describes the valour of the English bowmen, the numbers of the slain, and how Edward the Black Prince 'took great pleasure to fight and chase his enemies,' so that the rout continued even to the gates of the city of Poitiers.

Fierce as he was, however, Edward proved a merciful and courteous foe to his prisoners, chief among whom was the King of France himself, and we read of a great



banquet given that same night to King John in the English camp, before the army started on its journey to Bordeaux.

We will imagine ourselves following in the Prince of Wales's train on his southward march, going by slow stages, because the troops were laden so heavily with the spoils of their victory, and the way led, at first, through an enemy country. 'Poitou and Saintonge were thus passed without damage,' and then the Gironde was crossed, and the English Army found itself safe in English territory.

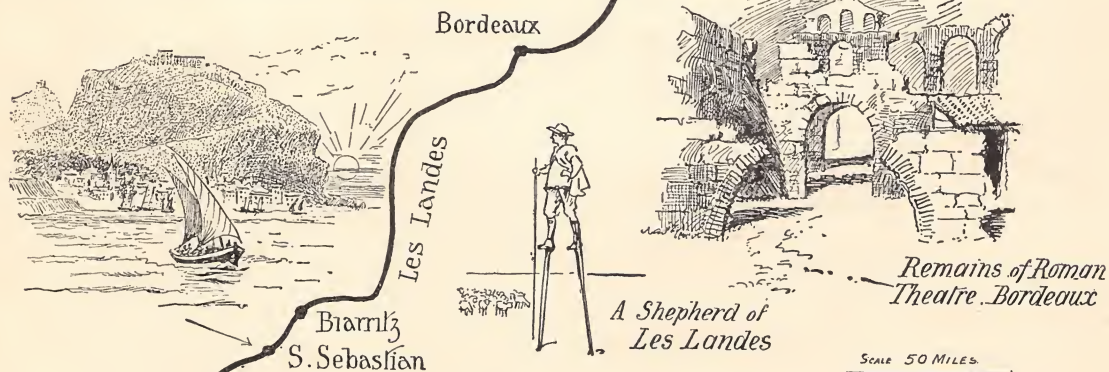
We all know that during Plantagenet times the British held great possessions in France, but nowadays few people seem quite to realise how vast those possessions were, nor for how many years they remained in our hands.

This land of Guienne—or Aquitaine—for instance, where Edward the Black Prince took refuge with his royal captive, was larger than Belgium, and it was English from the time of Henry the Second's marriage to its heiress, Princess Eleanor, until the Battle of Castillon, in 1453. It is strange to think that while Bombay, the oldest of our present colonies, has only been in our possession for two hundred and forty years, the leopard banner of Cœur de Lion floated over Bordeaux for more than three centuries.

Many great events took place in Bordeaux during the long period of its occupation, and when at last the British power in France began to decline, Guienne remained loyal and fought bravely for its alien duke. Henry VI., however, had none of the strength and valour of his famous father, and one by one the towns and provinces were lost, until only Calais, with its strip of marshland, remained, the last fragment of a great empire.

Bordeaux, the third port of France, and a centre of a wine-growing district, is still bound to England by many links of friendship and commerce, but there is little to remind us now of the gallant days of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, when English kings entertained foreign rulers in the royal palace, and sallied forth across the Gironde, with knights and bowmen, to wage war against their liege lord, the King of France.

Bayonne, our next halting-place, carries us forward



From Paris to San Sebastian—



into another chapter of history, and brings back to our minds the battles of Napoleonic days; but before reaching this town we travel down the coast through a strange district of marshes and sand dunes and lakes, called the Landes, where the peasants go about their work mounted on high stilts.

The inhabitants of this part of France and of the neighbouring province of Spain are a strange race, and are said to be the descendants of the Iberii, and lived in Spain—or Iberia—in very ancient days. Basques, or Biscayans, is the name by which they are known, and they seem almost like foreigners here on the French coast, for they are dark, swarthy folk, and have a language, customs, traditions, and even games and dances of their own.

We go through Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz now, two fashionable watering-places, where, on stormy days, the great Atlantic waves thunder on the rocks; and then, passing the northern spurs of the Pyrenees, cross the frontier and find ourselves in Spain.

We most of us think of Spain as a romantic country, a land of mysterious castles, of buried treasures, of brave knights-errant, and of high, inaccessible mountains. At first, however, we may find our journey through this new land rather uninteresting, for in many districts Spain is barren and desolate, a treeless country of high, bleak table-lands, waterless river-beds, and sandy plains.

We look in vain for the green valleys and orange groves of our dreams, but the towns make up for any disappointments, and when we walk along their shady, narrow streets, and look up at the wonders of Gothic or Moorish architecture, it seems as if the modern world, with its inventions and luxuries, had faded away, and as if we were back again in the picturesque, primitive days of the Middle Ages.

Burgos, the capital of Old Castile, is one of the first cities on our route, and we see its great cathedral and the palace where Christopher Columbus was received by his patrons, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, on his return from his long voyage of discovery across the Atlantic; and then we go on towards Madrid, stopping at Valladolid, where Columbus died, and Cervantes, the author of *Don Quixote*, lived; at Segovia, with its great aqueduct, that the country people say was built, not by the Romans, but by the devil, and at the Escorial, where is to be seen one of the strangest and ugliest buildings in the world.

To understand the design of the Escorial we must go back to the 10th of August, 1557, when the Battle of St. Quintin was fought and won, for the 10th of August is St. Laurence's Day, and this saint, so legend says, was martyred by being roasted alive on a gridiron.

King Philip of Spain, the victor in the battle, wishing to commemorate the event, decreed that a huge building—palace, monastery, and royal burying-place in one—should be erected outside Madrid, and that it should be built in the form of St. Laurence's instrument of torture.

This order was carried out, Philip himself superintending every detail of the work, and the Escorial still stands, with its long corridors like the bars of a gridiron, as a memorial of the piety and the bad taste of its founder.

Madrid, fifteen miles away, is the chief city of Spain,



—and on to Gibraltar.

and one of the dreariest and most unhealthy capitals of Europe.

It is a modern city, having been chosen for the seat of Government by Charles V., but tradition claims for it a great antiquity, and says that it is ten centuries older than Rome, that it was visited by Nebuchad-



nezzar, and even that it was founded only a few years after the Deluge.

But although the city itself may not be beautiful or interesting, there is much to be seen in Madrid, and in the great picture gallery are many works by the two famous Spanish painters, Velasquez and Murillo.

The former of these artists, Velasquez, was the Court painter in the time of Philip II., and we see quaint portraits of little princes and princesses attired like tiny grown-up men and women in ruffs and wide feathered hats and hooped skirts; while Murillo went out into the highways and byways for his models, and painted the beggar-boys and dark-eyed peasant women of his native land.

From Madrid we travel southward, and now begin to realise that for centuries Spain was in the hands of Arab conquerors, who, coming from Northern Africa, established themselves in this country, and when at last they were driven out, left behind traces of their skill and culture.

We must turn aside for a while on our journey, therefore, to visit Toledo, for this city was one of the strongholds of the Moorish invaders, who held it for more than four hundred years. There was a great mosque then in the centre of the town, but this was pulled down and the present splendid cathedral erected on its site by Alphonso of Leon, who delivered Toledo from the infidels. The prince, however, could not get rid of all traces of the Arab conquerors, and it is strange to find that the ancient bridge over the Tagus still is known by its Moorish name, El Kantara.

Retracing our steps and going south again, through Aranjuez and Alcazar—another Moorish name—we pass through the country of Don Quixote, and the scenery is so like that described in the romance that we almost expect to see the famous knight-errant mounted on his good steed, Rosinante, riding across the plain and tilting at the windmills, which still whirl their sails in the wind. We reach Cordoba at last, at one time the chief Moorish city in Spain, with (so it is said) a million inhabitants, and a place with a history that reaches far back beyond Moorish times. It was called 'the Gem of the South' by the Carthaginians, and, in Roman days, suffered severely because it sided with Pompey against Julius Cæsar.

Nowadays Cordoba is a quiet, sleepy place, with but few traces of its former wealth and importance, but the wonderful cathedral, formerly a Moorish mosque, still remains, and is one of the largest and most beautiful buildings in the whole world.

From Cordoba we go south once more, leaving two other celebrated cities, Seville on the west and Granada on the right, to be seen on some other journey, and travel on until Ronda is reached, with its deep gorge spanned by two bridges, one Roman and the other Moorish. Then we find ourselves among the cork-wood and orange trees of the south, with, as we come near to the sea, glimpses of the high rock of Gibraltar in the distance.

We are all quite accustomed, of course, to think of Gibraltar as a British possession, but when we approach it through Spain it seems very strange to find a great English stronghold here in a foreign land. Gibraltar was captured by Admiral Rooke in 1704, and has been in our hands ever since, but before that time it had had many changes and had known many alien owners. The Moors, for instance, held the Rock for nearly eight

hundred years, and before that time this coast was colonised by Romans and Phœnicians. Calpe, Gibraltar was called in those ancient days, and it was one of the Pillars of Hercules guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea. Its history, as we look back, is a long series of battles and sieges and adventures, but, even before historical times, the Rock of Calpe was famous, and the ancient mariners of Greece and Tyre sailed through these straits on their way to visit the lost continent of Atlantis, or to explore the dim, mysterious western ocean in quest of new worlds.

### THE LAST SUMMER OF WAR.

LONELY I wander along the green lane,  
Heart-sick and weary with war's bitter strain;  
Summer has come for the happy and gay,  
But not for the mother whose son is away!

Warm is the sunshine, and fair are the flowers;—  
Wintry and cheerless to me are the hours;  
Letters are few, and my heart faints with fear;  
Oh, that my darling—my Bobbie—were here!

See! who is coming? Can this be my boy,  
With arm-in a sling, but a face full of joy?  
'Mother!' he says, and 'Oh, Bobbie!' I cry,  
As into the arms of each other we fly.

Snow might be falling, the trees might be bare,  
Still in my heart 'twould be summer most fair;  
Thanks be to Him Who from over the sea  
Has brought back in safety my darling to me!

E. DYKE.

### JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

BY A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Continued from page 67.)

LATER in the day I spoke again about going to Flanders in search of my father, but now Mother, who said nothing at first, would not hear of the venture, but, smiling sadly, declared that she could not bear to lose me too, that I was only a little lad who would surely come to harm in a strange land, and that I must bide at home and learn my lessons for many years yet before I could think of travel and warfare.

'I am fourteen, in ten months I shall be fifteen.' I drew myself up to my full height, and tried to look tall and manly, but Mother shook her head again, and said that she would go to Edinburgh and consult a certain Master David McLeod there, a learned man of law and a kinsman of our father's, who would doubtless give her help and counsel.

It was in vain that I argued and begged and persuaded, only denials and head-shakes were my answers.

'I would rather go myself than let you go, Jock,' my mother said; 'and Heaven knows I would gladly venture could any good be done by such foolishness.'



But let me hear no more of this mad scheme. Perchance Master McLeod will undertake the journey, or will tell me of some trusty messenger. I have gold put by, and inquiries shall be set on foot without delay.

And then she bade me run away and play with little Mysie, while she busied herself with preparations for her departure for Edinburgh on the morrow.

Truly women are unreasonable folk, and obstinate withal, but I did not give up my plan, although I spoke no further of it to our mother and turned instead to Mysie, who has some understanding and wisdom, too, even if she is but ten years old, and small for her age.

'We must wait until she come home again, Jock,' Mysie said. 'And if Cousin David can do nothing, well, if I were you, I would set out for the Low Countries without delay. Mother will never give her consent, but, methinks, she will forgive you once you are gone. She loves us well, as we know, but needs must be that she loves our father better still, and if you can but find him and bring him back, then shall we all be happy together.'

These things which Mysie said pleased me well, for they were but my own thoughts put into words. I longed with all my heart to find my father and to make Mother gay and happy once more—and I longed, too, for adventures, and thought of the great deeds I would do, the fierce Spaniards that I would defeat in single combat, the renown I would win, and the fine figure of a hero that I would cut before the boys when I went back to school after my return.

Our mother was away in Edinburgh for more than three weeks, and during that time Mysie and I had many talks together. We had but small faith in Cousin David's power to help us, and were not surprised when Mother returned looking sadder than ever and with a new pain and wistfulness in her eyes.

It was a beautiful evening in early April when old Donald, the serving-man, rode up the steep track to the Corbies' Nest, our mother mounted pillion-wise behind him, and Mysie and I were waiting at the gate to welcome her. She stood for a while, after she had kissed us, gazing out over the sea, as if her eyes would fain pierce the blue veil of mist that shrouded the horizon and see the far-away land where our father was held captive.

What does Master McLeod say?' I asked, eagerly, for my heart was beating quickly with impatience; and then she told us how the man of law could make nothing of the letter and the picture, save that John Drummond was still alive, but that, things being even more desperate than ever in the Low Countries, it would be madness to send any one in search of him with so slight a clue.

'He says that inquiries shall be made,' Mother went on. 'But I—I cannot leave it at that. Something must be done—something *shall* be done. We cannot let him stay there to suffer—perhaps to die in his cruel captivity.'

'Something shall be done.' I echoed the words in my heart, although I did not utter them aloud, and my mind was made up to start on my journey that very night. I called Mysie, and when Mother had gone up to her chamber with old Jean to rest and refresh herself after the long ride, we sat together by the fire and planned my escape.

There were many things to decide, you see, and difficulties to overcome, for I must needs leave the castle by night, and, every evening at sunset, the great gate and the postern door were locked and the keys given into the charge of old Dermot, who had been in my father's service and in that of my grandfather before him. Dermot, although so old—seventy years or thereabouts—was a light sleeper and a fierce man, and moreover he, like my mother herself, thought me but a child. Well could I picture the outcry there would be if I tried to steal the keys from beneath Dermot's pillow; and besides, one of the deerhounds often slept across the threshold of his chamber, and would fill the whole castle with his clamour if aroused.

'There is the window in the north turret overlooking the sea, Mysie,' I said. 'It will be easy to let myself down thence by a rope, and then I can make my way along the shore to Ross-Haven and hide there until a ship sails for the Low Countries.'

Mysie's cheeks paled as she listened, for the cliff fell sheer downward from the north turret, and the rocks below were cruelly rough and sharp, but all the other windows of the castle were closely barred, and escape from them would be impossible.

'But, Jock, if you should fall,' she whispered, fearfully; and then I laughed and reminded her of the many times that I had scaled the cliff with Alec Brecon, the fowler's son, and had been let down on a rope in search of sea-birds' eggs.

The rope which we used on those occasions was put away in a lumber-room now, and must needs be fetched and carried to the north turret, and then there was a bundle to be packed with food and necessities for the journey, and such money as Mysie and I had saved to be taken from the stocking where it was laid by.

Although Mysie and I had chattered together so often of my journey, it was always of the great things which I should do there, and of how Father would be found, that we had spoken, and not of the little ways and means of escape. There was, therefore, much to be done now, and it was supper-time before all was ready.

None of us spoke much during that last meal, for my mind my full of my plans, and Mother was still weary and sad; but I can remember well how Mysie watched me over the edge of her porridge bowl with big, solemn eyes.

My heart failed me somewhat that evening when I bade Mother 'Good-night,' and I longed to ask for her consent and blessing before I went away. I can see her now, as she mounted the stone stairs to her chamber, with the light of a lantern that old Jean carried ahead falling on her face, and with little, golden-haired Mysie at her side.

I ran to her and lifted up my face for a last kiss. She stooped forward from the stair on which she was standing and smoothed the rough locks from my forehead with gentle fingers. 'God bless you, my son,' she said. 'You have ever been a good lad, and I wish now that you were a man, full grown, so that I might send you across the seas to bring your father back to us in safety.'

She kissed me, and I went back to the hearth feeling strangely comforted and encouraged. Somehow, it seemed to me then, that, although she had not given me her consent to go, I had my mother's blessing on my adventure.

(Continued on page 82.)





“‘God bless you, my son,’ she said.”





"I climbe<sup>1</sup> on to a wooden stool and squeezed through the narrow window."



## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY.

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.**(Continued from page 79.)*

I WENT to my room soon after that, for so we had arranged, and at ten o'clock, when the castle was quiet, I stole out, shoes in hand, and made my way to the north turret. Mysie followed me in a few minutes, with a dark cloak over her night-rail. In the dim light of a lantern which I had set on the floor, I noticed that she carried a little packet in her hand.

'I have brought you this, Jock,' and she held out the battered leather case which held our father's letter with its strange picture. 'When Mother slept I took it from beneath her pillow. Oh, Jock, I felt like a thief.' There were tears in the little maid's blue eyes as she spoke. 'But you must have it if you are to find our father, and I—have stolen this—as well.'

She showed me a twist of blue wool, taken from Mother's spinning-wheel, and on it dangled the half of a silver medal.

'Perchance it will bring you good fortune,' Mysie said. 'And you will need something as a token, to show from whence you come. Mother will not grudge it to you, although it has been her treasure all these years, for now she has the keepsake which our father sent. It was hanging with this round her neck.'

I let Mysie slip the strand of wool over my head. It was hateful to rob our mother, as it were by stealth; but yet I knew that there was truth in what Mysie said. My father—if and when I found him—would need some such token to tell him that I was indeed the little flaxen-haired urchin that he had left when he went to the wars, and as to the letter, it was the only clue we had to help me in the search. I put the leather case into my pouch, together with my little store of money, and strapped the wallet, which had been brought ready packed to the turret chamber earlier in the evening, on to my shoulder. Everything was ready now, and there was no time for delay, as I wanted to be at the seaport town by sunrise. I kissed Mysie, holding her fast in my arms for a minute, and bade her say farewell to Mother for me, and pray for forgiveness on my behalf.

'This is my good-bye kiss, and this is Mother's,' Mysie said, smiling bravely through her tears, and pressing her lips to mine once and then again. My eyes were dim, too, for somehow I had never realised till then how dear little Mysie was to me. My voice was very husky as I bade her farewell, and then I climbed on to a wooden stool and squeezed through the narrow window that was really only an archer's loophole, and proved to be a tight fit for my broad shoulders.

The long rope was fastened firmly to an iron hook within the room, and I had knotted footholds in it to make the descent more easy.

'It will be nothing after seeking for puffins' nests,' I had said to Mysie boastfully, for I was proud of my skill as a climber; but when I loosened my hands from the sill of the window that dark night, and felt the rope swinging against the turret wall, I realised that this was a very different matter from scaling even the steepest and smoothest cliff. There was no roughness in the well-built granite wall of the old castle, and the footholds seemed very far apart. The rope hurt my hands as it slid through them, and, when I had gone a

little way, and the wall came to an end, I found that it overhung the cliff instead of being flush with it; so that I was swinging perilously in mid-air. I shuddered there in the darkness, with the sound of the waves coming up from far below; but it was too late to turn back—even if I had wanted to do so. I shut my eyes, whispering a little prayer to myself, and went on slowly, letting myself down, hand under hand, and wondering all the time how much further there was to go, and whether I should ever succeed in reaching the beach in safety.

The rope had always seemed to be an immense one when Alec Brecon and I used it for bird-nesting; but now, swinging and slipping giddily down from the turret of the Corbies' Nest, a doubt crept into my mind as to whether it would be long enough to serve its purpose. What if it should not be? Although I think that I am as brave as other boys of my age, the blood in my veins ran cold at the thought, and chilly drops of moisture came out on my forehead.

The castle was a long way above the beach—a very long way, and I had already been climbing downwards for what seemed like hours.

There must be yards of the rope now stretching above my head in the darkness. How much was there below my feet? As I dangled there, like the pendulum of the great Dutch clock in the castle hall, the murmur of the waves seemed to be miles and miles away.

It was very dark then, for the moon would not rise till midnight, and not a star glimmered in the inky blackness. I was near the face of the cliff—for it had sloped outward a little, but it was too steep and smooth to give any foot or handhold. On I went, more slowly than ever, my heart beating so loudly that I could hardly hear the noise of the waves, and then, suddenly, the rope between my feet slithered away and came to an end. There I hung clinging desperately by my hands, with I knew not what distance between me and the hard, sharp rocks below.

It was a terrible moment—one of the most terrible that I can remember, and it seemed to last for ages. I should have to fall—that was quite certain, for, exhausted as I was already, the upward climb to the turret loophole would have been impossible: but how far would it be? Ten feet, twenty feet, fifty feet? More than that even, perhaps, there was no means of knowing; but it was useless to put off the evil moment. I told myself this many times, but, all the same, I did put it off until I could cling to that horrible rope no longer. Then my cramped fingers relaxed, the rough hemp rope slid swiftly through them and I fell, struck the rocks heavily, and lost consciousness.

*(Continued on page 94.)*

## HELD BACK.

GUG dashed in at the door of the office, and collapsed in a heap on the floor.

'Wig Leeson's lot are out on the rampage, they are coming here to fire the store,' he gasped as soon as he could speak.

Jim Strake bounced off the stool as if he had been shot. 'Gug, they daren't; the dynamite for the blasting came last night—it is in the shed at the back of this.'

'They will be here in ten minutes. I only beat them



by slipping through Crow's Nest Gap and swimming the creek, panted Gug.

For a moment Jim stared at him speechless with horror, then came a rumble of wheels outside, and a big load of logs from the sawmill went slowly past on its way to the bridge.

'Gug, we'll stop Leeson's lot—we must. Get up and come, bring old Bencher with you.' Jim's voice had risen to a thin scream from excitement, as, seizing a big coil of firehose from a corner of the office, he dashed out of the door in pursuit of the load of logs that was taking its leisurely way to the bridge over the creek.

Overtaking the team, he snatched the whip out of the hand of Silas Trent, shouting to him, 'Run for the fire-pump from the schoolhouse! Run, I say, or you will be blown into a thousand bits before you are fifteen minutes older!'

It was Silas Trent who had brought the cases of dynamite from the depôt yesterday, so he did not stop to ask questions or to argue; he merely turned and bolted for the schoolhouse, like a rabbit for its hole, leaving his team to Jim.

'Here, gee up! get a move on, can't you!' shouted Jim to the team, bringing the whip down on the side of the near horse in vigorous reminder. The team broke into a lumbering gallop while he raced alongside, shouting to them to keep it up. He had hung the coil of hose on the pole swinging at the back of the waggon, and so was not cumbered as he ran.

He checked the horses at the bridge, and turning the waggon, made them back the load right on to the centre span, then slewed it round so that the way was entirely blocked. He unhitched and turned them loose, then dropped one end of the hose into the creek, clambering on to the load with the other. By this time Gug and Bencher had come up, while Silas could be seen panting along under the burden of the portable pump.

'Step lively!' shouted Jim by way of hurrying him. Then he started arranging the logs so that they would make a sort of breastwork as he stood on the side of the waggon.

'What's the game?' asked Bencher, who helped in the store, now that Jim's father was superintending the blasting at the mines.

'We've got to stop Wig Leeson's lot from coming into the town. They are going to fire the store, and there is the dynamite, you know,' said Jim briefly; then he added, 'You three must work the pump, but keep under cover as much as you can. I'm going to play the hose on 'em. Mind you keep me a good head of water.'

'They'll shoot you!' gasped Bencher, yet with admiration thrilling his tone. He respected bravery in other people, though he was an arrant coward himself.

'Get busy! here they come!' said Jim quietly, as a noise of whooping and yelling sounded in the distance.

There was a brief spell of strained waiting for Jim. Down below under the bridge there was the click-clack of the pump filling the hose, the nozzle of which he held in his hand as he crouched behind his breastwork of logs.

Six men rode into view round the bend in the road. Jim could see that the first was Wig Leeson, a tough customer, with two big revolvers showing at his belt. The gang had their headquarters in the hills; when they ran out of stores they swooped down on peaceful towns, taking what they wanted and setting fire to what was left.

Most of the men of Creekville were away over the shoulder of the mountain, where the blasting was going on. Jim's sister, Kate, had started on her bicycle to carry the news that Leeson's lot were coming to stick up the store. It would be nearly an hour before the men could come to the rescue; meanwhile it was up to Jim to hold the gang back if he could. If only the dynamite had not been there, the situation would not have been so awful; as it was, any one of the ten cases of explosives at the stores would have been sufficient to blow the whole place to bits.

The first horse set foot on the bridge. Jim directed a stream of water which caught the astonished animal full on the nose. It reared and backed, but Jim had fixed the rider now, and the burst of profanity from Wig Leeson was fairly drowned out by the water that hit him in the face.

Wig's horse, rearing and backing, collided with the man coming on behind. There was a regular mix-up, a revolver spat in the wrong place, and with a scream of agony a horse fell dead, while another bolted, leaving its rider lying on the ground.

Then Wig disentangled himself from his horse, which was still prancing round on its hind legs. He had recovered his grip of the situation, and walking to the side of the bridge he leaned over and took aim at the pumpers.

Jim moved his hose and caught Wig side-face, the force of the water jerking him so that the revolver was knocked from his hand, and went splash into the creek below. But the pump never stayed its monotonous click-clack. Silas was standing up to his middle in water holding the tripod of the pump steady, while Gug and Bencher pumped without a pause, and Jim directed the water where it was needed most.

The men drew off. They held a consultation. They were all dismounted now, and seemed undecided what to do. They tried shooting at the three manning the pump. Jim washed them from their standing-place; they could not have been wetter if they had been dumped in the creek. Then they tried shooting him, but the target was a bit uncertain behind that rampart of firewood logs.

Finally they determined on concerted action, and five came on with a rush. The sixth was lying on the ground still, just as he had been flung from his horse.

Things looked ugly for Jim. He had to rise out of his protecting barricade to bring the stream of water full in the face of the first man, but at the same moment the one coming on behind fired at him. He felt a scorching pain in the shoulder, but he lifted the nozzle, knocking the man backwards, then shouted in derision as the fellow's heels went up in the air.

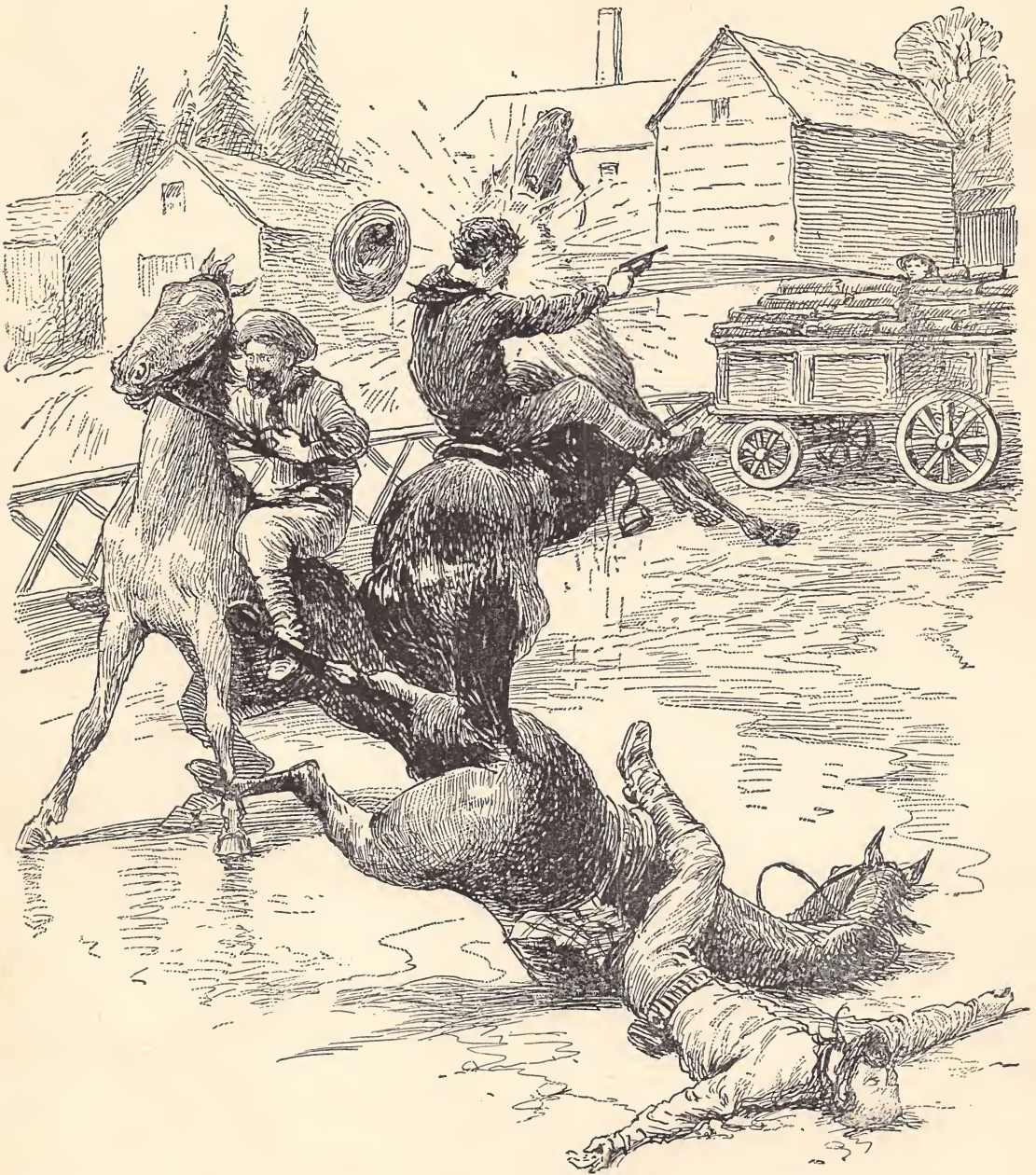
Three of them had reached the waggon—they were climbing the load. With one hand Jim heaved logs on to their heads; with the other he moved his stream of water here and there, catching them full in the face where he could, while the torture in his shoulder was like the searing of a red-hot iron.

He was fighting a losing game. He was beaten. The store would be burned, and the dynamite would wreck the place. Oh, the horror of it all!

One man had climbed the load; he was reaching out to seize Jim. There was the crack of a rifle, and he dropped, bouncing off the load into the creek.

It was Mr. Strake who had fired. He had ridden





'Jim moved his horse and caught Wig side-face.'

down from the mountain on Kate's bicycle, and so had reached home before the men. His coming turned the tide for Jim, and Wig, with two of his men, were captured.

The bullet had to be cut from Jim's shoulder—it hurt horribly. But he set his teeth and bore it, thankful that he had been able to hold Leeson's lot at bay, and save the place from being blown up.



### THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS.

'THE Fighting Fifth.' It is a proud name that has been given to the Northumberland Fusiliers, and it has been richly deserved, for their history is a long series of hotly-contested battles, glorious victories, and desperate conflicts, often against overwhelming odds. 'Whither Fate Calls,' that is the motto which they bear, and 'Fate' has indeed called them when danger threatened England, and where there were foes to be faced and honours to be won.

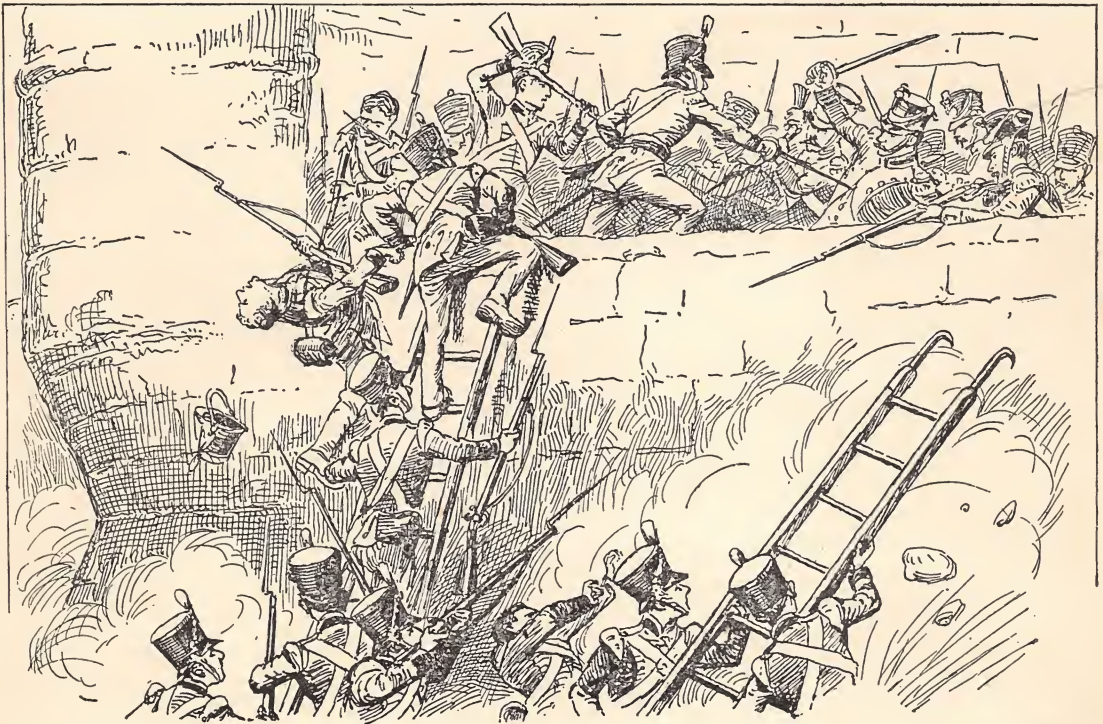
The regiment is one of the oldest in the British Army, and first came into existence as long ago as 1674, when William of Orange, the son-in-law of James II., was allowed to raise four regiments in England for service in Holland against the French. A number of disbanded Irish soldiers joined this force and set out for the Netherlands. The Irish Regiment, for that was the name given to it in those early days, distinguished itself greatly at the siege of Maestricht, when, for their bravery, the men were rewarded by the Prince with gifts of fat sheep and oxen.

At the time of the rebellion in favour of the Duke of Monmouth, Prince William's British troops were recalled to England, but they arrived too late to take part in the fighting, and soon returned to Holland. In 1687, when James realised that his position on the throne was once more in danger, a second summons was dispatched, but this time the command was disregarded. The Holland regiments, however, returned to England a little while later, when their chosen leader, the Prince of Orange, was elected King in his



Badge of the Northumberland Fusiliers.

father-in-law's place. The Irish regiment then took its place in the standing Army of England as the 'Fifth Foot,' and nearly a century later, in honour of a popular colonel, Lord Percy, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, it received the name of the Northumberland Fusiliers.



The Fighting Fifth at Badajoz.



The 'Fifth' were not long unemployed after their return to the Old Country, for trouble broke out in Ireland in favour of the deposed King, and the regiment was dispatched to the land from whence its first recruits had come. It took part in the Battle of the Boyne, and at the siege of Athlone, when it was necessary to cross the Shannon, the Grenade Company marched through the river breast-high. The men were also engaged at the siege of Limerick, after which the fighting in Ireland came to an end.

In 1774, just a hundred years after its first enlistment, the regiment was dispatched to America, where the colonists were fighting fiercely for their independence, and it was a private of the 'Fifth' who is said to have fired the first shot in the war. They fired many more shots after that, for we find them taking part in the battles of Bunker's Hill, Lexington, and White Plains.

In the Peninsular War the Northumberland Fusiliers took part in eleven great battles. At the Battle of Vimiera, the French, finding themselves unable to break through the British ranks when an advance was made, fired their howitzers and other guns in such a manner as to form what nowadays we should call a barrage, between the attacking force and the main body of troops in the rear.

'We saw the balls rise high in the air,' the narrator says, 'and generally fall between our people, who were advancing, and ourselves. Dense smoke soon after enveloped the belligerents.'

This novel method of defensive warfare seems to have bewildered and irritated the officers and men of the 'Fighting Fifth,' and they waited impatiently for the moment when they, too, might go into action.

Some of the officers, indeed, without waiting for the order to advance, left their men and hurried forward, while those who remained behind invented a clever plan which should enable them to follow.

'The Colonel is shot!' a voice cried, and immediately there was consternation in the ranks. The Colonel's wife rushed forward down the hill, and this served as an excuse for others. The ruse, however, was discovered, and order was restored, for the Colonel was not killed after all, nor even wounded. A few minutes later a general advance was ordered, and the impatient soldiers were given the chance of proving their own mettle.

This account gives us a strange little picture of what warfare was like little more than a century ago, when wives accompanied their husbands, not only to the front, but even, on occasion, into the thick of the battle.

At Badajoz the 'Fighting Fifth' had another opportunity of distinguishing themselves, for they led the storming party which advanced against the beleaguered town and faced undauntedly the terrible fire which was poured into the ranks of the British, when again and again the scaling-ladders were set in place, only to be immediately broken or overturned.

The position was a desperate one, but the men were not to be daunted by dangers and difficulties, although shouts of triumph were heard from the French on the walls above, who believed that they had gained the day. At last the British efforts were crowned with success, and Major Ridge, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, was the first to set foot on the summit of the ramparts. He did not live, however, to see his men enter the town, but fell, shot through the heart, in the very moment of victory.

And now we must go forward half a century and cross the seas to India, where, in the first year of the Mutiny, we find the regiment marching with Havelock's army to the relief of the Residency of Lucknow. There, for one hundred and thirteen days, the Europeans of the city, soldiers and civilians, men, women, and children, had been closely besieged by the mutineers, and had suffered terrible hardships and privations.

It was on the 25th of September that the relief force reached Lucknow, and the troops fought their way through the streets exposed to an incessant fire from the windows and roofs of the houses, where the rebels were strongly posted.

The position was a terrible one, but the men, British and loyal natives alike, did not flinch, and, at last, they won their way through. The wounded, however, with their escort, had to be left behind in the first advance, near a building called the Motee Munzil, and the next day, when a start was made, there was some mistake, and, instead of reaching the Residency in safety, the convoy found itself in an open square and exposed to the attacks of the enemy.

The wounded men were being carried in dhoolis, or covered stretchers, and to this day the gallant deeds and awful sacrifices of Dhoolis Square are remembered.

The entrances to the square were blocked by the mutineers, and escape was impossible. The men in charge of the convoy did their utmost to defend their helpless charges, but the casualties were terrible, and at last the rebels, who had sheltered themselves in the buildings round, rushed out and began to murder the wounded and their brave guardians. The survivors of this massacre managed with great difficulty to reach a house, and there they took refuge and endeavoured, with their fire, to keep the foe at bay and to protect the few unfortunate men who still remained alive in the dhoolis outside.

One of the escort was Private McManus, and he well maintained the honour of his famous regiment by shooting down one rebel after another as they attacked him, until he was surrounded by a pile of bodies; then, although wounded himself by this time, he, together with Private Ryan, went out to the rescue of Captain Arnold, who, however, was killed before he could be carried into the shelter of the house.

At last the building caught fire and had to be abandoned. The survivors took refuge in a shed, and now, out of the original party of five hundred, only ten were left alive, six of these being wounded.

It seemed as if the end must come quickly, but still the gallant little band did not despair, and for no less than twenty-two hours they held out until strength and ammunition alike were well-nigh exhausted.

When, at last, shouts were heard in the distance, Ryan turned to his comrades, 'Oh, boys, them's our chaps!' he cried, and a few minutes later a rescue party arrived, and the mutineers were beaten back.

McManus and three of the other heroes received the Victoria Cross for their bravery on this occasion.

In the other campaigns of the nineteenth century the Northumberland Fusiliers played their part. We find them fighting in the Sudan in 1898, when the Battle of Kertiri or Omdurman, was won and Khartum retaken; while only a year later they were in South Africa, when the name 'Modder River' was added to the honours on their colours.



## YPRES.

**D**URING the Great War we heard a great deal about Ypres, which, it was said, some of our English soldiers called *Wipers*.

This town, which lies thirty-two miles south of Bruges, was formerly one of the most important manufacturing towns in Flanders. In the fourteenth century its population was two hundred thousand, and the number of its looms four thousand. Its chief manufacture was that of the cloth called (according to some after the name of the town, *d'Ypres*) 'diaper.' The building of the grand Cloth Hall was begun in 1230, and not finished until 1342. Modern manufactures are linen, lace, silk, woollen and cotton goods, and other articles.

Ypres is a very old town, dating from the ninth century. It has had a stormy history. In 1688 it was strongly fortified by Louis XIV., and, like other Belgian towns, has suffered much in various wars. In 1917 the country all around Ypres lay charred and desolate. But for a few pollards and hedgerow thorns, there was scarcely a green thing to be seen. As for birds, there were kestrels, and even some brave, cheery larks. Within the town there remained a few faithful civic pigeons, while near the Lille gate still swam the famous swans of Ypres.

Well might Wordsworth describe unfortunate Belgium as 'War's favourite playground!' E. D.

## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 74.)

## CHAPTER VI.

**W**HEN Marjory set out to meet Lena, she hesitated a little while which way to go. There were four ways to choose from, and she reasoned with herself which would be the most likely. Would Lena go towards the Cottage? No. Marjory did not think for a moment that she would, so that way was dismissed. Nor would Lena go in the opposite direction, because she objected to passing the dirty, tumble-down buildings which stood at the top of the hill. There remained then two ways, one branching to the right and one to the left. Marjory chose the one to the left. She felt almost sure that Lena had gone that way.

Marjory was really too young to be out alone, especially when the afternoons grew short; and they were beginning to grow very short. She knew that it was forbidden her to go beyond the garden by herself, but she felt so sure of meeting Lena, she thought she might venture just this once.

She walked along very cheerfully for quite a distance, expecting every moment to meet her sister. The road took many twists and turns, and at each bend she looked afresh for Lena. But Lena was not to be seen.

'Then she hasn't come this way, after all,' said Marjory, 'and I shall have to go all that long way home by myself.'

She turned to look back. How still everything was! She wished she had not come. Perhaps, though, if she went as far as the next bend in the road, Lena would be there. She imagined she could see her there, and, quite hopefully, Marjory started on again. She remem-

bered that no one at home knew that she had come out. They would wonder where she was. This thought fidgeted her, and she began to run. She reached the bend and looked eagerly along for Lena, but Lena was nowhere to be seen, and, disappointed and a little tired, Marjory turned back.

Then she did a very unwise thing. She determined to take a short cut across the fields, because once, when she had come this way with Miss Jackson and Lena, they had returned through the fields and had arrived home very quickly. It was beginning to grow dark, Marjory thought, and the sooner she reached home the better. There was a stile just a little way in front of her; surely that would be the direction to take. She hastened forward. Yes, she could not be mistaken. There was the narrow path running through the fields. She would be home directly now.

Marjory clambered over the stile and started with a run. She must be quick or it would be quite dark, and every one at home would be dreadfully anxious about her. She hastened on, now and again climbing a gate to get into the next field. She looked for the high road and its familiar black telegraph posts, but she looked in vain. All around she saw nothing but fields and hedges, and here and there a gate or a stile.

She was lost, and nobody knew!

If they only knew at home, she thought, they could look for her, but even then they would not know where to look. What would happen? Would she have to stay there all night, in the dark? Already it was dusk. She reached another gate, and, leaning against it, began to cry. She looked through it, but there were only more fields on the other side. And at home Lena would be sitting in the warm, bright nursery, waiting tea. Jane would be spreading the cloth, and Cook making toast by a red fire. But there would be no Marjory. What would they do without her? No, her mother would come home, and they would say that Marjory was lost. Marjory felt sorry for Mother.

It grew darker, but still Marjory stood by the gate and cried. She was very tired, and her feet were cold and wet with walking in the damp grass. She was hungry, too. Did the Babes in the Wood feel as she felt, she wondered?—and then remembered that there were two of them. They could not have felt so wretched. She cried and cried. It was no use going further and no use going back. There was a hay-rick close by: she would lie down in it and cover her head from the darkness.

As Marjory neared the hay-rick she saw a man approaching. He carried a gun, and a small fox-terrier followed at his heels. For a moment Marjory ceased her sobbing, and stared with frightened eyes.

'Hallo!—what are you doing here?' cried the man, coming along with rapid strides.

Marjory's heart almost stopped beating. Perhaps she was trespassing; if so, might he not kill her? Surely the gun was pointing straight at her. Terrified, she turned and ran for the gate, hoping to climb over and escape. The man called to her to stop, but Marjory only made greater haste. She reached the gate and was climbing over when she saw that he had nearly overtaken her. She was so frightened that she loosed her hold of the gate and fell. Before she had time to rise, the man was at her side.

(Continued on page 90.)





"She was lost, and nobody knew!"





“‘How nice to be carried!’”



## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

BY TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 87.)

'ARE you hurt, little one?' the stranger asked, bending down to her.

From where she sat, on the damp and dirty soil which spread a little way round the gate, Marjory raised a tear-stained face and looked at the man. His voice was kind, and now she saw that he was a gentleman, and she knew that he was not going to kill her, or hurt her.

She shook her head at his question and tried hard to smile, but, instead, the tears came again, and she sobbed out that she was lost.

'Lost, are you?' said the gentleman, smiling kindly, and helping her to get up. 'Well, I've found you, so you are not lost any longer.'

'But can you show me the way home?' asked Marjory. 'You don't know my house, and—and it's nearly dark.'

'I do know your house, Marjory,' was the reply; 'but you shall come to my house to-night, it is so much nearer. Come along; we are really quite close to.'

Marjory stared. She had never seen this man before. How, then, did he know her?

'There, there! don't look so puzzled. I live at the Cottage. I am Mr. Drayton. You know Ethel, don't you?'

'What!' cried Marjory. 'Are you the father of that nice girl?'

'Something very like it,' laughed Mr. Drayton; 'so hurry up—I am a little late already.'

Marjory placed a tiny hand in Mr. Drayton's palm, and trotted along by his side. She was very tired and could scarcely keep up with him, but she did not mind: she was no longer alone, no longer lost, and she was going to the Cottage. The thought of what Lena would say crossed her mind.

'What are you thinking about?' asked Mr. Drayton. 'I believe you can hardly walk for sleepiness—I must carry you,' and, stooping, he slung his gun on his back and picked Marjory up in his arms.

'How nice to be carried!' thought Marjory, as her head rested against Mr. Drayton's shoulder. Then she said aloud, 'Lena won't be cross, will she, because, you see, you found me?'

'No,' replied Mr. Drayton, 'Lena won't be cross.' But Marjory did not hear the reply—she was fast asleep.

As Mr. Drayton arrived at the garden gate, Tiger commenced to bark, and Ethel, hearing him from the sitting room, ran to open the front door. Tea had been ready some time. A bright fire blazed and crackled, and the lamp threw a warm colour over everything in the room. Ethel had refrained from drawing together the dark window-curtains because she liked it to look cheerful to any passer-by. She stood with her back to the fire waiting, and Mrs. Drayton sat quietly sewing.

'Here he comes—at last!' cried Ethel, as she darted off to open the door. Mrs. Drayton folded up her work.

'Come along, Father,' Ethel called cheerfully.

'I'm coming, I'm coming,' replied Mr. Drayton; 'all in good time.'

'Why, whatever have you got?' cried Ethel, as Mr. Drayton entered.

'Hush!' he replied, warningly. 'Don't make a noise. Where's your mother?'

'Here, dear,' answered Mrs. Drayton from the sitting-room. 'What is it?'

'Something that needs your very special attention,' said Mr. Drayton, as he entered the sitting-room and laid his charge on the couch. Ethel, very curious, followed closely.

'There!' said Mr. Drayton, standing upright.

'Why! it's little Marjory Lester!' cried Ethel.

'Father, where did you get her from?'

'Marjory Lester!' repeated Mrs. Drayton, as she bent down and looked at Marjory. 'What is the meaning of this, dear?'

Mr. Drayton explained.

'Poor little thing!' said Mrs. Drayton compassionately. 'Just see how her face is smeared with crying.'

Ethel waited about very excitedly. 'Marjory here!' she said to herself, scarcely able to believe it. 'What luck!' and all her regrets for the failure of her day's escapade disappeared. She felt sure that when Lena knew how Marjory had been found and brought back by Mr. Drayton, she would be friends.

'They'll be in a fine way down at the Manor House,' Mrs. Drayton was saying.

'I've thought of that,' replied Mr. Drayton. 'I'll just run down and tell them while you make the child warm and comfortable.'

'Very well, dear,' said Mrs. Drayton; 'but don't be long. You must be hungry.'

'Oh!' replied Mr. Drayton, 'half an hour won't matter to us, but to them every minute will seem an hour.'

'Father,' cried Ethel, as Mr. Drayton turned to go, 'Marjory will stay all night, won't she?'

'Oh, yes,' insisted Mrs. Drayton. 'The little thing cannot go out again this evening. Tell them, dear, that it will be wiser for her to remain here.'

'Very well, love,' replied Mr. Drayton, 'I'll arrange it all right,' and after hastily kissing his wife he hurried away, and Mrs. Drayton and Ethel began to take off Marjory's wet garments.

(Continued on page 103.)

## 'OWN-UP PEGGY.'

(Continued from page 71.)

THE grey dress was really the last straw, and during the half-hour's mid-morning 'break,' Agatha tackled Peggy again.

'I suppose you haven't anything thin to wear?' she said pityingly. 'Poor dear! Of course, you can't help it—'

'I can help it!' Peggy suddenly burst out. 'I have got cotton dresses, as many as you, and—and I wear this just because I want to. So there!'

'Spitfire!' said the red-haired girl.

'I don't believe it,' said Agatha, looking calmly at the panting little figure before her. 'But if it's true, you've just got to wear something different to-morrow and prove it. If you don't I shall know it's because you can't, and I'll never speak to you again, and I shouldn't think anybody else would. There's no disgrace in being poor,' Agatha continued, in righteous indignation, 'but I wouldn't tell a lie about it if I were you.'

She turned away, and there was a little chorus of



approval; only Marjorie went up to Peggy, standing lonely in the middle of the playground, and linked an arm through hers.

'Never mind,' she whispered, 'I've got an idea. I'm taller than you, and only this morning I heard Mother telling Nurse she must make some of my last summer's frocks into a parcel to be given away, because they were too short to be let down for me any longer. I tell you what,' she went on excitedly. 'Nurse won't have given them away yet, and I'll hide one in the summer-house. You must call for me early to-morrow morning and slip into it. You can change again in the summer-house on your way back from school, and nobody will know, and—and it'll just prove you could wear cotton things if you wanted to.'

But Peggy knew better than this. Already she was beginning to feel ashamed that she should have deserved what Agatha said of her, because it was true. She *had* told a lie, and Marjorie's scheme would only make things worse.

'I can't,' she said miserably.

'They'll send you to Coventry if you don't,' Marjorie persisted. 'I shan't, of course,' she said; 'but it will spoil all the fun. Oh, Peggy, your aunt must be perfectly horrid!'

'She can't be really, you know,' Peggy answered, 'because she is Father's sister. It's only that she doesn't understand,' Peggy answered loyally; and then the bell rang, and it seemed to Peggy that her troubles had only just begun. Not only would none of the other girls speak to her, but she felt so guilty; she so dreaded to-morrow, when the whole form must know the truth about her, that she couldn't fix her mind on her work. Although she had taken special pains to prepare it, everything went out of her head; she was careless and inattentive, and at the end of what seemed a very long morning Miss Tompkins called Peggy to her desk.

'This is your first term,' she said, looking at Peggy very hard through her pince-nez, 'and no doubt it all seems very strange to you. But you have had quite long enough to settle down, Peggy, and it is time you pulled yourself together. You can do better than this,' added Miss Tompkins, and Peggy went to the cloak-room, where Marjorie was waiting for her.

'It would be different if your mother were in England,' urged Marjorie on their way home, 'but as your aunt is—like she is, you know, you can't help pretending. I don't see that it's wrong,' she said, rather uneasily, adding, the next instant, as they came in sight of Aunt Jane's doorstep: 'There's my mother talking to your aunt! What's up now, I wonder?'

'Peggy, where is your hair-ribbon?' demanded Aunt Jane, as they reached the front door.

'Marjorie is always losing her ribbons, too,' said Mrs. Pearson, taking her hand very kindly. 'How do you do, dear? I meant to surprise you both, but it seems I am just too late. I have been asking your Aunt, Peggy, whether she will allow you to come to tea with Marjorie next Saturday afternoon.'

'Oh, *may* I?' asked Peggy eagerly, and then, as Aunt Jane gave a gracious reply, Mrs. Pearson, in the kindness of her heart, made a very unfortunate remark.

'How hot you look, dear,' she said. 'But I suppose our English summer seems cool to you after India. Marjorie began her thin frocks quite a month ago.'

'I'm not hot a bit!' Peggy muttered, on the verge of tears.

'That is not the way to speak to Mrs. Pearson,' said Aunt Jane, her own cheeks becoming suddenly red. 'You had better go upstairs, Peggy, and wash your hands for lunch.'

(Concluded on page 102.)

### A CALIFORNIAN CLOCK.

IN San Diego, California, there is a very wonderful clock. It has twenty dials, which—all at the same moment—tell what is the time in all parts of the world. They show also the days of the week and month.

You would expect such a clock as this to be a huge affair, and it is so. It is twenty-one feet high, four of its dials are (each) four feet in diameter, every action of the 'master' clock can be seen, for it is enclosed in plate-glass. At night the whole is illuminated.

It took fifteen months to construct this marvellous thing, which is jewelled with topaz, tourmaline, jade, and agate. A two-hundred-pound weight, which automatically winds itself, is the motive-power.

### THE MIRROR.

A Japanese Story.

A MAN, his wife, and their little daughter lived happily together in a remote part of Japan.

One day the man was called away on business. Before he went, he told his little girl that if she were very good and obeyed her mother in everything, he would bring her home a nice present.

When he returned, he opened his bamboo basket, and, to the child's delight, brought out a wonderful doll and a box of cakes. For his wife he had brought a bright metal hand-mirror, on the back of which there was a painting of storks and pine-trees.

Not long after this the mother fell ill. When she was dying, she said to her little daughter, 'Dear one, I am going to leave you. Take care of your father for me. Here is my mirror; I give it to you. Whenever you feel lonely, look into it, and you will always see me.'

The mother died, and by-and-by the man married again. The new wife was at first not at all kind to her stepdaughter. But the child comforted herself by looking into the mirror, where she always saw (or thought she saw) her mother's gentle, loving face.

One day the stepmother noticed the little girl sitting in a dark corner, holding something in her hands, and whispering to herself. And because the woman hated the child, she thought that the child must hate her. So she went straight to her husband, and told him that his daughter was trying to kill her by means of some wicked magic.

The man went at once to find his child, who, when she saw him coming, slipped the mirror into her sleeve. This made the father think that there might be some ground for his wife's suspicions. Never before had he spoken angrily to his daughter, but he was angry now.

She was amazed and distressed. She said that she loved *him* too well to wish harm to his wife, whom, as she knew, he loved.

'What have you got in your sleeve?' asked the father.

'This mirror which you gave to my mother,' replied the girl, producing it. 'When she was dying she gave it to me. Every time I look into it I see her face. When—'





“‘What have you got in your sleeve?’ asked the father.”

ever I feel sad and lonely I just take up my mirror, and my mother's dear, kind face smiles at me and brings me peace.

The man, understanding now, tenderly embraced his

child. Even the stepmother, when the thing was explained to her, felt ashamed of herself, and asked to be forgiven. The girl, of course, gladly forgave, and thenceforth peace and love reigned in that home. E. D.





AN AWKWARD MEETING.





H.H. the Maharajah of Cooch Behar.

#### PRINCES OF THE EAST.

##### III.—THE MAHARAJAH OF COOCH BEHAR.

**T**HE Maharajah of Cooch Behar is one of the youngest of all the native Indian princes, and he rules over a State in Bengal which is more than a

thousand square miles in extent and has nearly six hundred thousand inhabitants.

Cooch Behar is a fertile land, but very damp and unhealthy. It is watered by large rivers, and during the rainy season these overflow their banks and turn the



country on either side into lakes and marshes. The scenery is not wild and picturesque, as it is in some other parts of India, for there are few hills, and in crossing the State we travel for hours through flat green plains, broken only by tall clumps of bamboo or patches of orchard trees, which surround a native farm or village. In some districts, however, there are tracts of jungle, where wild boars, leopards, and deer are to be found.

Sometimes great storms—cyclones they are called—sweep across the country and do terrible damage to crops and buildings. One of these came in 1887, and, while it raged, houses were blown down, railways injured, and roads and bridges destroyed.

Cooch Behar once formed part of an ancient Indian kingdom, and there are many legends and traditions about the old-time monarchs and their doings, while mounds and remnants of masonry, said to be the ruins of their cities, are still shown. In the fifteenth century, however, the warlike Afghans overwhelmed the country, and then there came years of strife and misery, for again and again the wild tribesmen invaded the fertile plains of India, and the inhabitants were murdered, robbed, and treated with great cruelty.

Among these ruthless mountaineers who pillaged and devastated the country were a tribe called the Kochs, and these people were really the founders of the State and its dynasty, although the princes of Cooch Behar claim to be of divine origin, declare that they are descended from Vishnu, the son of the great Hindu god Siva, and, in right of this high ancestry, give themselves the title of Narayan, or Lord. Even the peasants of Cooch Behar say that they are of royal birth, and the brigands of the hills, who were their true ancestors, are entirely forgotten.

One of the most famous and powerful of all the Cooch Behar rulers was a prince named Nar Narayan, who, with his brother Silari, commanded a large army, pushed his conquests east and south, fought with success against the great Mogul Empire, and even invaded Assam, where ruins bearing his name are still to be seen.

Cooch Behar was then a great power in India, but these glorious days did not last for long. When Silari died his son rebelled, and then the kingdom was divided. It later became a subject State to the Mohammedan Empire, and its prince was taken as a prisoner to Delhi.

In 1772 we find Cooch Behar in trouble once again, and its ruler appealed to Warren Hastings, the British Governor of Bengal, and asked for help against other enemies, the Bhutias. Hastings was quite ready to assist the State, but he did it on condition it became part of the province of Bengal and acknowledged the supremacy of England.

Thus it was that Cooch Behar became a protected principality. But even then there were frequent revolts and disturbances. In 1863 the Maharajah of the country died, and then, as his son was only a child, a British officer was appointed to govern the State. This was the best thing that could have happened, and many improvements and reforms were made. The young prince, in the meantime, was carefully educated and trained, so that he should know how to rule his country well when he came of age.

This prince ascended the throne in 1883, and married the daughter of a famous Indian reformer named

Keshub Chandra Sen, who has been herself well educated, and instead of being shut up in a zenana like the Indian princesses of the old days, travels, visits England, where her sons were at school, and, indeed, seems more European than Oriental.

The Maharajah, her husband, a soldier like his ancestors, fought in the Tirah Campaign, when there was a rebellion among the fierce hill tribes of the frontier. This prince died not many years ago, and his son, Ragendra Nara an Bhup, now rules the State of Cooch Behar. The picture shows him in the gorgeous dress of an Indian chieftain, with a jewelled collar and a turban decked with precious stones. It seems difficult to believe that this young man, who looks like a fairy prince or a hero of some Arabian Night adventure, was only a little while ago at an English public school, playing cricket and learning his lessons with English boys of his own age.

This young ruler had begun his reign a little while before the outbreak of war in 1914, and we find him offering troops and money for the defence of the great Empire of which his State forms a part. He was not able himself to leave India and fight in Europe, but his younger brother was one of the princes who were accepted for active service, and he came to Europe with the Expeditionary Force from India.

#### A PICTURE OF COUNTRY LIFE IN OLDEN DAYS.

THIS is an extract from the journal of Elizabeth Woodville, who became Lady Grey, and later the Queen of Edward IV. (The spelling, &c., has been modernised.)

'Monday morning.—Rose at four o'clock, and helped Catherine to milk the cows, Rachel the dairymaid having scalded her hand in a bad manner the night before; made a poultice, and gave Robin a penny to get something from the apothecary.

'Six o'clock.—The beef too much boiled and the beer stale.

'(Mem.: to talk to the cook about the first fault, and mend the second myself by tapping a fresh barrel immediately.)

'Seven o'clock.—Went to walk with the lady my mother in the courtyard; fed twenty-five men and women. Chid Roger severely for expressing some ill-will at attending us with some broken meat.'

#### JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Continued from page 82.)

I DON'T think I have ever been so surprised in my life as when I came to my senses after the fall on to the rocks below the 'Corbies' Nest,' and found that I was not dead after all.

I had bumped my head smartly, it is true, and given one ankle a bad twist, but those were but small injuries, and in a few minutes I managed to scramble up, and stood rubbing my bruised forehead, and feeling my legs and arms to make sure that no bones were broken.

It must have been a fall of a hundred feet at least—



that seemed certain, and I shuddered as I remembered those terrible moments when I had swung pendulum-fashion at the end of the long rope, trying to decide whether it would be better to let myself drop straight down on to my feet, or to go head foremost, like a diver leaping towards the sea.

In the end I had fallen sideways and clumsily, as my cramped hands relaxed their hold on the rope. I sat down now on a rock to rest for a while and to wait for the moon to rise. It was pitch dark as yet, and, with a swimming head and a lame foot, I should have been mad to attempt to pick my way over the rough beach. I had promised Mysie that when I reached the ground I would jerk the rope three times to let her know that I was safe and sound, but that was impossible now. Far away up the cliff a light showed like a dim star, and I knew that my little sister was still watching and waiting there at the loop-hole in the turret room.

The moon was due to rise soon after midnight, but it seemed like years before the black heavens began to lighten and the rocks and distant hills to take shape in the darkness. I could see the battlements of the castle at last, standing out against the sky, and the clefts and deep hollows in the face of the steep cliff. I saw something else, too, as the moon gained power—and what do you think it was?—the rope from which I had fallen, and it dangled down close above me, coming to an end less than two yards above my head. 'Two yards! Yes, that was all! I had fallen a few feet instead of hundreds, and if I had jumped neatly and not let myself fall, like a sack of meal, on to the rocks, I should not have been hurt a bit.

Truly it was a daft beginning to my wonderful adventures, and I felt foolish indeed as I sat there on the beach, with my foot aching cruelly and a lump near as big as a hen's egg on my head. Well, it could not be helped, and fortunately there was no one at hand to mock at my discomfiture. The rope was just out of my reach, but, having collected my wits now, and being mindful of my promise, I gave a lapwing's call three times to let Mysie know that all was well.

'Pee-wit! pee-wit! pee-wit!' We had often imitated the birds' cries and signalled to each other thus across the bogs and braes. Mysie would understand, but I hoped that nobody else would wonder at that wakeful whaup and suspect that some mischief was afoot.

The light in the turret moved up and down three times in answer, and I knew that Mysie was waving me farewell. Then it disappeared; so I shouldered my bundle and started off along the rough beach. The moon was well up by now, and it shed a wonderful silvery light on the sea and the wet stretches of sand and the pools that had been left by the outgoing tide. From the place where I was standing could be seen the high rock under whose shelter my mother and I had stood on the night of the great storm, and beyond was the sharp, jagged edge of the Wolf's Tooth Reef, where the unknown ship had gone ashore. 'If only that vessel had come safely into port,' I said to myself, 'or if only the rescued sailor had been able to tell his story!' But there was no use now in thinking of what might have been, for there was work to be done, and, perhaps, dangers and difficulties and hardships to be faced and endured. For the first time—perhaps it was the pain in my foot and the bump on my head that made a coward of me—I began to doubt my own strength and

hardihood. I was only a boy—fourteen years old—and had never been away from my home and my mother before. These thoughts crept into my mind as I looked up wistfully at the soaring cliff and the battlements of the 'Corbies' Nest,' but I blinked away the tears and choked down the sobs that seemed to rise in my throat. Milksop and cry-baby were the names I called myself, and I did not look back at the castle again, but trudged down the shelving beach to the sand beyond, where my foot-prints left a line of little pools behind me as I walked.

There was no time to be wasted, for the seaport town for which I was bound lay ten good miles away, and, what with the lateness of the hour and my injured foot, it would be no easy matter to reach my journey's end before daybreak.

Once in the town I should be safe enough, but in the open country or along the beach any wayfarer might recognise me once morning came, and might ask my business, or, mayhap, hale me back to the 'Corbies' Nest,' in hope of getting a reward from my mother. It would never do to risk such an end to my venturings, and I debated whether it would not be wise, when dawn came, to hide in some cave or among the heather on the hills above, and wait until nightfall before setting out once again on my travels.

There were still five good hours of darkness, however, so I plodded along sturdily, although my feet and the bump on my head seemed to grow more painful every minute.

All along that part of the coast there were wild bays, divided from each other by ridges of rocks. I had crossed several of these when, away in the distance, beyond a long, low headland, I saw a red flush and flicker against the sky.

At first I thought it must be the rosy gleam of dawn, and then it seemed like the Northern lights that often, on winter evenings, flame across the heavens. The dawn comes in the east, however, and the Northern lights show only in the north. This crimson glare was to southward, and, coming nearer, I saw that it must be the light of a great fire kindled on the beach not far away. I wondered what could be the meaning of this strange happening, for the district was a lonely one and there was no house nor hamlet in the neighbourhood. It behoved me to go warily, but I must needs pass through the next bay on my journey to the town. The long headland beyond which the fire showed ended in high rocks, which even at low tide were washed by the sea, so with pain and difficulty I scrambled up the ridge in front of me, and let myself down, slowly and cautiously, on to the beach below.

I was in another sandy bay, much like the others through which I had already come, and in the midst of it was a jagged pile of rocks that must have been a little islet at high water. It was on the further side of this that the fire had been kindled, and now the leaping flames themselves and a cloud of smoke could be seen. Loud roistering voices came to my ears, too, and once, against the red glare, a man's head appeared, in a wide-brimmed feathered hat, and an arm that waved a drinking-cup aloft. Away out at sea, in the silver path of moonlight, a small ship was moored. I could see its masts and a drooping sail, and a little light that glimmered in the bows.

(Continued on page 98.)





“ ‘The rope dangled down close above me.’ ”





"They were a savage-looking crew enough."



## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.**(Continued from page 95.)*

## CHAPTER III.

WHAT was to be done now? That was the question I asked myself, and for a while I cowered in the shadow of the cliff and wondered whether it would be well to halt in my journey and hide in some cave or cranny until the noisy merry-makers—who, it seemed to me, could be here with no good intent—had taken their departure. Then braver thoughts came into my mind, for, if these men were villains or sea-robbers, as they well might be, was it not my duty to seek to discover their business, and, perchance, carry a warning to the town?

Those were troubled days and warlike ones, too, on sea as well as on land, and many were the tales told of savage pirates who sailed the Narrow Seas and skirted the coast as far as Scotland itself, chasing peaceful trading craft, and daring sometimes even to waylay Her Majesty's ships as they sailed to France or Flanders with gold and treasure.

Many of these thievish pirates, so it was said, were in the pay of the King of Spain, or of other of our Queen's enemies; but some had not even the excuse of warfare, but robbed friend and foe alike.

There had often been dark tales told of their doings, as we sat round the hearth at the 'Corbies' Nest' on winter evenings, and these tales crowded back into my mind now, when I peered out from the shadows on to that beach, where the silver moonlight and the scarlet firelight seemed to combat together. I could not go on my way unheeding if treachery and evil were afoot, that seemed clear, so I took off my leather shoes and thick woollen hose, slung them round my neck, tightened the strap that bound the bundle on my back, and set off, stealthily and barefoot, across the sand and shingle. This was the first time that I had ever played the part of a spy and an eaves-dropper, and the work was not to my liking, but there was nothing else for it. As I came near to the rocks behind which the fire blazed there was such an uproar of voices and loud laughter that no one heard my approach. I laid myself down on the sand behind a low boulder, and so close to the merry-makers that it was easy to see all that happened and to hear every word that was said.

It was a strange picture that showed there, and one that I shall never forget to the end of my life.

About a dozen men were gathered round the fire, eating and drinking; and they were a savage-looking crew enough, with their dark, hairy faces, brawny arms, and motley clothes that, although often of rich fabric and bright colour, were yet tattered and stained with weather and salt water.

One man—he of the feathered hat, who seemed to be the leader of the band—was a great, stalwart fellow, full a head taller than his comrades, with black eyes and mustachios curled to fierce points. Another had a velvet jerkin and a dirty ruff of costly lace, which splendour accorded ill with his bare feet and russet breeches of coarse duffel; and a third had a scarlet kerchief knotted round his head and gold rings hanging from his ears.

There was also a black negro, a fearsome creature, such as I had never seen before, with wild, rolling eyes

and blubber lips, and three or four lean, sunburnt seafaring men, who spoke little, but busied themselves with the tasks of eating and drinking. Over all flickered the light of the great fire, which, being of salt-flavoured drift-wood, burnt blue and green, and gave an uncanny look to the savage scene.

All the men were armed with daggers and pistols, and one of them, an ugly fellow with a twisted scar across his face, was sharpening a great knife on a smooth surface of rock.

At first I could make little of what they were saying, for all spoke at once, and it was difficult to do more than catch a stray sentence here and there. When the meal was finished, however, they drew closer together, and it seemed that some serious business was afoot.

'Where's the prisoner? Bring the caitiff here,' said the leader in a loud voice, and then, while one of the seafaring men piled wood and dried tangles of weed on the fire, two others dragged forward a helpless captive, whose arms and legs, as I could see, were tightly bound. As the flames flickered up, they showed that he was a thin, white-faced youth, of a clerkly habit and aspect, with sleek black hair, smooth hands, and lips that trembled with craven fear. A coward he was; that could be seen at a glance, and a villain, too, for he was willing to do anything to save his worthless skin, and when his captors questioned him did not hesitate to sell his master's secrets if so be that his life might be spared.

I listened with all my ears, and before long had a very good notion of the wickedness that was afoot, and of the vile plot that was being hatched there on the firelit, moonlit beach, and within a few short miles of my own peaceful home at the 'Corbies' Nest.' Truly, I had not had far to go in search of adventures, but they were ready and waiting for me, right on the threshold, as it were, of my old life.

These men were pirates, it appeared, even as I had guessed, and they, in their little ship, which was named the *Santa Maria*, had made many successful voyages, and had done many dark, cruel deeds on the high seas. Now, a great venture was afoot, for they had learned that a vessel was due to sail the very next day for Flanders, and that it would carry great store of gold for the payment of the soldiers of the Scots Brigade, now fighting in that unhappy land against the cruel Spaniards. This prisoner, whom they had taken that very day, was in the employ of the owner of the ship, and I ground my teeth together with rage and horror as I heard him answer their questions glibly and tell them how the treasure would be stored away on the vessel and the hour that had been appointed for the sailing of the *Bonnie Bess*.

'Just before the turn of the tide she will weigh anchor, sir,' he said, 'and the crew are peaceful men, carrying few weapons, and trusting to the speed of their vessel for safety.'

'The master of the ship, who is he?' demanded the pirate chief, who, ruffian as he was, yet, methinks, had as great a scorn for this traitor clerk as I had myself.

'One James Burke, and it please you, sir,' was the humble reply. 'A stout, bold man, and a rich one, too, if what the gossips say is true. I have heard that his private wealth is stowed away securely on board the *Bonnie Bess*—gold pieces and silver cups, and costly stuffs and jewels: treasures that he gathered when he sailed the Spanish Main with Captain Francis Drake.'

'And where does he keep these things? Tell me



that I' ordered the other, but the clerk shook his head and protested that he had no more information to impart.

He was dragged away then and flung down, bound as he was, outside the circle of the warmth and light of the great fire. Then three of the pirates—the leader, he with the rings in his ears, and the scar-faced man who had been sharpening his dagger—drew apart from the rest, and, stationing themselves not far from my hiding-place, consulted and quarrelled together, planning how they would sail at dawn, and, lying in wait far out at sea, chase and capture the *Bonnie Bess* as she sped eastward on her peaceful mission.

I listened spell-bound to all that was said, treasuring each word in my mind, for it was my intention to creep away with the tidings, and, hurrying to the seaport town, give warning to the captain of the *Bonnie Bess*, so that she might delay her hour of departure, alter her route, or, at least, be prepared for the dangers that were in store.

(Continued on page 110.)

### ANCIENT ELEVATORS.

THE lift or elevator is no modern invention, for there was something of the sort in use as far back as the second century B.C. This primitive lift was worked by ropes coiled upon a winding-drum by a capstan and levers. It was the wonderful Archimedes who invented this hoisting machine. A similar machine was caused to rotate by a man inside the capstan. An old-fashioned elevator of this description is still used to carry people and goods from the first to the second story of a convent in Arabia.

### FISHING IN FAR-OFF LANDS.

#### II.—SEAL-FISHING.

A SEALSKIN coat is a familiar sight, but few of us pause to think of the many processes that go to its making, or know even a little of the way in which it is procured.

As a matter of fact, it is not every seal that can provide the fur that is suitable for this purpose, only that species known as the 'sea-bear,' or fur-seal, being sought after by the fur-hunters. The other types, such as the grey and common seals, are valuable mainly for their skins and for the oil that is obtained from their blubber or fat.

Seals are found, in groups of different types, in a great many parts of the world, even round the coasts of the British Isles, where they are a source of trouble and annoyance to the fishermen, on account of the destruction that they cause among the fish. But the biggest and most important seal fisheries of the world are those of South America and the adjacent islands, South Africa, New Zealand and South-Western Australia, the Behring Sea, the Sea of Okhotsk, and the Kurile Islands. Of these fisheries the largest and most profitable is that which is found on the Pribiloff Islands in the Behring Sea, this fishery being owned by America and let at various times to private companies.

The seal is a peculiarly docile animal, and is said to become more rapidly attached to its master than any other. They are expert swimmers and divers, and can remain under water for as long as fifteen minutes at a time. Seals live on the prey that they catch while in the water, but they are quite at home on land, though there they move with a strange, shuffling, jerky move-

ment, which nevertheless covers the ground as fast as a man can walk, though the animals soon grow tired.

Seals frequently resort to sandy beaches, rocks, or ice-floes, on which they sleep and bask in the sun. The young seals are always born on land, and it is a curious fact that the new-born babies of many species are at first very unwilling to enter the water, and have to be taught to swim by their parents.

When first he sees the light of day the young seal is covered with thick, soft fur, almost white in colour, and until this has disappeared, as it usually does in a very short time, he does not enter the water.

The seals themselves render the work of the sealing gangs who come after their skins comparatively easy by gathering in immense herds on their breeding-grounds at regular periods and at certain fixed times of the year. These breeding-grounds are boulder-strewn beaches or rocky hill-slopes near the sea-shore. Here the seals gather in dense masses, known to the sealers as 'rookeries.'

Each male, or 'bull' seal, collects round himself as many females, or 'cows,' as he feels able to control, and the number varies from one to a hundred, the average being about thirty. The bulls arrive first at the breeding-grounds in May, and are followed a month later by their cows. The young bachelor seals are not allowed to live with the others, and are kept to themselves on a piece of ground of their own. Any attempt on their part to mingle with the bulls and cows is met with very definite disapproval on the part of the older males, and many and fierce are the fights that take place.

Here on the breeding-grounds the young seals are born soon after the arrival of the cows, and in due course are taught to swim. Although the fathers leave again for the south in August, the mothers remain behind with their young until the month of November, when they start off in their turn.

The winter migrations of the seal colonies follow definite tracks that never vary, and are often of great length, the seals from the Behring Sea travelling as far south as California.

With the object of preserving as long as possible the supply of seals, the usual system adopted by the sealing gangs is to leave unmolested the females and young ones of a herd and to deal only with the superfluous males. This procedure is rendered the more simple by the fact that the young bachelors sleep apart from the others. Here they are surrounded by the sealers, rounded up in droves of from a thousand to three thousand, and driven inland. These droves are then broken up again into smaller groups known as 'pods,' and containing from twenty-five to fifty animals. Animals of three years of age, or of similar size, are then clubbed with heavy sticks, and the others allowed to return to their beaches. The chosen animals are then skinned on the spot, the skins salted and cured, and they are then ready to be exported. An important feature of the work is the removal of the long hairs that grow amongst the short fur, and the dyeing of the fur black.

The natives of Greenland and the Aleutian Islands make a very comfortable living by assisting the regular sealers in the sealing season, and exist on their earnings throughout the long, dark winters, until the next season comes round.

The Greenlanders hunt the seals by chasing them in the water in their quaint native boats called 'kayaks,' which are made of hide stretched over a light framework and are very easy to handle. When they overtake





The Male Fur seal with his Mates.

the seals they club them or spear them, fasten them to the stern of their kayaks and tow them home in triumph.



Greenlanders returning from a Seal-hunt.



"They are surrounded by the sealers."

At one time there became evident a serious shortage in the numbers of the Behring Sea seals, due to the growth of what was known as 'pelagic' sealing. This was the hunting of seals at sea with gun and spear by ships manned by unauthorised persons. These ships, relying on the fact that the seals always travelled by the same route each year when migrating south, ranged up and down their track, even on occasion penetrating the summer breeding-grounds. This method caused the death of immense numbers of seals, and among them many cows, and thus greatly reduced the birth-rate of the young seals.

Other gangs, again, would boldly land on the breeding-grounds, where their appearance caused no alarm among the friendly and unsuspecting animals. Selecting a family that seemed to suit their needs, the poachers would make their way towards it and club every member of it, knowing that as long as they interfered with only one family at a time the other seals would not take fright and would cause no disturbance.

Such numbers of seals were needlessly killed in this way that great indignation was aroused among the lawful sealing gangs, who urged that measures should be taken to put a stop to it. As a result, various laws were drawn up and passed by the Governments concerned, laws which still hold good, and which make it illegal to kill seals except between certain dates, while at the same time protecting the female members of the herds.





"I will not eat with a man who watches his guests so closely."

#### THE WRONG WAY.

HOW hurt we feel when a person to whom we have tried to do some trifling kindness takes it 'the wrong way!'

An Englishman travelling in the East had an unpleasant experience of this kind. He was entertaining an Arab sheik, and the two sat down to a meal together. Each, of course, had his own national table-manners



and mode of eating. The English host, anxious to supply his guest's every need, watched him, as it turned out, rather *too* carefully. Seeing the Arab about to put into his mouth a morsel to which clung a stray hair, the Englishman stopped him.

The sheik was dreadfully offended. Instead of saying 'Thank you,' as you or I would have done, he rose from the table in great wrath, saying, 'I will not eat with a man who watches his guest so closely that even a hair cannot be swallowed unobserved!'

There are two ways of looking at everything. Let us—if only for the sake of our own happiness—try not to take things in *the wrong way*. E. D.

### DUSK IN THE GARDEN.

I LOVE the dear old garden,  
When in the waning light  
The flowers close their petals,  
As if they said 'Good-night,'  
Though all the West's a-glimmer  
With red and golden light.

Then in the evening quiet,  
The tiny leaflets stir,  
The air is full of sweetness  
From pinks and lavender,  
The honied breath of lime-flowers,  
The balsam scent of fir.

There's music in the garden,  
Amid the shadows grey,  
The tiny babbling streamlet  
Goes singing on its way,  
The silver fountain tinkles  
To bid farewell to day.

The glow-worms light their lanterns  
As dusky shadows fall,  
And soft-winged moths come fluttering  
Around the lilies tall,  
And o'er the neighbouring meadows  
We hear the corn-crakes' call.

### ENVELOPES.

HAS it ever occurred to you that letters were not always enclosed in gummed envelopes? Less than a century ago, in 1840, the first envelopes were made in England.

How, then, did people, seal their letters? Because, of course, they would not like to send them open.

It was not until some time in what we call 'the Middle Ages' that wax was generally employed for the sealing of letters and parcels. Bees-wax, yellow with age, was the first material used. Afterwards, sealing-wax was mixed with a white substance. Red wax made its appearance about 1113, followed by green about 1163. In the thirteenth century other colours also came into fashion, black wax as a rule being used in the seals of the military religious orders.

Wafers were brought into France from Italy by the soldiers of Napoleon I. Even now one occasionally comes across a few wafers—relics of the past—and thinks what fascinating playthings they must have been. But few people now living can remember the time when there were no gummed envelopes.

### 'OWN-UP PEGGY.'

(Concluded from page 91.)

PEGGY went to her own room, reflecting that it was a very hard world; looking out of window, as she dried her hands, however, she saw something that surprised her very much. In the front garden Mrs. Pearson and Aunt Jane were deep in conversation. Marjorie was swinging impatiently on the gate, a thing which Peggy herself was never allowed to do, and Mrs. Pearson rested a hand quite affectionately on Aunt Jane's arm. Although she was smiling, she seemed to be talking very earnestly about something. Peggy almost fancied that she heard her own name. Presently the Pearsons hurried home to their own lunch, Marjorie hanging on her mother's arm, and Peggy went down to the dining-room.

And a silent meal it was. Aunt Jane didn't even ask Peggy how she had been getting on at school, which was perhaps as well—and Peggy herself was thinking how that to-morrow she would have to go to school again in the same grey dress, proving that Agatha was right, and how that she would be branded a liar for ever after. One minute she made up her mind to change into Marjorie's frock in the Pearsons' summer-house, but the next she thought of her mother, far away in India. No, she couldn't do it!

But it was not till Peggy was in bed that evening (after spending a miserable Wednesday half-holiday pretending to play in the garden), that she made her great decision. She would tell Aunt Jane! The thought of it was frightening enough, but Peggy knew she would never be happy till she had owned up. Perhaps it would then be easier to confess to the girls to-morrow morning. Heroically Peggy got out of bed—barefooted she went downstairs to the drawing-room.

She opened the door with a quickly beating heart; then an astonishing sight met her eyes. Aunt Jane was unpacking a large cardboard box, taking out of it three cool linen tunics—one pink, one blue and white, one green embroidered with brown. Aunt Jane was smiling to herself, and as she held the frocks up, one by one, Peggy realised that they were just the kind Marjorie Pearson wore, only prettier if possible—just the kind her own mother would have chosen for Peggy!

'Oh!' gasped Peggy.

She had opened the door so softly that now Aunt Jane saw her for the first time. Not waiting for her to speak, Peggy went straight to her side.

'Oh, Aunt Jane,' she said, 'I've come to—to own up, and I told a lie at school this morning—at least, I didn't mean to be as bad as that, but it sort of slipped out—about that grey frock, you know!'

Then Peggy told the whole story. Her voice quavered, but somehow Aunt Jane didn't seem nearly so terrible as she had anticipated, and when it was over she took Peggy very gently on her lap.

'My dear little girl,' she said, 'I am going to own up too. I am afraid I must have forgotten what little girls like, Peggy, for I find I have been making a mistake, a very great mistake. You must help me not to make any more, dear. Now, I should like just to try on one of these frocks over your nightdress. They are for you to wear at school. I asked Mrs. Pearson this morning where she got Marjorie's, and this afternoon, while you were playing in the garden, I went to choose them for you.'



'Oh, Aunt Jane!' said Peggy, and for a minute she really didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. In the end she and Aunt Jane had a long talk, and though nothing was said about to-morrow, Peggy clenched her fists as she went up to bed again, and made up her mind to be very brave. She somehow felt that she owed it to Aunt Jane as well as to herself; so you must picture her going into the Third Form room five minutes before prayers on Thursday morning wearing the green frock embroidered with brown. All the other girls were there waiting for her. There was a moment's silence. Then the red-haired girl spoke, turning to Agatha:

'Serve you jolly well right!' said she. 'Agatha, you'll have to apologise!'

'No, she won't!' said Peggy, with a gulp. 'It was true what she said yesterday morning, you know, and I hadn't any cotton things, because—because Aunt Jane didn't understand. But she got me these in the afternoon. I—I'm sorry,' Peggy added, looking very much ashamed of herself.

'So am I,' said Agatha Weston. 'I was a beast! And I think that green dress is simply sweet,' she added the next instant.

The red-haired girl began to giggle.

'I've thought of a lovely name for you,' she said. 'Girls, I vote we call her "Own-up Peggy".'

But Peggy, going into prayers with Marjorie on one side of her and Agatha on the other, felt that she really didn't care what they called her. JOYCE COBB.

## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 90.)

MARJORY opened sleepy eyes and looked about her, and was bewildered for the moment at finding herself in a strange room.

'Where's the wicked Uncle-man?' she asked dreamily.

'What, darling?' said Mrs. Drayton, drawing off Marjory's wet boots.

'I was a Babes in the Wood, quite lost, and I was going to die when the big gentleman found me. I thought he was a wicked Uncle-man, but he wasn't at all.'

'That was Father, Marjory,' said Ethel, kneeling down and taking hold of one of Marjory's hands.

Marjory looked at Ethel, and then, turning shy all at once, she hid her face against Mrs. Drayton's shoulder.

'Don't be too sudden, Ethel dear,' said Mrs. Drayton, quietly. 'She is scarcely awake yet.'

'See, Marjory,' she continued, 'your feet are so cold I am going to put them in nice warm water;' and Mrs. Drayton carried her into the kitchen, where the maid had prepared a foot-bath. Ethel followed, trying hard to keep quiet a little longer.

Very soon Marjory, feeling warmer and more wakeful, began to look about her, but she made no attempt to leave Mrs. Drayton's knee. It was like having Mother back again, to feel those loving arms round her. She laughed when they put on her feet a pair of Ethel's stockings; the slippers, too, amused her, it was funny to see them sticking out so far at the heel. Gradually she grew merry, and was quite content when she heard that Mr. Drayton had gone down to the Manor House to tell Lena. Marjory's secret thought was that Lena would be rather glad, because this was an opportunity to become acquainted with the nice-looking boy.

Mr. Drayton came in, declaring that he was famished. As she heard his voice and saw him enter the kitchen, Marjory clung to Mrs. Drayton and hid her face again, for the sight of him brought back to her mind dark fields and loneliness; but Mr. Drayton quickly dismissed her fears by his cheery kindness. He insisted on carrying Marjory into the sitting-room on his back. The big slippers fell off on the way, and Ethel laughingly picked them up.

When Marjory asked if he had seen Lena, he replied that he had and that it was arranged for her to stay the night with Ethel. Content with this reply, and no longer shy, Marjory laughed and chatted as much as any one.

The evening passed very rapidly and pleasantly. Marjory scarcely knew which she liked best—Mr. Drayton, Ethel, or Mrs. Drayton. She felt as if she had known them for quite a long time. Now she could tell Lena what nice people they were, and if their Cottage was smaller than the Manor House, it was really very pretty. She only wished that Lena was with her to see for herself.

When the girls were gone to bed, Ethel said, 'I don't wonder you didn't meet Lena this afternoon. She came up here.'

'Did she?' asked Marjory, surprised. 'Did you see her?'

'I saw her and talked to her,' replied Ethel, guardedly. 'You did!' cried Marjory, and her thoughts flew to the boy. 'Then——' she began.

'Then what?' asked Ethel.

'Nothing,' replied Marjory, who did not wish to betray Lena's weakness. 'Was she nice?' she asked.

'She looked nice,' Ethel answered, evading a direct reply. 'We had a long talk.'

'Oh, I am glad!' cried Marjory, delighted. 'Then we are all friends now. I thought Lena would be cross at my being here to-night, but I didn't know, you see.'

'No,' replied Ethel, who said not a word about the real state of things between her and Lena. She knew that Lena was mortally offended, and she also judged, from Mr. Drayton's manner at tea-time, that she was further annoyed by Marjory's visit; but, not wishing to upset Marjory, she said nothing.

'Perhaps,' suggested Marjory, 'Lena will come and fetch me in the morning?'

'I—I don't suppose she will,' replied Ethel. 'We made no arrangements for to-morrow.'

'Well, I know what would be nice,' said Marjory, timidly.

'What?' asked Ethel.

'Why, you come and have tea with us.'

'With you and Lena?'

'Yes—will you? It would be awfully nice.'

'It would be great fun,' said Ethel, mischievously. 'Do you really ask me? To-morrow?'

'Why, yes, of course,' returned Marjory, innocently. 'How funny you are!'

'I'm not funny. It's the tea that will be funny.'

'The tea?' repeated Marjory, sleepily.

'Oh, you dear little Marjory!' cried Ethel. 'I don't mean the tea—I mean the coming to tea.'

'But you will come?' urged Marjory, not at all understanding what Ethel meant.

'Oh, yes, I shall come,' replied Ethel; but Marjory scarcely heard her, for she was fast asleep and dreaming of the morrow.

(Continued on page 106.)





“‘Where’s the wicked Uncle-man?’ she asked, dreamily.”





“What’s the matter? You do look cross.”



## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 103.)

## CHAPTER VII.

MARJORY hastened home immediately breakfast was over, full of gleeful excitement. She had never been parted from Lena before, and she was all impatience to see her again, and to tell her all that had happened. Lena, too, was impatient for Marjory's return, but hers was angry impatience.

At the Manor House they had all been very anxious about Marjory, though Lena, feeling a little guilty, had insisted to Jane that she was safe somewhere. But Jane could not be so easily comforted, and she was out in the dark road, looking anxiously up and down, when Mr. Drayton appeared. He saw Jane, and, guessing her anxiety, he called out to her that Marjory was safe. Then, coming up to her, he explained what had happened, and said it would be better if Marjory stayed the night at the Cottage. There was no objection to this in Jane's mind—indeed, it seemed very wise. If Marjory was safe, that was all that mattered.

Asking Mr. Drayton to wait a moment, she said she would just run in and tell Miss Lena. But Lena needed no telling. She was standing at the open door and had heard most of what had passed, and at the mention of Marjory's staying at the Cottage, Lena's anxiety was lost in anger.

'Tell the man,' she called, 'we are very much obliged, but Miss Marjory must come home to-night.'

Mr. Drayton heard and smiled quietly. Jane hesitated, then, going up to Lena, she said, 'Oh, but, Miss, Miss Marjory is wet and tired.'

'I don't care,' replied Lena; 'we can't have her stopping there!'

Mr. Drayton repressed an amused laugh.

'Go and say she must come, Jane, and tell him also that Father is away, but as soon as ever he returns he will see him. For I'm sure,' she added to herself, 'Father will want to reward the man.'

Mr. Drayton came nearer and spoke. 'That's all right, Miss,' he said, touching his cap. 'I can wait to see your father.'

Lena looked at him haughtily. The idea of being obliged to these people even for a short time was distasteful to her. She tried to insist on Marjory's immediate return, but Mr. Drayton would not hear of it, and Jane urged that it would be better for Marjory to stay; so most unwillingly and ungraciously Lena gave in. But she remained very cross about it.

She was in no better humour the next morning, as she awaited Marjory in the nursery, determined, in the absence of Mrs. Lester, to give her a severe lecture.

As Marjory entered the house she was met by Jane, who, thankful to see her again, hugged her and kissed her, almost tearfully.

'What a fright you gave us, my darling!' said Jane.

'Did I, you dear old Jane? I am sorry. But where's Lena? I must see Lena.'

'Miss Lena——' said Jane, coldly. 'Oh, she's in the nursery.'

Marjory rushed off, too excited to notice Jane's tone. She had so much to tell Lena—she must find her instantly. Her only regret was that she had found out

nothing about the nice boy. She felt that news of him would have been more interesting to Lena than all the rest of her adventure.

'Lena! Lena!' she cried, bursting into the room. 'Here I am, and I've such a lot to tell you;' and she ran up to Lena to kiss her. It was good to be back again. Lena made no attempt to embrace Marjory, and Marjory, surprised, said, 'Why, what's the matter? You do look cross. Have the servants——'

But Lena interrupted. 'Sit down, Marjory,' she said; 'I want to talk to you.'

Lena had thought she was looking grave and severe, and to be told that she looked cross annoyed her all the more.

'Aren't you going to kiss me?' asked Marjory.

'I will kiss you when I know that you are sorry,' replied Lena.

Marjory sank down on a chair.

'You went out yesterday, alone. That is forbidden,' began Lena.

'I only went——'

'Please don't interrupt. I know where you went, sneaking and prying round the back of the Cottage. You stopped out till dark, not daring to return, and then pretended to be lost, so that you might be taken into *their* house.'

'Lena, I didn't,' replied Marjory, indignantly, quite taken aback by this onslaught.

'And who are they?' continued Lena. 'The father looks like a gamekeeper. I've seen him. And the mother——'

'Lena, what *are* you saying? They are every bit as good as us—and better, I shouldn't be surprised.'

'Oh, so they've stuffed you up with tales, have they? And did that girl—horrid creature!—dress up as a boy for you?'

'I don't know what you mean a bit, Lena,' said Marjory, hotly. 'If they are such very dreadful people, why did you go up and see Ethel yesterday? I know why. You think I'm too little and young to notice, but I'm not. It's just because you want that nice boy to speak to you, that's all.' And having bravely delivered herself of this rapid speech, Marjory sat still and waited.

Lena flushed crimson.

'Nice boy!' she cried. 'That nice boy wasn't a boy at all; he was just Ethel dressed up as one. A pretty way for any girl to behave.'

Marjory stared, speechless, not at all sure that she understood.

'Do you mean,' she asked at length, 'that there isn't any boy?'

'Yes. Didn't the girl tell you?'

'Ethel said she had been talking to you. Was she dressed up as a boy, then?' Marjory asked timidly.

'Yes,' replied Lena, curtly.

'And you thought she was a boy all the time? Oh, I do think that's funny!' cried Marjory, beginning to laugh.

(Continued on page 117.)

## THE SHORT CUT.

THE stepping-stones, the stepping-stones,  
Across the river cool!

We often crossed them as we went  
On Summer days to school;



The water rippled softly by,  
We loved to hear it croon,  
While tall green rushes bent and swayed  
On sunny days in June.

The stepping-stones, the stepping-stones,  
Worn smooth by Winter streams,  
A makeshift bridge in Summer-time  
Warmed by the sunshine's beams.  
We used to skip from stone to stone,  
With laugh and childish jest,  
Or paused mid-way to see the coot  
Upon her rushy nest.

The stepping-stones, the stepping-stones—  
When Winter floods were high,  
We could not catch a glimpse of them,  
However we might try!  
And then we went the long way round  
By muddy road and lane,  
And wished so much that we could take  
The short cut once again.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

### COWS WHICH GIVE NO MILK.

THE small town of Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, was noted for its dockyards long before it was famous for its regattas. Many a fine ship, destined to do fine things, came off the slips at Cowes. One of these was Nelson's *Vanguard*.

It was William the Fourth who gave its name to the Royal Yacht Squadron. So great an interest did this king take in it, that he designed the very buttons of the uniform. The members of the R.Y.S. have, amongst other privileges, the right to fly the Saint George's ensign, and to enter certain ports without paying harbour dues.

The place-name of Cowes has nothing to do with the useful animals we call 'cows.' It is a plural term referring to the two 'coves' (circular forts) built by Henry VIII., which should properly be called East Cove and West Cove.

The origin of the word 'cove' as applied to a building is not now known.

### THE HIGHWAYS OF THE WORLD.

#### III.—BOMBAY TO CALCUTTA.

FROM Bombay to Calcutta, that is the route that we are going to travel to-day, and as Bombay itself is thousands of miles away from England, it will be the end of one journey as well as the beginning of another. It is very appropriate that our travels across India should start at this great seaport, for it was the first acquired of all our Eastern possessions, the keystone of the Indian Empire:

'Royal and Royal-dower, I the Queen,  
Fronting thy richer sea with richer hands;  
A thousand mills roar through me where I glean  
All races from all lands.'

In these words Rudyard Kipling, an Anglo-Indian himself, describes the city, and we are reminded that Bombay is not England's by right of conquest or coloni-

sation or treaty, as is the case with our other Dominions, but that it became British territory when the little dark-eyed princess, Catherine of Braganza, married King Charles II. in 1662.

Bombay was only a small Portuguese trading settlement in those days, and the fortress of Tangier, which also formed part of Catherine's dowry, was valued much more highly, but before long the value of the Eastern possession was realised, and as years and centuries went by, it grew and prospered until it became what it is now, one of the most magnificent and wealthy of Indian cities.

We must picture ourselves arriving at the end of our long voyage from England at sunset-time, perhaps, or in the early morning, when the domes and minarets and tall modern buildings of Bombay stand out clearly against the rose-flushed sky. We have already had glimpses of the East, at Port Said or at Aden, and have seen the sands and sunsets of the Suez Canal; but this is the real Orient, and when we land and drive through the streets, we see graceful cocoa-palm trees, tropical flowers and blossoming plants, wonderful unfamiliar fruits, and all the sights and scents and sounds of a new wonderland.

The dresses of the people, too, seem to repeat the vivid hues of fruits and flowers, for 'all races from all lands' are indeed gathered together here, and there are Parsee ladies with green or blue or pink veils covering their smooth black hair, turbaned Mohammedans, Hindus and white-clad Europeans, Chinamen, and Sikhs, soldiers and Lascar sailors, and beggars in all sorts of gaudy and motley rags and tatters.

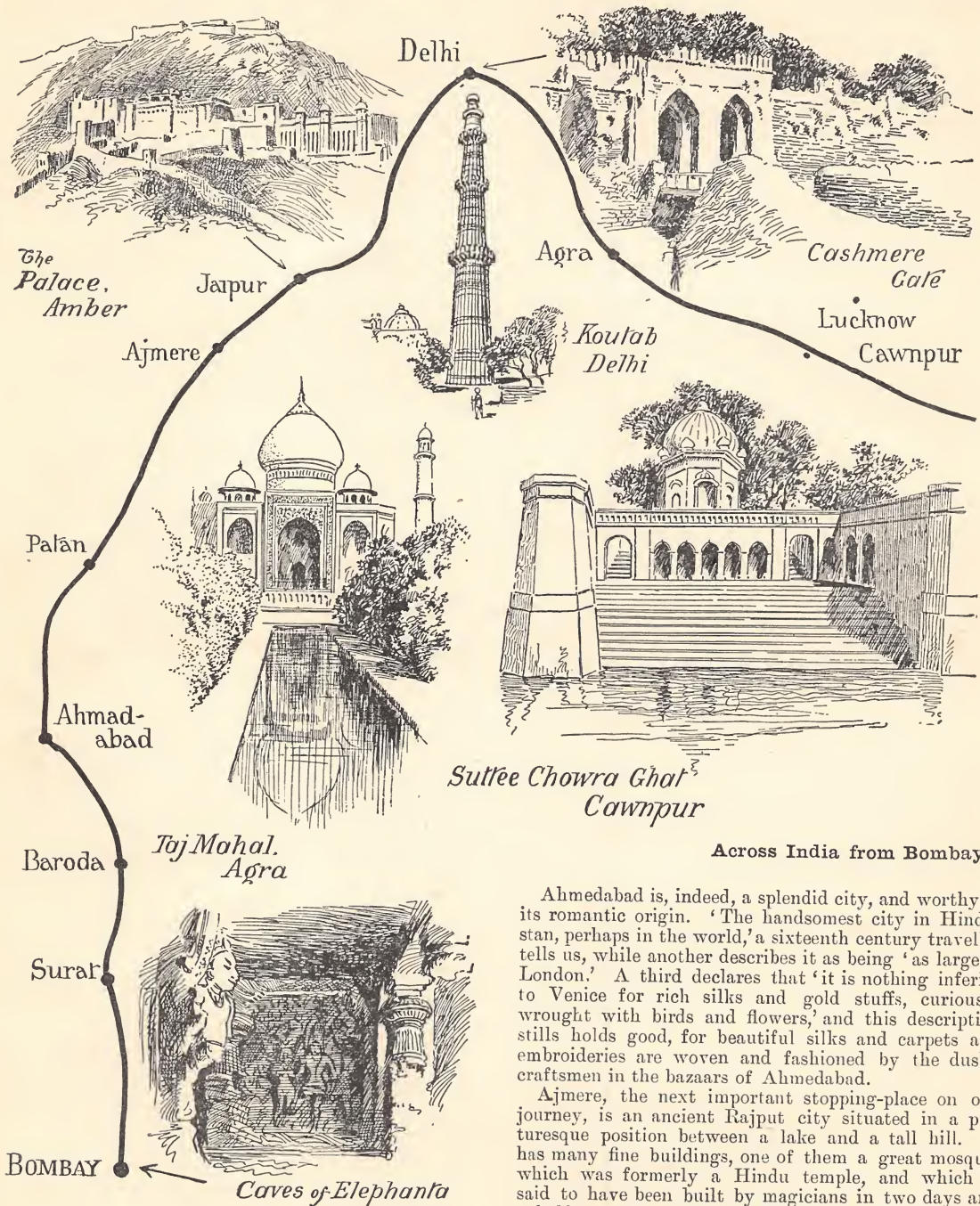
Bombay is situated on a peninsula facing a deep bay, in which are many islands. One of these, Elephanta, is famous for its great cave temples, where there are strange, elaborate images of Siva, Vishnu, Indra, and many other Hindu gods and goddesses carved out of the living rock. Most likely, at one time, these caves were Buddhist temples, and later were changed into Brahmin shrines.

Bombay is a great railway centre, and thus is a good starting-place for our travels, so we set out by train, and after passing Daman, an old Portuguese settlement, come to Surat, a town with narrow, winding streets, which has had an adventurous history, for it was sacked by the Portuguese in 1512, besieged and captured by the Sultan Akbar in 1573, plundered again by the fierce Mahrattas a century later, and finally taken by the English in 1800. Even then the troubles and disasters of this unfortunate place were not at an end, for in 1837 a terrible fire broke out, the traces of which can still be seen.

Baroda, chief city of the native State of the same name, is the next place for us to see. The ruler of this country, the Maharajah Gaekwar, as he is called, is one of the wealthiest and most important of the Indian princes. Among the treasures of Baroda are two cannons made of solid gold, and, on State occasions, these are drawn through the streets of the city by teams of milk-white oxen.

From Baroda we go on to Ahmedabad, the capital of Gujerat, which in olden days was one of the kingdoms of Rajputana. Later this country was conquered by the Mohammedans, and Ahmed—the second sultan to reign over the new dominion—built himself a great city and called it after himself, Ahmedabad. It is said that Ahmed was riding one evening at sunset-time





#### Across India from Bombay—

Ahmedabad is, indeed, a splendid city, and worthy of its romantic origin. 'The handsomest city in Hindustan, perhaps in the world,' a sixteenth century traveller tells us, while another describes it as being 'as large as London.' A third declares that 'it is nothing inferior to Venice for rich silks and gold stuffs, curiously wrought with birds and flowers,' and this description still holds good, for beautiful silks and carpets and embroideries are woven and fashioned by the dusky craftsmen in the bazaars of Ahmedabad.

Ajmere, the next important stopping-place on our journey, is an ancient Rajput city situated in a picturesque position between a lake and a tall hill. It has many fine buildings, one of them a great mosque, which was formerly a Hindu temple, and which is said to have been built by magicians in two days and a half.

There is also a beautiful royal palace, and here, after Ajmere had fallen to the Mohammedan conquerors, the Sultan Jehangir held his Court and received the ambassadors of King James I. of England.

A very magnificent monarch was this Jehangir, and on one State occasion we find him described by an

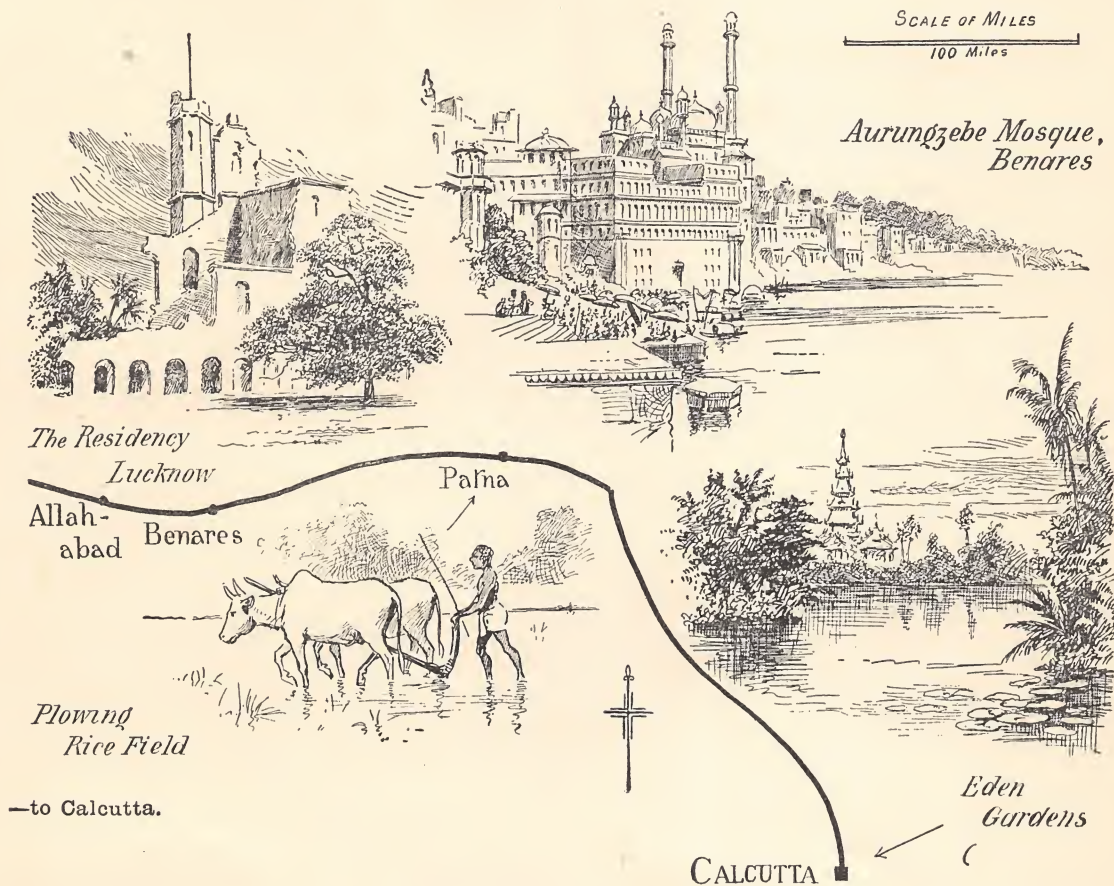
through the jungle, and, as he forded a river, he caught sight of a beautiful dark-haired girl drawing water. He fell in love with the maiden, who was the daughter of a native chieftain, married her, and built a city on the spot where their first meeting had taken place.



English visitor as wearing a turban with a heron's plume in the front, and on one side a ruby as big as a walnut, on the other a diamond as great, and in the middle an emerald much larger.

stride, we come to Agra, one of the finest and most famous cities in all India.

Akbar's Tomb, the Royal Palace, the Pearl Mosque: there are many wonderful buildings to be seen here, but



There are still marvellous jewels to be seen in the treasure-houses of many of the Indian potentates, and at great ceremonies they appear decked with priceless gems. In spite of this barbaric splendour, however, many of the rajahs and maharajahs are nowadays well-educated men and good rulers. A sign of the times is the Mayo College, for the sons of the Rajput princes, which is situated not far from the ancient city of Ajmere.

Our train takes us on now across a dry, sandy plain, which is very different to the tropical country nearer Bombay, with its damp, luxuriant jungles, palm groves, and mirror-like lagoons, and at last we reach Jaipur, a beautiful rose-coloured city, with pink-washed houses and a great palace built of red sandstone; then we pass Bhurtpur, which, a century ago, was so strongly fortified and so bravely defended that it was able to withstand four British attacks; and so, with another giant

the most exquisite of them all, perhaps, is the Taj Mahal, the 'Crown Lady's Tomb,' raised by the Emperor Jehan in memory of his favourite wife, Begum Mumtaz-i-Mahal.

We most of us have seen pictures of the Taj, and know by sight, as it were, the celebrated tomb, with its white dome and slender columns; but no picture or photograph can really do justice to the beauty of the design and workmanship, or to the lovely surroundings of gleaming water and dark cypress-trees.

It is said that Italian architects, who were employed at that time at the Sultan's court, had a hand in the building of the Taj Mahal, and that twenty thousand men worked at it for more than twenty years.

At Agra we must leave our main route for a while and go northward to Delhi, the city of the old Mogul kings, and now destined to be the new capital of the Indian Empire. The journey takes us over a tawny



plain, and not far away to the left—at least, not far as distances go in India—is Muttra, an ancient city said to be the birthplace of the god Krishna.

Muttra has been a holy city from very early times, revered in turn by Hindus, Greeks, Buddhists, and Mohammedans; and a Chinese pilgrim who came to visit its shrines more than fifteen hundred years ago, tells us that he counted twenty Buddhist monasteries and more than three thousand pilgrims.

At the present time Muttra is once again a sacred city of the Hindu religion, and in the district we find many legends of Krishna, legends which are strangely like those told of the Greek deity, Apollo. At one place on the river Jumna, for instance, it is said that he used to charm the beasts and reptiles with the music of his reed pipe; and another story tells how he slew a monster python which, by stretching its coils across the river, had altered its course and poisoned the water.

We reach Delhi now, a place with a long and strange history; but perhaps to us English the most interesting chapter is that one which tells of the Indian Mutiny, and describes how the rebellious city was besieged and attacked and captured.

Nicholson, who led the assault and died when victory was barely won; Hodson, who took prisoner and executed the royal murderers; and Bugler Hawthorn, who gained the V.C. at the Kashmir Gate. Delhi had many heroes in 1857, and it is only fitting that this city, which was gained for England at such a price, should be the capital of the new India.

We seem to be back in the anxious days of the Mutiny during this stage of our journey, for Agra had its adventures and its tragedies, like Delhi, and before long we come to Cawnpore, with memories that are even more sad and terrible; while away to the north, in the province of Oude, lies Lucknow, where the shell-riddled walls of the famous Residency can still be seen.

The stories of Delhi and Lucknow and Agra, however, had happy endings, but at Cawnpore help came too late, and the men of the little British garrison, together with numbers of women and children, were cruelly massacred. There is a beautiful garden now on the spot where the last survivors died, and a memorial over the well into which their bodies were thrown.

Allahabad, or 'the City of God,' for that is what the name means, is the next great town on our route. It is situated on the Jumna, and there is a magnificent railway bridge, one of the finest in the world, across the river.

Allahabad was built by the famous Mohammedan sultan, Akbar, in 1575, but right in the centre of the fort there is a relic of an older religion and of a still greater emperor. This is an ancient pillar on which is inscribed an edict of the Buddhist ruler, Asoka, who, two thousand years ago and more, reigned over India from Afghanistan to Madras, and who, after being nicknamed 'The Furious' in his youth, was later called 'The Humane,' or 'The Loving-minded.'

Every year, in December and January, thousands of Hindus throng to Allahabad to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges, which here joins the Jumna. But further down the river is a still more famous and holy city; this is Benares, and we will make it the next stopping-place on our eastward journey.

We have seen many strange towns already on the way across India, but Benares, which was celebrated in the days of Babylon and Nineveh, is the most

wonderful of all, and we seem to have been carried back through the ages for thousands of years when we pass along its narrow, crooked streets and see the tangled mass of buildings—temples and tombs and chapels—which line the river-banks.

Great flights of steps lead down to the sacred water, and these are crowded with pilgrim bathers, while the fragrance of the jasmine flowers offered at the shrines mingles with the perfume of incense, the acrid smell of wood smoke, the scents of spice and musk, and all the other strange nameless odours of an Eastern city.

The Hindus believe that any one who dies at Benares goes straight to Paradise, so it is no wonder that they throng into the holy place, while the ashes of those already dead are brought here by their friends and cast into the purifying waters of 'Mother Ganges.'

On we go now, along the course of the river, to Patna, which at one time was the capital of Asoka's mighty empire, and then, reaching the delta, turn down the Hooghly and arrive at Calcutta, the chief town of Bengal, and, at present, the capital of India.

The first British settlement at Calcutta was founded in the seventeenth century, but it did not become the seat of Government until a hundred years later. It is quite a modern place, therefore, when compared with Delhi, Ajmere, or Benares, but in its short career of less than three centuries it has become a great and prosperous city, one of the most wealthy and important in the world.

Here we must bring our long journey to an end, for this is the terminus of the railway, and although we are still a long way from the sea, large ships come up the Hooghly. Perhaps one of them is waiting to take us down the Bay of Bengal, and either westward to England, or on to the East in search of new wonders and new adventures.

## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Continued from page 99.)

FOR a long time—hours it seemed—I lay there, stiff and silent, in the black shadow of the boulder, straining my ears to catch the hoarse rustle of the whispered words, but, at last, the conclave came to an end. The pirate captain rose to his feet, a huge dark figure against the silver sea, and stretched his arms with a yawn that showed the gleam of strong, sharp teeth.

'We had best get some rest, comrades,' he said, 'for there is rough work ahead of us to-day, mayhap many hard blows to be struck.'

With this he swung a great cloak over his shoulders and threw himself down on a space of smooth sand. The other two men followed his example—most of the pirates were already snoring—and peace, of a sort, settled down on the encampment. It was a warlike peace, however, for the captive clerk moaned continually and chafed against his bonds, and the dying flames of the drift-wood fire flickered on bright dagger-hits and sword-blades.

As for me, I still kept motionless for a time, afraid lest an unwary breath might betray my presence, and then, when the restless sounds had died away a little,



and the snores were louder and more regular, I began to crawl, very slowly and cautiously, towards the cliff. Once under its shadow I should be out of earshot of the camp and able to quicken my pace and hurry in the direction of the town. High tide would be at seven o'clock in the morning, or thereabouts—I reckoned it out, counting the hours on my fingers—and the *Bonnie Bess* would weigh her anchor before that and sail past the beacon at the harbour mouth and out to sea. Truly there was no time to be lost.

'More haste, less speed,' that is an old saying but a good one, and another proverb has it that 'there is many a slip betwixt cup and lip.' Old Jean had admonished us children with these wise saws many a time, at home in the 'Corbies' Nest,' when we were over-eager and confident, and I had cause to remember her words now, for although I managed to crawl away from the rock where I had lain hidden without disturbing the sleepers, when I had gone half-way up the shelving strand and essayed to scramble to my feet, my sprained ankle gave way beneath me, and I fell with such a crash and rattle of loose shingle as, so it seemed, would have been enough to rouse the dead.

It certainly served to awaken the pirate crew, who, maybe, slumbered but lightly, as those do who are ever on the alert for coming danger. The men sprang to their feet as if by magic and grasped their weapons. Three or four of them ran towards me, for in the bright moonlight my sprawling figure must have showed clearly against the pale beach, and before I could struggle up I was seized by strong, rough hands, shaken as if I had been a rabbit, and carried into the midst of the encampment. My captor, a burly, bearded seaman, flung me down by the fire, which one of the other ruffians stirred into a blaze with his booted foot.

'Who is he? Where did he come from? What is his business here? Kill the spy!' These and other such-like questions and fierce exclamations I heard, and the red light gleamed wickedly on white teeth, rolling eyes, and the glittering blades of drawn knives.

Truly, I thought that my last hour had come, and I muttered a prayer under my breath, but as the flames gained power and they could see more clearly, the men's faces changed, and scowls gave place to smiles and grins of derision.

'A child! A boy! What means this, laddie? Why, he ought to be asleep in his cradle or in his mother's arms!' One man broke into loud laughter, and, indeed, it must have seemed a foolish thing to those savage, brawny pirates to find that they had been aroused and alarmed, not by an armed band, but by a white-faced boy of fourteen—a lame boy, moreover, who could not even run away or struggle for freedom.

The merriment spread until the whole camp was a-rook with mirth, but the captain took the matter more seriously, and silenced his followers with a harsh word of command; even a child has ears to hear, eyes to see, and a tongue in his head wherewith secrets may be betrayed. The man's face was dark and stern as ever as he bade me come forward and tell him my name and business.

I kept silence, partly because I was in no mood to answer the surly villain, and partly because, what with weariness and disappointment and pain, for the second fall had wrenched my foot cruelly, tears were not far from my eyes nor sobs from my throat. It would never

do to play the part of craven and a babe before my captors.

'Answer, boy!' My arm was seized and twisted savagely, but this only made me more stubborn, although, in truth, I had no secrets to keep. My silence, however, availed nothing, for the next moment a big, raw-boned lad, with a shock of red hair, pushed his way forward and confronted the captain with frowning insolence.

'Hold your hand, sir,' he said with a boldness that amazed me. 'We have no quarrel with bairns! I can tell you this boy's name, if that is what you want to know. He is Jock Drummond, laird of the "Corbies' Nest," as they call it in these parts, and he and I were school-mates in years gone by. Well, Jock, how goes it with you?' He turned to me with an outstretched, sunburnt hand—'Surely, you haven't forgotten Red Robin of Rowanside?'

I gasped, astonished beyond measure; but now, as the flames leaped upward once more, I did indeed recognise my old school-fellow, and seized his hand with a muttered word of eager greeting.

Robin Stuart, or Red Robin, as they called him, had been the bad boy of our school—a fellow who was for ever getting into mischief, leading his mates into wild pranks, leaving his lessons unlearned, or playing the truant. Many a sound flogging had he had from the dominie's cane, and—for he was a bold lad and always ready to defend the weak—many a fight had there been on the green patch of turf behind the school-house.

Robin was unhappy at home, we knew that, for his step-father was a hard, unjust man, and he had often declared that he would run away to sea. One day the threat had been carried out, and I had never set eyes on him from that day to this.

Truly Robin had got into bad company now; but although we had wrestled together many a time in the old days, there had been no ill-feeling between us, and I was glad to see him now, even if he had turned pirate since we last met. He was nearly two years older than me, and looked a man almost, with his ragged shirt and loose breeches thrust into heavy boots. His hair was redder and more shaggy than ever, and he carried a great knife thrust into a leather belt.

The pirate captain glared at Robin, but he let go my arm before he questioned me again. This time I answered, borrowing courage from Robin himself, and, facing the ruffian with what confidence I could muster, said that my name was indeed John Drummond, that my home was the 'Corbies' Nest,' and that I was on my way to the seaport town.

'Let the boy go—he is harmless enough—I will answer for that,' said Robin, and I began to think that I might escape after all, the pirates believing I had but been making my way along the beach when I slipped and fell. As luck would have it, however, I had left one of my shoes behind under the rock where I had played eavesdropper, and now one of the men caught sight of this and snatched it up with a fierce cry. 'Look at this,' he cried, thrusting it under the captain's eyes; 'the boy is a liar and a traitor, too! He was here before, listening to our talk, within a yard of us, and he was off to betray us when he fell. Let him deny it if he can, the young rascal! We'd best kill him, sir, and have done with it before further mischief is made.'

(Continued on page 114.)





"Three or four of them ran towards me."





"It seemed more delicious than anything I had ever tasted."



# JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.

(Continued from page 111.)

IT was useless for me to deny, when the fellow of the shoe was hanging by its strings round my neck, so I spoke up fiercely, losing my temper—as I am wont to do at times, having hot Scots blood in my veins—and told the pirates that I had indeed heard their foul plottings and would betray them all, and see them hang if I had my way. My life was in the balance again then, most of the men clamouring for me to be slain, but I was so angry that I almost forgot to be afraid.

The man with the scarred face—he it was who found the shoe—was among the foremost to demand my death. He drew his long knife from its sheath, as if to show that he would willingly play the part of executioner, and having nothing else to hand, began to sharpen its point on the leather sole of the shoe which he still held in his hand.

'If you take my advice, you will slit the young villain's throat, and that speedily,' he said, 'and the other traitor, let him die, too. It is never well to leave one's enemies alive.'

I shivered as I listened, for the knife was both long and sharp, but the very blood-thirstiness of the fellow saved my life. The captive clerk had crawled forward, and, hearing that his own life was in jeopardy with mine, began to plead for me so that his own skin might be saved.

'Nay, sir,' he addressed the pirate leader, 'it would be foolishness to kill the child, who can do no harm, and may be useful and valuable, too. Have you never heard of Drummond, of "Corbies' Nest," who went to the wars in Flanders, years ago now, and has never returned? This boy is his son and heir, and the mother, Madam Drummond, will doubtless be ready to pay a handsome ransom for his release. They say that there is much gold hoarded away in the old castle. Why should not you run your ship into the bay there, some fine, calm night, and take it for yourself?' Young Jock will be able to give information as to a safe anchorage and the best way to make an entry into the "Corbies' Nest."

I threw myself forward, with a protest on my lips, but suddenly a rough hand was clapped over my mouth. 'So you'd try to get away, would you, scoundrel!' a voice cried, and to my surprise I saw that Red Robin Stuart was the speaker. I struggled to free myself, but he gripped me more strongly than ever, and then, stooping close, managed to whisper a few words into my ear. 'Be quiet, you young fool,' he muttered; 'do you want to have Black Simon's dagger in your gullet? Let them take you prisoner and carry you off on board the *Santa Maria*. It's your only chance.'

## CHAPTER IV.

For several minutes the scowling, black-browed pirate captain considered my fate, and I stood before him, stiff and speechless in Red Robin's strong grip, trying to show a bold front, although all the time, if the truth must be told, my heart was thumping and my hair seemed to stir and prick on my head with fear and suspense.

In the end the man turned away with a grunt and a

shrug of his heavy shoulders. 'Let the boy live, then,' was the curt order he gave to his crew, and I think that it was the caiff clerk's suggestion that a rich ransom might be paid for my release that made him spare my life, rather than any thought of mercy. He turned again the next moment and gave me a cruel buffet on the side of the head with his horny hand which almost sent me sprawling again.

'Take that,' he said, 'and harder knocks still will be served out to you if there is disobedience or defiance. Bind the young rascal, you men, and see to it that the knots be secure. I will have no more spying and treachery in my camp.'

Two of the seafarers laid hold of me then, and tied me up with cords in such a manner that I could not move, and found it difficult enough even to breathe. This done, they left me lying on a hard bed of shingle and returned to their own resting-places. It still wanted several hours to daybreak, for, although it has taken long to tell my story, the happening of it was only a short matter.

I was left alone with my pains and miserable thoughts, but after a time, when peace had fallen again and there were no sounds to be heard but the lapping of waves on the rocks far away beyond the stretch of wet sand, and the snores of the pirates, Robin Stuart came creeping to me and loosened my ropes a little so that they no longer cut into my wrists and ankles.

I murmured a few words of thanks, but once more his hand was on my mouth enjoining silence. I jerked it aside and managed to whisper 'Water,' for my throat was parched, and I felt as if I would almost have given my life for a cooling drink.

Robin crawled away again, dragging and wriggling his long body noiselessly over the sand and loose stones, and, in a while, he returned in like fashion with a leather bottle slung round his neck.

Raising my head with clumsiness, he held this to my lips, and although the water was warm and brackish, besides being tainted with the tang of leather, it seemed more delicious than anything I had ever tasted in my life before. After that I fell asleep, in spite of my many aches and bruises, and did not awaken until I was kicked roughly in the ribs some hours later by a heavily booted foot, and then picked up, as easily as if I had been a bale of stolen merchandise, and carried down the beach to where a boat, rowed by four more ruffians, swung on the rising tide.

The man who had brought me flung me down into the boat, where the clerk was already lying, and then, with a great clamour of shouting and swearing and quarrelling, the pirates tumbled aboard and were rowed out to where their ship showed in the distance, beautiful as a fairy picture against the pearly sky of dawn, with every spar and sail-edge touched with the golden beams of the rising sun.

The *Santa Maria* looked less lovesome, however, when seen at close quarters, for the hull badly needed a coat of paint or tar, and the canvas was patched and discoloured. Moreover, the dark, sullen faces of the crew, who glared at us over the high bulwark as we approached, were no ornament to the vessel.

There must have been nigh upon fifty men on board the ship that voyage, for only a quarter of their number had gone ashore with the captain to spy and forage, and now there were to be seen black faces and yellow, cropped heads and wild elf-locks, and garments so



motley that it seemed as if some strange pageant must be afoot.

A gallant's plumed hat surmounted the charcoal-black face of a negro from the Indies, and a monk's cowl was pulled over the sandy head of a canny Scot. The men were all alike, however, in being fierce and stalwart, and all were armed to the teeth. A more formidable and ill-favoured gang of rascals and cut-throats it has never been my bad luck to encounter on sea or land, either before or since.

(Continued on page 122.)

### DAME AUGUST.

**F**AIR August is a regal dame,  
Her brow is crowned with poppies red,  
For her the ruddy apples flame  
On orchard-branches overhead ;  
She bids the corn-ears change to gold  
In many a sunlit harvest-field,  
For her the gorse-flowers on the wold  
A wealth of fragrant incense yield.

Her robes are yellow as the corn,  
Her nut-brown locks wave in the air,  
The rose-flush in the East at morn  
Is rivalled by her cheeks so fair ;  
Her mantle is of heather-bloom,  
Its honied scent is very sweet ;  
And thyme-flowers, full of rich perfume,  
Spread forth a carpet at her feet.

She has no silvery blackbird-song,  
The nightingale has crossed the seas,  
But wood-doves coo the whole day long  
Among the leafy forest trees ;  
The grasshoppers are piping shrill,  
The brown bees hum a soft refrain,  
As over dale and over hill  
They fly to swell her minstrel-train !

MAUD E. SARGENT.

### THE LOVING CUP.

**I**T is said that the three-handled 'loving cup' was the invention of Henry IV. of France. While out hunting, he got separated from his companions, and, being thirsty, he stopped at a wayside inn for a cup of wine. The rather clumsy maid who handed it to him as he sat on his horse did not present the handle to him. In consequence, some of the wine was spilled over the king's white gauntlets.

As he rode home, he thought that, in order to prevent another such accident, he would have a two-handled cup made at the royal potteries. It was made and the king sent it to the inn.

When next he passed that way, he again asked for wine. This time the landlady lectured the girl beforehand, bidding her be very, very careful with his Majesty's cup.

Perhaps the maid was nervous ; anyhow, she held on firmly herself to *both* handles ! So there was still no handle for the king.

Then Henry saw that what was needed was a *third* handle.

According to the story, he remarked quaintly :  
'Surely out of three handles I can manage to get one.'

### SATISFYING CURIOSITY.

**B**ENJAMIN FRANKLIN, when travelling in Connecticut, which was noted for its curiosity, was accustomed on entering an inn to forestall the usual inevitable catechism by calling the family together, and announcing in a loud voice : 'I am Benjamin Franklin. I was born in Boston, and I am a printer by trade. I am coming from Philadelphia, and I am going back there at such-and-such a time. I do not know anything new. And now, my friends, will you tell me what you can give me for supper ?'

### LITTLE HEROES.

A True Story.

**W**E hear many stories of the wonderful courage and heroism of our soldiers, sailors, and nurses, in this awful war, and here is a story of the heroism of two little children that ranks with the bravest of the brave.

Doreen Ashburnham, aged eleven years, and Anthony Farrar, aged eight, are cadets of well-known British families. Their home is in the beautiful, lonely Cowichan Lake district of British Columbia, Canada.

On the afternoon of September 23rd, 1916, the children set out from home to fetch their pony, which was pasturing in a field a mile away. It was a lovely afternoon and they sauntered gaily along the wood-bordered road, unconscious of any lurking danger.

At a turn in the road they suddenly spied a great cougar couched on the bank ready to spring.

They knew well how terrible a thing it would be to fall into the clutches of so cruel a brute.

Doreen grasped Tony's hand and the two set off for home as fast as they could run. But they were no match for the cougar, which with a few lithe, swift bounds, was upon them. It fastened its claws into Doreen's shoulders and dragged her to the ground.

It would have been a very natural proceeding in a little lad of eight to have kept on running, but Tony, like a Red Cross Knight of old, went at once to the aid of his comrade. His only weapon was the bridle which he carried, and with this he laid on valiantly over the cougar's head.

This annoying attack made the creature so furious that it loosened its hold of Doreen and turned upon Tony. It viciously tore and mauled the brave little fellow and inflicted a terrible scalp wound.

In spite of his sufferings and the beast's deadly clutch he had presence of mind to call to Doreen : 'Run, run, Doreen ! Save yourself ! Don't mind me.'

But Doreen had no thought of leaving her friend in the grasp of so terrible an enemy. She struggled to her feet and fought the cougar with her small, bare fists, finally thrusting her elbow into its mouth to draw away the attack from Tony.

After a long fight with the brute, fiercely maddened by its taste of blood, she succeeded in injuring one of its eyes. To this fortunate chance the children probably owe their lives, as it was found later that the cougar was blind in the other eye. It drew off, and Doreen, half carrying the almost unconscious Tony, effected their escape.

Both children were very severely torn and bruised, and twenty-four stitches were required for the wound in the little boy's head.

Hunters at once set off in search of the cougar. It





"His only weapon was the bridle."

was located and shot. It was a full-grown specimen, measuring seven feet nine inches from nose to tail. The curator of the Provincial Museum mounted the creature for a Red Cross benefit exhibit.

Those who have gazed upon its strong body and cruel fangs have been deeply impressed by this story of heroism and devotion. Surely these children are 'of the stuff of which heroes are made.'





“ ‘Miss Lena, there’s to be an end of this behaviour of yours.’ ”

### THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of ‘Tiptail,’ &c.*

(Continued from page 106.)

MARJORY did not laugh long. Lena could not see any fun in it at all. To be made a fool of was not funny, and she broke out angrily: ‘Well, you’ll understand, there’s to be no more of that girl. I’ll

not have you speaking to her. Mother wouldn’t like it. Father will see that they are properly rewarded when he returns.’

Marjory was sobered instantly.

‘But Lena,’ she said, ‘Ethel is coming to tea to-day. I thought you’d be glad. I didn’t know about the boy, and if she had been a boy you would have been glad.’



Lena was furious.

'You asked her! And without my permission! Marjory, how dare you?'

'Easy enough,' replied Marjory. 'You are quite wrong, Lena. She is an awfully nice girl, and—and—well, she's coming. You'll see for yourself then.'

'And I say she's *not* coming,' cried Lena, stamping her foot again. 'You are a very naughty girl, Marjory, and you deserve to be sent to bed.'

'I'm not a naughty girl,' said Marjory, weeping. 'It's you that's so horrid. I do wish Mother was back again. She'd let Ethel come.'

'You don't know what Mother would do,' replied Lena; 'and while she's away you must do as I say. You can send the girl a note by one of the servants to say that you are sorry, but you find you've got to go out this afternoon.'

'But I've not got to go out,' sobbed Marjory; 'and it would be telling a great big story.'

'No, it wouldn't. It's just like saying, "Not at home," to people you don't want to see. Mother often does it. Heaps of people do it.'

'It would be a story all the same,' cried Marjory, 'and I won't do it—so there! You are a horrid, horrid girl, Lena. I shall ask Jane, and if Jane says Ethel may come, then she shall come, and I don't mind a bit about you,' and, still sobbing, Marjory went in search of Jane.

Lena felt exceedingly angry. Marjory had never in all her life dared to disobey in this manner. She never thought of disobeying. Lena's word was law. Probably this outbreak of Marjory's was the result of Ethel's influence. Most decidedly this girl was no fit companion for them. Marjory must be blind not to see it herself.

Suppose Ethel did come for tea, thought Lena, she would come dressed very shabbily, and would probably not know how to behave. Then Marjory would see. It seemed to Lena that this would be the easiest way of showing Marjory the wide difference between them. She would say no more. Ethel should come, as Marjory wished. It was not at all a bad plan, she thought, for at any rate they would be showing hospitality in return for the Draytons' kindness to Marjory, and perhaps that would be better than waiting till Father could give a proper reward.

Lena considered it all thoughtfully, and then decided to follow Marjory and forgive her, but as she turned to the door she was met by Jane, who entered angrily.

'Miss Lena,' Jane began at once, 'there's to be an end of this behaviour of yours. I've kept a quiet tongue as long as I could, but speak I will now.'

'Jane!' cried Lena in amazement.

'Yes, you may "Jane" me, in your haughty way,' replied the angry woman. 'If your mother was to turn me out this minute—which I know she never would do even if she were here—I'd have to speak my mind.'

'What can be the matter, Jane?' asked Lena, coldly.

'Matter! Matter enough! Here's Miss Marjory, crying fit to break her heart, all on account of you and your selfish ways. Where's the harm in the little lady coming for tea, I'd like to know?'

'Oh! That's it, is it? Miss Marjory has been telling tales.'

'That she's not, Miss. It's not in her to do such a thing. But I find her a-crying and sobbing before she's

been in the house half an hour, and you may be sure I'd find out pretty quick what was amiss.'

'Yes, you always spoilt the child; but when it comes to the point, Jane, I am mistress,' replied Lena proudly. 'Miss Marjory will do as I say, but I was just going to—'

'She shall have the young lady to tea, or I'll know the reason why,' Jane broke in hotly. 'You was not so high and mighty when you thought there was a boy in the question. Miss Marjory might have had her friend, and welcome then. And if you'll only think, it's your own fault as Miss Marjory got thrown in with these people. You went out yesterday, leaving her all lonely here, and it was only natural that she went after you.'

Lena tried to speak, but there was no stopping Jane, now she was once started.

'It's my belief,' she continued, 'that you went out, Miss, on purpose to see that young gentleman from the Cottage, which isn't a gentleman after all. You was finely dressed up. I saw your hat a-lying on the bed, and wondered why you should have put that one on, but I see it all now.'

Lena blushed and felt very uncomfortable. Whoever would have suspected Jane of seeing so much. If Jane knew about yesterday, the other servants probably knew, and they would all be laughing about it. Lena did not like it at all. She did not know what to reply. All that Jane said was perfectly true. Perhaps, after all, she was blaming Marjory too much. She *had* felt different when she fancied there was a boy in the question. What a foolish girl she had been to make such a mistake! But the mistake had been made, and since everybody seemed to know about it, her best plan would be to treat it as lightly and pleasantly as possible.

'If you go on in this way, Miss,' Jane was saying in a gentler tone, 'you'll never have no friends.'

'We shall not have friends here, Jane,' Lena replied; 'but when we are older and go abroad, or to London, we shall have plenty—and they'll be the right kind.'

'And where's the harm in the little lady from the Cottage? One person's as good as another, to my mind, as long as they behave.'

'Oh, well, Jane, let us say no more,' said Lena. 'I was really just going to tell Marjory that I had changed my mind when you came in. It seems funny to hear you lecture, Jane,' Lena smiled.

'I don't know, Miss, as a sharp word now and again does much harm. However, I'll go and tell Miss Marjory what you say, and then I'll make some cakes for tea.'

'Oh, that's right, Jane,' replied Lena, relieved to find Jane so easily mollified. 'But you go and do the cakes, and I'll tell Marjory.'

And Lena went off to comfort Marjory, while Jane, well satisfied, retired to the kitchen to work wonders for tea.

(Continued on page 127.)

## A NEW SOURCE OF REVENUE.

AN Emperor of China, was 'hard up' for money. So he summoned to him his Treasurer, and ordered that official to find him funds with delay.



The Treasurer hit upon a clever plan. Among the princes and noblemen of China at that time there was a curious custom. When about to appear before royalty they covered their faces with a piece of skin. Now in the imperial parks there was a rare and valuable species of white deer. The crafty Lord Treasurer—who must have been a born profiteer—got a law passed enacting that all the skin worn at the Emperor's court must be that of the white deer from the imperial parks, the use of any other kind being strictly forbidden. Of course all the courtiers hastened to secure pieces of this skin, which were sold to them at very high prices.

And in this way the Emperor procured the money which he needed.

## THE PRINCES OF THE EAST.

### IV.—SIR PERTAB SINGH.

SIR PERTAB SINGH of Jodhpur is one of the best known and most respected of all the Indian Princes. In 1895, when his brother, the Maharajah, died, leaving a young son, he was made regent, and ruled the State well and wisely for seven years. He then became Maharajah himself of another Rajput principality, Idar, but when his nephew died in 1911 and was succeeded by a brother who was only thirteen years old, Sir Pertab Singh returned once more to Jodhpur as regent.

Like so many of the other native rulers, this Prince is a splendid soldier, and has fought on the side of the British through several of the wars with the fierce tribes of the Indian frontier. He is, besides, a great sportsman, and there are many stories which tell of his wonderful bravery and fearlessness. It is said that long ago, when he and his brother were boys, they went alone one night to a lion's den and killed the lion with a club, which was the only weapon they had with them. Another story tells of how once, when he was riding after wild boars, the Prince was thrown from his horse and nearly killed. An Englishman who was with him congratulated Sir Pertab on his narrow escape, but the Prince only shrugged his shoulders and said: 'What would it have mattered if I had been killed? It would have been a good death.'

Jodhpur is one of the principal Rajput states. It is about the size of Ireland, and has had a long and warlike history, for the earliest known king was Abhimanyu, who reigned far back in the fifth century. When the Mohammedans invaded Hindustan the Rajput kingdom extended across the peninsula from Ajmere to Nepaul, and for a long time there was bitter rivalry and strife between the two great powers. At last, in a terrible battle which was fought on the banks of the river Jumna, the Moslem leader, Schab-ud-Din, was victorious, and then the Rajputs retreated into the desert lands of Marwar and built themselves a new capital. Later, the fortress city, Jodhpur, founded by Prince Jodha, became the seat of Government.

In 1818 the State came under the influence and protection of England, and, in return for certain benefits and privileges, the Maharajah agreed to furnish one thousand five hundred horse when called upon, and, if necessary, to employ his whole forces on behalf of the British Government.

This promise, made more than a century ago, has

been loyally kept by the rulers of Jodhpur, and, when the Great War broke out, the Regent, Sir Pertab Singh, not only offered the whole resources of the State, but, although seventy years old, insisted upon coming himself to Europe to serve with the troops. He and his young nephew, the sixteen-year-old Maharajah, sailed together with the Indian Expeditionary Force, and landed in France in the autumn of 1914. The Jodhpur soldiers, Rajputs themselves, like their brave old Prince, fought magnificently and distinguished themselves again and again, which indeed is not surprising, for they are a race of warriors, and there is a saying that in the sands of Jodhpur blades of steel grow better than blades of grass.

The land from which these brave soldiers come is indeed a stark, desolate country, the 'abode of death,' as it is called, and the name is well deserved, for the great desert stretches for miles, and the few fertile oases look like little islands in a boundless sea. At one time there were many lions and wild asses in this desert. The lions are now extinct, but other animals, such as bears, deer, wolves, hyenas, and wild dogs, still abound. The climate is very hot and dry, and in the springtime there are scorching winds and terrible sandstorms. Some districts of Jodhpur, indeed, are fertile and cultivated, but there is so much desert land that it is often possible to travel for hours without catching sight of a tree or a plant.

Jodhpur, the chief town of the State, is situated west of the Aravali Mountains, and is built on a great red sandstone rock which stands high above the level, barren plain. It is said that Prince Jodha was commanded to build his capital on this spot by a Hindu yogi who lived near by in a rocky valley. The site was not a good one, however, for all the water in the neighbourhood is brackish, and for centuries many of the women of Jodhpur used to walk to the ruins of the ancient city of Marwar to fetch water which was more to their taste; even now some of the more old-fashioned of the people distrust the modern water supply which supplies the city, and trudge out every day to the old wells.

The palace of Jodhpur, which stands high up on the summit of the hill, is one of the finest in India. Seen from a distance, it looks rather like one of the mediæval castles of England or Scotland, for it is strongly fortified, and has massive walls, battlements, and arched gateways.

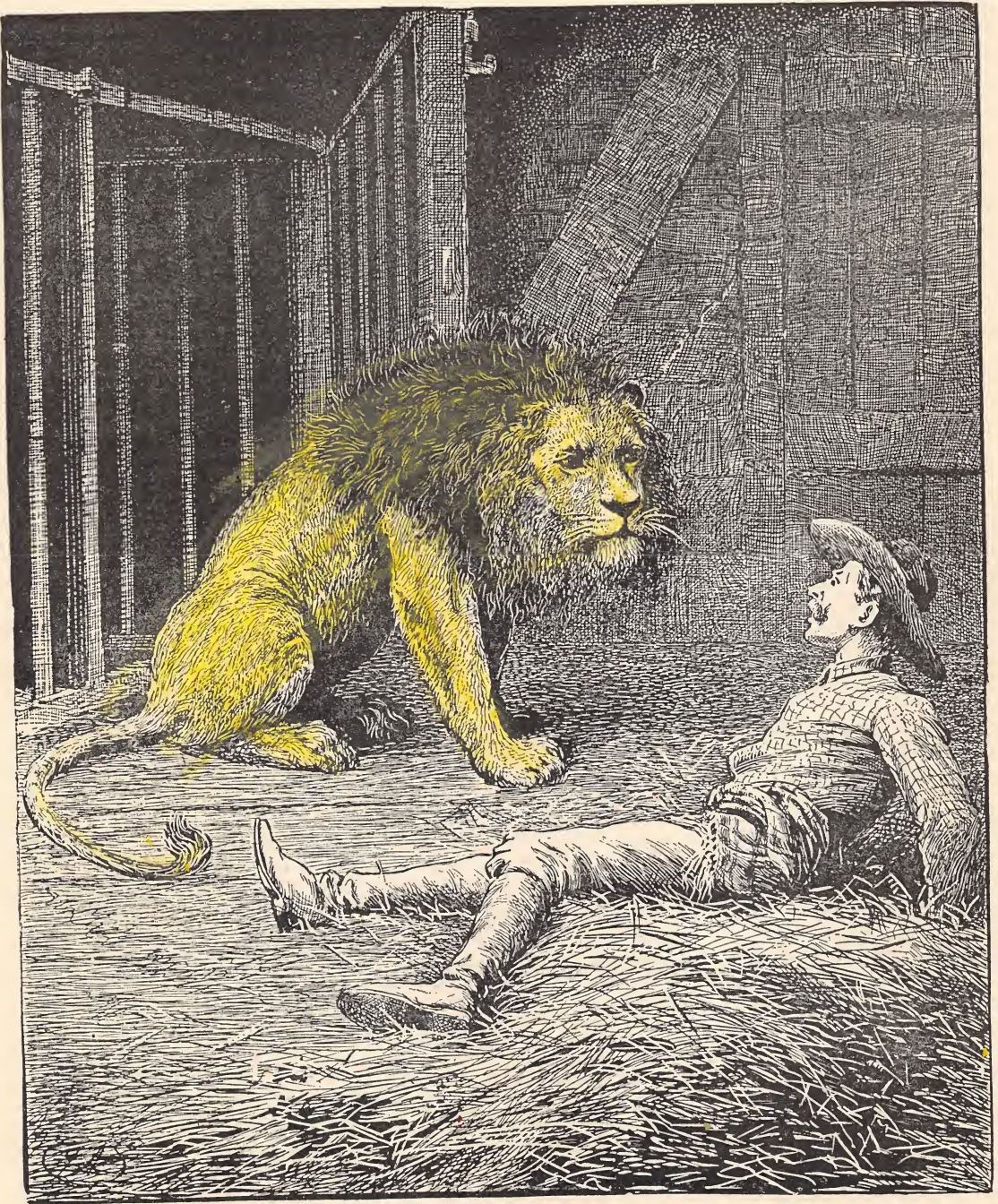
In the palace there are many wonderful treasures, the property of the Maharajah, and there may be seen great precious stones, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, long ropes of pearls, gold swords, and marvellous jewelled and embroidered trappings for horses and elephants. This glittering treasure-house seems to transport us back into fairy-tale times; but there are other and sadder relics of the past in the royal palace of Jodhpur. As we enter the arched gateway, we see on the wall a row of red hand-prints, and these are the marks made by the little hands of many royal widows, who, when a Maharajah died, thought it the highest honour to be burnt with him on the funeral pyre. Suttee, this was called, but now the terrible old custom, with many others, has passed away, for Jodhpur is under the protection of Great Britain, and has for its rulers educated and enlightened princes, who wish their people well, and are very unlike the fierce soldier tyrants of olden days.





Sir Pertab Singh.





"A lion sitting within a yard of him."



## AWAKENED BY A LION.

**M**R. CARL HAGENBECK, the world's most famous dealer in wild animals, relates the following exciting incident which befell one of his men—a trainer—whilst in charge of a lion which was being conveyed on the railway. The animal, which had been confined in an iron cage, was placed in a covered railway van, the man also travelling in the same truck. Lying down upon some straw, the keeper gradually dozed and eventually fell fast asleep, to be awakened presently by feeling a heavy weight pressed against him. Arousing himself, he was starting up, when he became aware of a pair of glittering eyes fixed upon him, and as full consciousness quickly returned, he was able to discern in the gloom the form of the mane and body of a lion sitting within a yard of him, and gazing steadily into his face. Evidently, through the jolting of the train, the fastenings of the cage had somehow become undone, and the lion coming out had caused him this startling awakening, which filled him with horror, until he suddenly remembered that this particular beast was of a docile disposition.

Pulling himself together, the trainer took a sash which he habitually wore around his waist, and, having fastened it around the lion's neck, secured him to the cage. In this alarming manner the two travelled for some time, until, the train stopping, he was able to obtain lights and assistance from the railway officials, when the powerful, but fortunately tractable, beast was once more lodged in his cage. You may be quite sure that the trainer saw that the bolts were all properly fastened this time; for although his fearful awakening by a lion had happily proved harmless, he did not propose to take any further risks.

## THE STORM-WINDS.

**M**ANY are the storm-winds which sailors and land-folk look forward to with dread. Perhaps one of the strangest of them all is the 'buran,' or snow hurricane, which comes across the great plains of Central Asia, or the 'Pamirs,' with an unexpectedness and suddenness that is startling. The sun shines bright and clear, and the sky is cloudless, but, all of a sudden, the air grows dark with great, dense, whirling snowflakes, and a hurricane of driving snow blots out the country, making man and beast quail under its violence.

Just as hot as the 'buran' is cold, and as deadly as it, too, is the 'simoon,' which is a suffocating wind blowing irregularly in Africa and across Arabia. It is caused by the intense heat of the parched sandy deserts and plains in those countries, and it scorches green things like a red-hot iron, so hot it is. Luckily, a redness comes into the air before the simoon approaches, and so its fatal breath can be avoided by falling on the face and not breathing as the simoon speeds past, driving the sand before it in clouds and twirling columns.

Almost equally as hot as it is the 'harmattan'—a dry, parching wind, which blows stormily on the African coast, between the Gulf of Guinea and Senegambia, during December, January, and February. While it prevails, a haze almost hides the sun.

Hot, also, is the 'kham-sin,' which is a wind sweeping along for fifty days in Egypt, beginning towards the end of April.

Most of the singular storm-winds in Europe are hot and very drying; and the one best known is the

'sirocco,' which is a hot, choking, oppressive south-west wind most felt in the South of Italy and the Near East. It is thought to be the same—but cooled a little by its blowing across the Mediterranean—as that which the Spaniards call the 'solano'; a wind much dreaded in the South of Spain because of the great heat, drought, and fine dust which it brings. But, indeed, the sirocco is experienced in one way and another in all the countries bordering the Inland Sea.

Among the cool winds are the so-called 'puma' winds of Peru. They are cool, but very dry, and wither the herbage. While they are blowing, the Peruvians wear a mask to protect the face.

Again, the 'pampero' is a strong south-west wind that blows with great force across the 'pampas,' or plains, of South America during the dry season.

Cooler of all such storm-winds is the 'mistral' that comes out of the north-west during the winter and spring months, and careers gustily through Provence and the South of Germany, nipping the vines and blighting the blossoming flowers, and causing ague and rheumatism.

But much colder is the 'boyar' wind. It comes out of the north from the great plains of East Prussia, Poland, and Hungary, and pours through Serbia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, Macedonia, and North Greece, during the months of November and December, freezing man and beast to the very bone, and covering the lakes and rivers with thick ice in less than a night.

In all Europe there is no other wind so terrible to face.

A. TEGNIER.

## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Continued from page 115.)

**N**O sooner were all aboard than the captain, who with the scar-faced man and he of the gold ear-rings, had mounted the poop, gave sundry orders in his loud, hectoring voice, and then the anchor was weighed and the sails set. There was a light breeze blowing from the land—methought that I could smell the savour of the gorse flowers and the peat bog as it fanned my face—and the *Santa Maria* slipped like a sea-bird across the smooth water.

When we were fairly off, a meal was served out to the men, and they crowded together on the deck, munching hard biscuit and dried meat, and drinking out of vessels that were almost as strange and varied as their garb. Some had beakers of wood, horn, or leather, such as the common folk use, others displayed fine silver cups, stolen, doubtless, from some church or castle, and one giant fellow, with fierce blue eyes and towlsed flaxen air, quaffed his wine from a golden chalice that was chased and bejewelled in such rich fashion that, although battered and tarnished now, it would not, in its better days, have disgraced a king's banquet hall.

Red Robin saw to it that I had my share of provender, but he gave it to me with such rough words and sour looks that I was greatly puzzled, and wondered how I had offended my old schoolmate. Later, I discovered, from a smile and a sly wink he gave me when no one was looking our way, that it was his plan to be my foe openly and my friend only in secret. I winked in return, when once his meaning was plain, for hard words



break no bones, and it mattered little how he spoke so long as his head and hands and heart were at my service. The food I was given, coarse as it was, tasted good to an appetite sharpened by sea air and many hours of fasting, and I ate ravenously. Robin had loosened my bonds altogether by this time, and no one said him nay. It was clear that the pirates thought that, now we were fairly at sea, I could do no mischief, and, indeed, might as well make myself useful on board the ship.

Breakfast done, a task of cleaning cooking-pots was set me by the negro cook, and I scoured busily, while the pirates, having little business of their own to attend to, talked or disputed together, or amused themselves in various ways. One played on some foreign instrument, and sang long, sad songs that seemed to have no end; two or three quarrelled over a game of dice in loud, angry voices; and others sharpened or polished their knives and sword-blades.

The breeze died away towards noon, much to the chagrin of the captain, who fumed and raged as he paced up and down the poop like a caged beast, and we were becalmed within a few miles of the shore. As luck would have it, the ship lay almost abreast of our own bay, and I could see the line of foam over the Wolf's Tooth Reef, where waves broke even in the fairest weather, and the castle of 'Corbies' Nest' rearing itself grey and gaunt against the blue, cloudless sky.

Once I even thought that there came a glimpse of little Mysie's white kerchief, as she clambered down the steep cliff-path to the beach, but it may have been only the flicker of a sea-gull's wing, or my own imagination and longing that gave a false keenness to my vision.

I tried to picture what was happening at home, and what my mother had thought and said when she heard Mysie's story of my escape, and I hoped that she had forgiven my disobedience, if disobedience it were. She had never forbidden me to go to the Low Countries in search of my father, it is true; but then it is also true that I had never asked her for permission—well knowing, as I did in my heart, that it would never be given.

The pirate ship must be in full view from the battlements, where doubtless Mother and Mysie would be watching on this fine morning; but, even if they told themselves that mayhap I was on board, they would not guess at the real character of the vessel, or dream that she was other than the peaceful trading craft that she seemed. I was glad that this should be so, for well I knew how it would have grieved my mother's tender heart, could she have known into what wicked hand I had fallen, and what deadly perils I had already been called upon to face. Even now, indeed, it was difficult to realise what had happened, and my own blood ran cold as I thought of what might be in store for me before I set foot on the threshold of the 'Corbies' Nest' again.

It was a beautiful day, sunny and warm and windless, more like midsummer than springtime, and away to the eastward a blue haze hung over the horizon, so that sea and sky seemed to meet and blend together. There was no other ship in sight, and I hoped that the *Bonnie Bess* had managed to get away to sea with the early morning breeze, and so would escape the cruel fate that had been prepared for her. My spirits rose a little as this thought came into my mind, and I planned how I would try to escape from the pirate ship when next she anchored near the shore. I am a strong swimmer, and would not have been afraid to risk life and limb if only I might have escaped from my hateful captivity.

After a while Robin loitered by, and, turning, flung himself carelessly down on the deck not far away, and, resting his head on the crook of his elbow, pretended to be asleep. A flicker of his left eyelid before it closed, beckoned me to his side, and I drew near to him, reaching out, as I did so, for another of the dirty cooking-pans that it was my business to clean. I rubbed away more briskly than ever then, and under cover of the noise Robin and I talked together. Lawless as he was, it was difficult not to like and trust Red Robin, and before many minutes had passed he knew all about my running away from the 'Corbies' Nest.' In return he told me many things, and explained why, instead of being an honest sailor, he was a pirate on board the *Santa Maria*.

'How came you here among these rascals?' I asked him. 'Tis a strange thing to find a lad like you taki' g part in such a venture. Know you not, Robin, that the *Bonnie Bess* is bound for a Dutch port, and is carrying money for our own soldiers of the Scots Brigade?'

'Our own soldiers!' Robin forgot his slumbers then, and raised himself on one elbow, his face flushed with anger until it was well nigh as red as the hair above it. 'Nay, nay, Jock, let me tell you this, those men of the Brigade are no friends of mine—but foes. This is a warfare between Catholic and Protestant, and my sword—although I have not one, as yet—is at the service of Queen Mary of Scotland and of her religion. The *Bonnie Bess* forsooth! Why, her name should tell you what she is. A ship sailing for that Queen Bess of England, who fights against our own good, beautiful queen, Mary Stuart, the fairest, sweetest lady that ever lived, and who treats her cruelly, and keeps her in prison far away from her own realm of Scotland.'

I gaped in amazement at this grand talk, for, in our old schooldays, Robin had known as little about kings and queens as I did myself, and had cared as little about them too. Queen Mary Stuart had been held in bondage for so many years, that we had almost forgotten that she was yet alive, and, besides, having an English mother, I never questioned but that Elizabeth of England, 'Good Queen Bess,' as they called her, was right in all that she did.

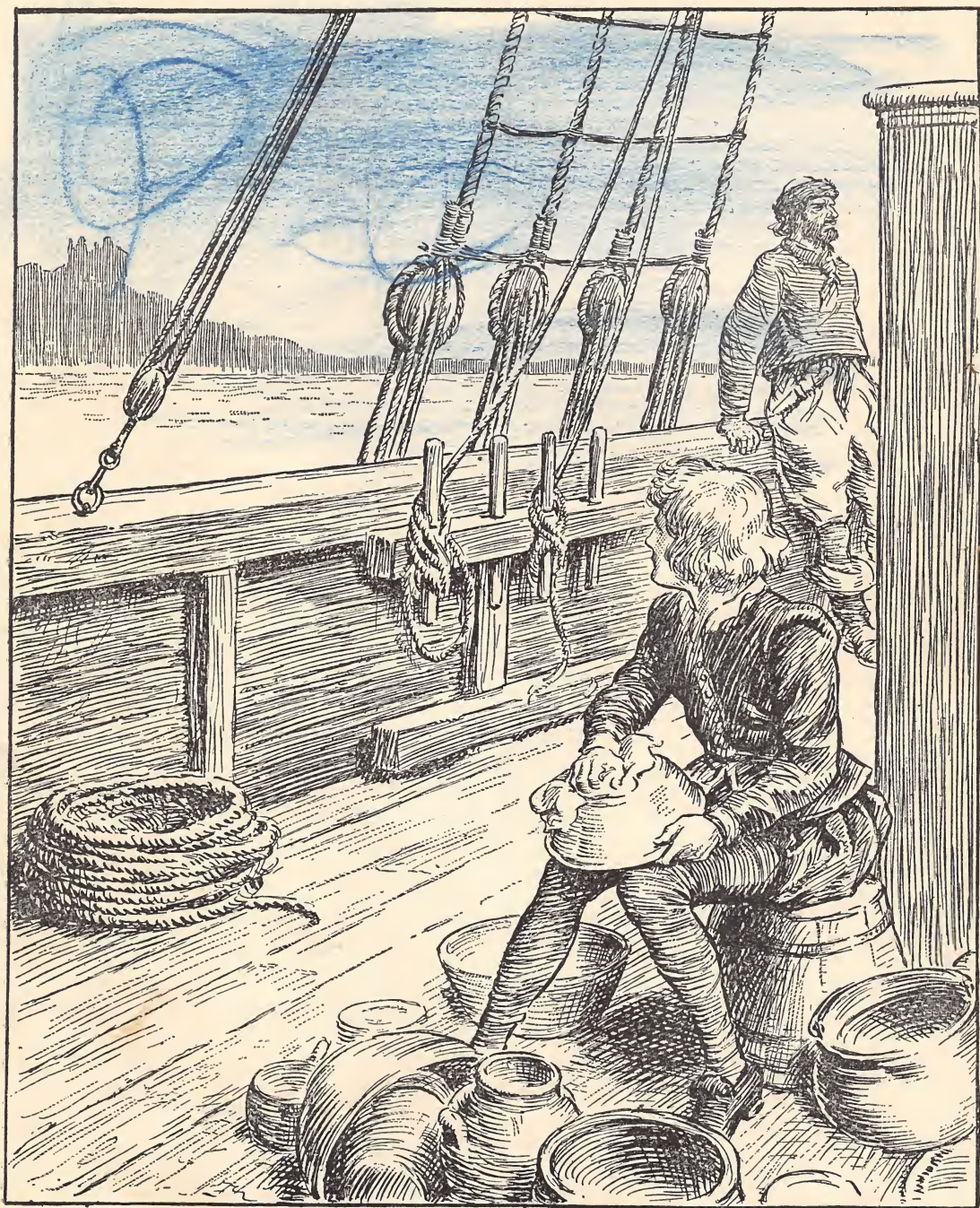
Red Robin went on speaking, his face growing hotter and his whispering voice more excited every moment. 'I am Queen Mary's man, and her enemies are mine,' he declared, and then he went on with his tale, and I learnt how, having run away from school, he had gone to Edinburgh and there had heard much, from a cousin of his, who had been wounded at Langside, about the beautiful Scottish queen, and how, in the days of her power, she had ridden through the town clad in velvet, while children strewed flowers in her way and brave knights pledged themselves to her service.

Robin, too, had been shown a picture of Mary, in which she seemed like a fairy queen for beauty and gentleness, and the boy, being hot-headed, had been enraged to hear how this lovely lady was held captive by her kinswoman, the English monarch.

Nothing would serve Robin then, but that he, too, must fight against the enemies of his liege lady, and so he hated everything that was English, and having got into low company in the courts and lanes of Edinburgh, he had taken service under the pirate captain, thinking that, if he could not fight for Queen Mary, he could at least fight against her enemy, Elizabeth.

(Continued on page 130.)





"I could see the castle against the blue, cloudless sky."





"She fell in with a shrill scream."

#### THE STEPPING-STONES.

GET up, girls! There are lots of mushrooms in the fields by the river—come and get some for breakfast!' cried Net Britwell, one August morning, as he

knocked on the door of his sisters' room at a very early hour, and Kitty and Nora jumped out of bed, crying gleefully: 'Right-oh! we'll be ready in a jiffy!'

'Do hurry up! You needn't wait to brush your hair



—come along with it in pig-tails—and you can have your baths when you get back, too—you're sure to be dirty after the mushroom-hunt in the wet grass!' replied the boy, and Kitty answered: 'We'll be as quick as we can—you might get the baskets while we're dressing.'

As the boy ran downstairs in reply to this suggestion, his sisters washed and dressed in rather a sketchy fashion, and speedily hurried to the yard, where their brother was standing with the baskets. He was a tall lad of fifteen, with bright blue eyes and a sunburnt face, and both his little sisters were devoted to him.

'I hope we shall get a nice lot of mushrooms—Father likes them so much, and we haven't had any this year yet!' said Nora, as they crossed the dewy fields behind their house, and went towards the river—a rapidly-flowing stream, which came down from the distant heather-clad hills.

Reaching the pastures by the water-side, they saw, to their delight, that the grass was dotted thickly with creamy mushrooms, which they began to gather eagerly, but presently, Kitty, who never stayed long at anything, glanced across the stream, and exclaimed pleadingly: 'Oh! look, Ned! The grass is simply white with mushrooms at the other side of the river! Do let us cross the stepping-stones and get them!'

'Yes, I'll help you over, but remember, kids, you are never to attempt to cross by yourselves,' said the boy, who always took great care of his little sisters. 'You know there is a deep hole just below the stepping-stones, and if you slipped in, you might be drowned!'

'Kids, indeed!' grumbled Kitty; 'you forget I'm nearly twelve!'

'Eleven in June,' corrected her brother. 'Anyhow, you're very small for even that, and you can't swim, so if you fell in there would probably be an end of you—even at your advanced age.'

'But I don't suppose we should ever dream of coming here alone,' said Nora, who was nearly two years younger than Kitty.

'I know I could get over the stepping-stones quite safely,' persisted the latter, and Ned replied: 'You are not to try; Father would be very angry if you did. Here we are—now I'll go first, and help you over, one by one. Take care, the stones are so slippery!' So saying he led the way over what was really a sort of causeway of large stones, raised somewhat above the level of the water; but here and there were large gaps, through which the stream foamed and rippled swiftly, even in this hot, dry weather. After heavy rain it often came down in a perfect flood, and the stepping-stones were by no means safe or easy to cross, but, as the nearest bridge was three miles higher up, many of the country folks took advantage of this way of getting over the water.

With the help of their brother's strong hand, both little girls safely reached the opposite bank, filled their basket with mushrooms, and returned safely in the same fashion, reaching their home, 'Ivybank,' in good time for Cook to prepare the mushrooms for breakfast, and their parents much enjoyed the treat provided by the children, who often went for mushrooms in the weeks that followed, and also gathered many a basket of blackberries which grew profusely along the banks of the river.

The holidays came to an end at last; Ned went back

to school, and Mademoiselle returned from her annual vacation in Paris.

She was not keen on country rambles, and cherished a firm belief that all cows, horses, and even sheep, were wild and dangerous beasts! Mother was busy just then, so the children could not get any one to take them in search of mushrooms, or other treasures, and one day Kitty came in from a chat with the doctor's little girl, and said discontentedly: 'Nora, Peggy Forham says there are still lots of mushrooms in the river-fields. Mam'selle hates coming there, I know, but I'll ask Mother if we can't go alone!'

Mrs. Britwell said in reply to this request: 'Well, dears, I have no objection to your going to get mushrooms, if you do not go far away. You may gather them in our fields, or in Farmer Gray's.'

So that afternoon Kitty and Nora set off, but on reaching the pastures they found that the mushrooms had been picked; a number of broken and slug-eaten ones and some stalks were all that remained, and Kitty said ruefully: 'What a shame! And just look! there are simply *heaps* at the other side of the river. I must just run over and get them!'

'Mother said we mustn't go far, and you remember what Ned told us about crossing the stepping-stones alone,' said Nora doubtfully.

'Oh, bother! It doesn't matter which bank we are on, and it isn't far!' said Kitty impatiently. 'Ned thinks we're never safe without him—he's nearly as bad as Mam'selle. You had better not cross—you do get giddy easily—wait here for me—I'll be back in a jiffy!' And she crossed the causeway safely, though she slipped once or twice, for there had been heavy rains lately, when the stones had been quite covered, and were consequently more slippery than usual, and below them the pool lay deep and dark and gloomy-looking. However, she contrived to get over the stones safely, while Nora watched her rather uneasily. Kitty soon filled her basket, and started to return, but unluckily, just as she was near the deep hole, some of the mushrooms fell; she tried to clutch at them, over-balanced on the slimy stones, and fell in with a shrill scream and a great splash, disappearing under the water of the pool. A moment later she rose spluttering, and managed to grasp at the side of the causeway, but found it impossible to raise herself out of the water, down which her hat and basket floated gaily. Nora ran down to the water's edge, but Kitty had the sense to know that her little sister could not get her out, and would probably fall in too, so she bade her run to a neighbouring cottage for assistance, and the child flew off, while Kitty, feeling very cold and cramped, managed to keep herself from sinking back into the deep pool till a man came running down at Nora's call, and dragged the child from her dangerous position.

A very crestfallen, dripping Kitty sneaked into Ivybank, and Mother ran to meet them in surprise and alarm, exclaiming when she heard the story: 'But, dear, I told you to keep near home. I never dreamt of your daring to cross the stepping-stones!'

'I—I know it was wrong, Mother,' faltered Kitty, hanging her head. 'And Nora tried to stop me, because Ned warned us that it was dangerous, but I thought he was just fussy, and I was sure I could get over all right!'

'You see, Kitty, older people know best about such matters,' Mother said gently. 'But you will be wiser in



future, so I shan't scold you, as you have had a great fright, and have lost the mushrooms into the bargain! Now you must get off those wet clothes, and have a hot drink!

And Kitty tearfully promised to try and overcome her wilfulness.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

### THE LEAF OF LIFE.

IN that wonderful country, Japan, where there are so many curious and interesting things, there exists, we are told, a plant which cannot be killed. Even when cut in half, it will thrive without warmth or moisture. A leaf of it pressed between the leaves of a book has been known to throw out roots and grow. Such a plant is well named 'the leaf of life.'

### THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 118.)

#### CHAPTER VIII.

BUT the wonders that Jane could work were nothing in comparison with what Lena could do when she chose. Marjory was all smiles directly. She was confident that Lena would like Ethel after spending an afternoon with her.

Together the girls made many preparations for their visitor, Marjory with a view to having everything as cosy and comfortable as possible, and Lena because she had determined to act the part of the grand but gracious hostess. Lena really thought that by doing so the social difference between themselves and this girl from the Cottage would be so strongly felt that the acquaintance would be brought to an end.

Accordingly she dressed herself in a white silk frock, putting on all the jewellery that her mother as yet allowed her: the gold chain with the little locket, one or two inexpensive rings, and a silver bangle, with tinkling coins attached, on either wrist. It was not much, and Lena wished it were more, but doubtless it would impress Ethel, and that was her aim. Marjory wondered to see Lena dressed up, but she made no remark: she was so content that everything was turning out so well.

All was bright in the nursery: the curtains were drawn to shut out the bleak weather, the heaped-up fire blazed merrily, throwing out nearly as much light as the little lamp with its red shade, which stood in the centre of the tea-table. Jane had set out the pretty blue china tea-set, and the table was laden with cakes and other good things to eat.

Long before Ethel came, Marjory grew impatient for her arrival. It was nearly four o'clock and she had not arrived; but Marjory had mentioned no special hour—she had merely invited Ethel for tea, and Lena, somewhat grudgingly, looked upon it as a point in Ethel's favour that she had not come early.

But Lena was not the only person with a determination to make an impression that afternoon. Ethel had also carefully considered how to act and how to dress, and she felt it would be better to arrive a little late rather than too early.

Marjory and Lena were both surprised when the door opened, and Jane, scrupulously capped and aproned,

announced 'Miss Drayton,' for they had heard no ring at the front door. Jane, too, had risen to the occasion, but it was with a wish to do honour to 'the little lady,' and not to impress her; and very glad Jane was afterwards that she had so well prepared for her.

Lena turned, expecting to see the familiar Tam-o'-shanter, short jacket, and shabby blue skirt, and was astounded to see that Ethel was wearing a beautiful brown velvet dress. She had taken off her hat and jacket before coming into the nursery.

Marjory rushed to meet her, but Lena, taken aback a little, rose more slowly. She would scarcely have recognised Ethel, and her surprise showed itself on her face.

Ethel stood for a moment half-hesitatingly, her eyes sparkling with fun, her face all aglow from her walk. She kissed Marjory warmly, and, with one arm round her, advanced to meet Lena. She was not at all sure how Lena would behave, and she waited for her to disclose her attitude. With her pretty frock Ethel had put on also her prettiest and gentlest humour, discarding for the time her more hoydenish ways. She, too, meant to be gracious.

Lena held out a hand, smooth, white, and delicate, of which she was very proud. The bangle on her wrist jingled as Ethel caught the hand in a good hearty grip.

'How do you do, Miss Drayton?' inquired Lena, very politely and a trifle distantly.

Marjory stared. Was Lena going to be horrid, after all? she asked herself anxiously.

'Oh,' replied Ethel easily, and smiling, 'don't call me Miss Drayton. I may be older than you, but there is no need for the Miss, if I am. Call me Ethel, please.'

'Oh, yes, Lena,' chimed in Marjory, earnestly; 'it is silly not to say Ethel.'

What could Lena do? She was beaten immediately on her own ground. She had meant to be graciously condescending, but Ethel took the part from her and was playing it better. All her former indignation returned, and an angry flush spread over her face, but before she could reply Ethel was saying, 'I'm afraid you are awfully vexed with me, Lena, about yesterday.' Then she hesitated a little, watching Lena's face. 'I'm afraid, too, you didn't want me to come to tea. I don't see how you could,' she continued, 'but little Marjory asked me, and I did want to come and apologise and make friends with you, so I said I would come—and here I am.'

In spite of herself, Lena felt soothed on hearing Ethel apologise so frankly.

'It was not a nice trick to play, was it?' she asked.

'No, I don't think it was,' replied Ethel, looking straight at Lena. 'Mother had tried to persuade me not to do it, but I wouldn't be persuaded. And it was funny, wasn't it, when she came and spoilt it all?'

'I didn't think it funny,' said Lena.

Ethel laughed, but it was a pleasant, good-natured laugh, and not at all derisive.

'Well, will you forgive me?' she asked, coaxingly. 'I didn't mean to hurt you, and I do so want to be friends.'

Once more she held out a hand, which Lena, feeling a little bit ashamed, took. She began to think that she owed Ethel more apology than Ethel owed her. There was no denying the fact that Marjory was right. The girl was charming and behaved beautifully. Lena saw the refinement and superiority in her, and realised how foolish she had been.

(Continued on page 135.)





"Jane announced 'Miss Drayton.'"





"One of the ruffians sat singing a merry tune."



## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,  
*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Continued from page 123.)

ALL this talk seemed to me foolish indeed, but Red Robin had always been a wild, feckless boy, and one who loved to stuff his head with tales of knights and fairies and great adventures. I tried to tell him that the quarrel in the Low Countries was between Dutchman and Spaniard, and that Scotland had naught to say in it, except that many bold Scottish gentlemen had gone out to fight for the poor persecuted folk who were struggling so bravely for Faith and Freedom.

Robin, however, would not listen to my arguments, and protested that he would rather be a pirate and Queen Mary's man than an honest soldier or sailor in the service of her enemies, and then he showed me a silver coin graven with the image of the Queen of Scots which he wore always on a string round his neck, and looked on as his chiefest treasure.

Truly it was a fair face that the picture showed, but my spirit was roused now, and, when it came to the matter of treasures, I had as good a one as Robin himself.

'Look you here!' I said, dragging the leather wallet from my breast, and meaning to show him the broken medal which was to prove my good faith to my lost father; but just at that moment, as luck would have it, the scar-faced pirate strode past, and seeing the wallet in my hand, he snatched it from me with an oath.

'What now?' he blustered. 'More spying and treachery! Back to your work, rascal; and you, Robin Stuart, what mean you by talking with the prisoner? Let me but catch you in his company again, and you shall have a whipping that you will not forget for many a long day!'

He seized Robin by the jerkin collar and shook him as a dog does a rat. Robin struggled and shouted, for he was never one to brook rough treatment, and the pirates crowded round to see what was afoot.

I was wondering whether to join in the fray myself, but before I could scramble up from among the scattered cooking-pots—for my injured ankle was still stiff and painful—there came a shout from the man on the look-out, and instantly Robin and his affairs were forgotten.

'A sail! a sail!' the cry rang out along the deck, and all rushed to the bulwarks and leaned over to see where far away in the distance a white fleck showed on the horizon. A faint breeze had sprung up while Robin and I were talking together, and now orders were yelled from the poop and the crew ran hither and thither busy-ing themselves with rope and sail.

The man with the scar thrust my wallet into his pouch, and hastened away to join the captain of the ship. As he went I saw him fingering the sheathed knife at his side as if eager for the bloodshed and murder that might be coming.

Robin got up and stretched himself, seemingly none the worse for the encounter, then, shading his eyes with one hand, he stared at the distant ship and told me, with a careless shrug of his shoulders as if piracy and sea-battles were commonplace things to him, that she would doubtless prove to be the *Bonnie Bess*, and that

being a speedy vessel, the *Santa Maria* would overhaul and capture her within a few hours.

I know little about the words and sayings that sea-faring men use, nor how to tell of the chase and fight that followed, in proper language, so I must needs write simply of what I saw and heard.

It is not an easy task, even to do that, for while some things are written upon my mind, as it were, in letters of fire, there was throughout so much noise and excitement and confusion that many events, perchance, are misremembered or forgotten.

The *Santa Maria*, as Robin explained to me, had a great spread of canvas, more than would have been required, had she been an innocent trading craft, and now, at the captain's shouted commands, every stitch of sail was set, so that full advantage might be taken of the breeze which now was blowing briskly off the land.

Such a hurly-burly and running to and fro there was then, but it seemed to me that the men went about their work sullenly, with none of the cheeriness and good-humour to be looked for in sailor folk, although their eyes gleamed and some of the dark faces wore greedy smiles as if the pirates were thinking of the rich booty that would fall to their lot, if so be that the *Bonnie Bess* could be overtaken and plundered.

The sun was still shining brightly—it was nigh upon three o'clock in the afternoon when the pursuit began—and the blue sea was aglint and a-ripple with dancing waves.

It was a gay scene, forsooth, but to me there seemed to be mockery and treachery in it, as if the sunshine and the singing wind that hummed so merrily through the taut ropes of the *Santa Maria* were laughing in derision at the grim business that was afoot.

Perhaps there is no sight in all the world more beautiful than a ship at sea, speeding before the wind and with the sunlight on her white sails, but I had no eyes nor thoughts for the loveliness of the picture then, as I crouched on the deck of the *Santa Maria* wondering if the folk on board the *Bonnie Bess* were yet mindful of their danger and wishing that I could wave a signal or shout a word of warning.

There was nothing that I could do, however, that much was plain, for now the pirate crew, with weapons ready in hand, lined the bulwarks of the ship, keeping their heads low, however, so that those on board the quarry might have no suspicion of the true nature of the pursuing craft. One of the ruffians, even—he who had played the music—sat astride on the rail plucking his fiddle strings and singing a merry tune, while Red Robin, whose flaming red hair and good-humoured grin gave him always a friendly look, stood at his side.

Truly, we must have seemed a peaceable craft enough, and it was evident that the *Bonnie Bess* had no fear of the ship which was overtaking her.

And then, suddenly, something happened. We were near enough then to see the men on board the *Bess* and I had noticed one of their number climb to the yardarm and look intently towards us with hand-shaded eyes. Perchance he had a keener vision than most, or it may have been that the level rays of the sun, which was now near its setting, glinted on the bright weapons of the hidden pirates. However that may have been, certain it is that his suspicions were aroused by what he saw, for he let himself down to the deck again with surprising swiftness, and there followed a hurry-scurry and busy hauling of ropes and rattle of sails.



Then the *Bonnie Bess*, with new sails set, fled before us like a white bird spreading its pinions, and we, our disguise thrown off, gave chase in good earnest. The captain of the *Santa Maria* shouted his commands, the crew sprang to their feet, a black flag, emblem of sea-robbery, was unfurled from the mast, and the scar-faced man hoisted himself up on the wide bulwark-top and stood there, clinging with one hand to a chain, while in the other he brandished the great knife which he had sharpened and polished with such skill and care.

It was wonderful indeed, that ship-hunt across the blue, dancing sea, and the wild excitement set my blood afire, so that I could almost have shouted with the rest, although I hated the pirate pursuers and longed with all my heart for the brave little *Bonnie Bess* to escape her doom.

On and on we went, but from the first, the outcome of the race was certain. The *Santa Maria* had the greater spread of canvas and many men to work the sails. Minute by minute, and inch by inch, we gained, until, as seafaring men say, a biscuit could have been tossed from one vessel to the other.

My heart beat so thickly then that I could scarcely breathe, but I managed to edge my way through the crowd, and clambered on to the bulwark at Red Robin's side. A plan had come into my mind, and I longed for an opportunity to carry it out. The two ships were almost touching each other now, and soon they would be locked together, for ropes and grappling-irons were already being prepared. When this was done I would contrive to make my way from the *Santa Maria* on to the deck of the *Bonnie Bess*, for surely it would be better to perish with friends than prevail with foes. I might even, boy as I was, have a chance of striking a blow on the right side.

(Continued on page 143.)

## THE REVELATION OF THE LOCKET.

THE following remarkable story was told by a Birmingham magistrate: A childless couple of Boston, U.S.A., wished to adopt two orphans from among the Belgian refugees. The lady felt especially drawn to a brother and sister who had lost both parents, so she and her husband adopted them. When the children arrived at their new home, it was observed that the little girl was wearing a locket. Being opened, it revealed the portrait of the lady's long-lost sister. The American lady had unknowingly adopted her own nephew and niece! Years ago, the mother of the children had made a romantic marriage with a Frenchman, who had afterwards settled in Belgium. But for the locket, the relationship would probably never have been known.

## THE LESSON OF THE BIRDS.

(From the French.)

THERE were once two neighbours who were very good friends. Each had a wife and family to provide for.

And one of these men said often to himself, 'Supposing I should die, or fall ill and be unable to work, what would then become of my wife and children?'

This worrying thought gnawed at the man's heart as a maggot gnaws the core of the fruit wherein it lies hidden.

The same thought had come to the other father, but

he would not allow it to worry him, for what he said to himself was, 'The Father Who knows and watches over all His children will take care of me, and of my wife, and of my little ones.'

So this man lived in contentment, while his neighbour was never free from care.

One day the fearful father, at work in the fields, observed two birds busily flying to and fro and in and out of a bush. The man went to the bush and peeped in. There he saw two nests side by side, and in each nest were some unfledged baby birds.

After that the man used often to look up from his work to watch the two mother-birds carrying food to their children.

But one sad day, as one of the little mothers was returning to her babies, a big bird of prey pounced down upon her and carried her off.

The man was very sorry. Now, he thought, both mother and children would perish, for how could the baby birds live without their mother? They were still too young to fly out of the nest and forage for themselves. 'And it will be just the same with my children when I am gone,' he said to himself, gloomily.

That night the man did not sleep, for his anxious thoughts kept him awake.

The next morning he went to look at the nest, quite expecting to find some at least of the baby birds dead. But no! they were all alive and well.

The man could not make this out. Presently, however, he heard a soft little twitter, and saw the mother-bird of the other nest flying towards the bush. The man, who had hidden himself, was watching her, and he saw her feeding, without distinction, the occupants of both nests. Thus the orphans did not suffer; all were fed.

That evening the doubting father told the story to his more trustful friend.

'You see,' said the trustful one, 'that God provides for His own, whether birds or men. Cheer up, my friend! If I die before you, you will, I know, be a father to my children. Should you die before me, I will be a father to yours. And should we both die before our children are old enough to support themselves, they will still have the Everlasting Father.'

## A HERO.

FREDERICK WILLIAM DAVIES was the only boy in a family of six. He was still young when his father died, and from the day of his father's death the boy took his place as husband (that is, *house-band*), and with his earnings almost entirely supported his sisters and his widowed mother.

When the Sailors' Home at Liverpool was on fire, Davies came to the rescue of some of the inmates, who had got out of the upper windows and were clinging there, with their shirts burning. An escape-ladder had been hoisted, but it was too short. No one in the crowd seemed to have any idea what to do, until the boy Davies sprang forward, mounted the larger ladder, and braced a smaller one near to its top, stave to stave, with his naked hands alone. Four men and a boy came down the ladder and over his body, thus escaping the death which a moment before had seemed inevitable. At one time a man and a boy were upon him together; of this moment he said afterwards: 'The shout of the crowd was so tremendous that I felt as if it were





"At one time a man and a boy were on him together."

shaking the ladder under me.' So great was the pressure upon the boy that his hands were all but forced entirely open. Had the strain lasted an instant longer his hands must have given way, and all three would have fallen and been dashed to pieces.

This happening was in April, 1859. The young hero's portrait appeared in a popular pictorial weekly, and a public subscription of about two hundred and fifty pounds was made for him. But his gallant deed was prompted by no thought of praise or reward.





"To hide his long ears his hatter advised him to wear large hats."

#### THE MILLIONAIRE DONKEY.

A Fable.

**O**NCE upon a time there lived a donkey who made a fortune on the Stock Exchange. He was not one

of those great financiers who lend money to kings and emperors, but merely a humble little millionaire.

His sudden wealth made him anxious to change his former habits and friends. He was not a snob at heart,



and he had no wish to hurt their feelings. By altering his mode of life he hoped to rid himself of them.

So he sold his old stable and built a pretty new one, with fine marble drinking-troughs, oak stalls, jasper food-racks, and bronze lamps. It was a perfect palace, and he never tired of admiring it.

He had always been called Neddy, and to change this homely name he added the place of his birth as a surname. His visiting cards were engraved 'Mr. Neddy of Coventry.' He thought his new name sounded like the title of some old feudal lord, or some celebrated general.

Mr. Neddy of Coventry invited all his old friends to a banquet, in the fond hope of surprising them with his splendour. He knew that they usually drank out of buckets, and lay upon dirty straw, so he thought they would feel quite out of place in his palace.

The bronze lamps burned brightly as his guests entered. He quite expected them to be ashamed of their bare ribs and rough coats, but the donkeys seemed to revel in the light and the stately rooms. Common thistles were not served at his table, but the guests were quite pleased with the more dainty fare.

The millionaire donkey got shocks in the course of the evening. His old friends loved to remind him of the unpleasant adventures of his poverty-stricken days. One old donkey remarked: 'Dear Mr. Neddy of Coventry, when you carried your heavy burdens to the mill, you never thought for a moment that you would be a millionaire one day.'

'Do you remember the farm where you used to help in bringing in the hay,' said another old donkey, with a very shaggy coat, 'and the heavy blows your master gave you whenever you tried to eat a mouthful of your burden? It's just horrible to have hay over one's ears and not to be able to get a single bite. But those evil days are past.'

The other guests brayed loudly at the jest, and thought as they looked at the beautiful stable, 'What a vulgar display our old friend makes of his wealth!'

'I hope your new riches may last all your life,' added a cross-grained, envious old donkey.

As Neddy listened to their spiteful remarks he thought sadly, 'So much for the gratitude of friends; when I give another dinner it will be to acquaintances.'

## II.

Wishing to break with his old friends, Neddy of Coventry resolved to travel. He first visited a watering-place, where he was warmly welcomed. He enjoyed himself greatly there. His surefootedness on the mountain paths made him very popular. Ladies loved to pat his neck with their soft, white hands.

His accomplishments were many. He told a good story, and he seldom argued. He sang tastefully. Billiards he played very badly, but so many poverty-stricken young lords were eager to win his money that his want of skill only served to make him a greater favourite. If any one sneered at him for being a *parvenu*, he comforted himself by thinking, 'I prefer the patronage of strangers to the malicious envy of friends. I don't count on the affection of acquaintances, so their ingratitude does not pain me.'

Being a philosopher, he knew only too well that a blow from a stranger's poignard hurts less than pin-pricks from friends.

When the season at the baths was over, he returned

to Paris, where he renewed his acquaintance with the friends he had made during the summer. In the morning he walked in the parks, fed daintily on the grass, and chatted familiarly with the horses.

Indeed, the other donkeys there mistook him for a horse, and remarked, 'What an ugly horse that is, he looks more like a mule!'

Fortunately Neddy never heard these unkind remarks, and was quite satisfied with his beauty.

As he kept a good table, many guests came to his dinner-parties. When he graced the theatre with his presence, people watched him before they applauded the actors. He was quite a leader of fashion.

But he was not happy. His vanity was flattered, but constant restraint made life irksome to him.

To hide his long ears his hatter advised him to wear large hats, which made him so deaf that he could scarcely hear his friends' conversation. He liked to go to bed early, but his new acquaintances kept him up until the small hours, and made use of his sleepiness to win his money at whist.

His gay life soon grew more irksome than the labours of his youth. He was always sad in the midst of mirth. His health began to fail. The doctors ordered him country air. So he hired a pretty stable some distance from Paris, and lived there very quietly.

But loneliness suited him no better than society. Rest only wearied him. He would have pined away if a fortunate chance had not given him a new aim in life.

## III.

Now a famous nightingale lived in a grove not far from the millionaire donkey's stable. The bird was not so rich, but he had a comfortable little fortune. His nest was cosy, and situated in a wood where many other nightingales made their homes. So he had plenty of society.

This famous nightingale was so vain that he was only happy when people praised him. Compliments paid to others he considered a theft from the honour due to himself. So he thought regretfully, 'I am very foolish to live in this lonely grove, where so few people can hear me. No other nightingale's singing is equal to mine. But it is hard to shine when I have so many rivals. If I were to stay in a place where there were only ungifted birds, such as hens and turkeys, the beauty of my voice would strike every one. Of course, cocks can crow, but they don't know how to modulate their voices. I will take up my abode at a farmhouse, and all men will pay a tribute to my genius.'

So he flew off to a farm a few miles from the wood. The hens were already roosting when he arrived there, for they feared the night air. They welcomed him very politely, but there was no heartiness in their greeting, and he thought, 'These good hens don't know who I am, but I will send them my card to-morrow, and I can fancy their joy when they hear my name. They will be sorry for having received a celebrity so coolly.'

The following day he sent the hens a card, on which was engraved 'Mr. Philomele Nightingale.'

He had added the last word in pencil, fearing to be mistaken for some other bird, though that was scarcely probable as the name of Philomele was so well known.

He waited two days before he visited them again; he did not wish to appear to force his acquaintance upon them, or to behave as if he had nowhere to spend his evenings.



The third day after his arrival, Mr. Nightingale sharpened his beak, shook his wings, put on his best waistcoat, his white gloves, and went to visit those hens whose admiration he coveted. He did not care in the least whether the lady who praised him was pretty or ugly. Flattery was such precious incense that it did not matter in the least who burned it before his shrine.

(Concluded on page 146.)

## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 127.)

IT was all very awkward and embarrassing; but the first steps to friendship having been taken, the girls felt better, and they sat down to tea in good spirits. Ethel talked incessantly, but never about herself. She held views on most things. Marjory listened with eyes wide open, and Lena wondered, silent for the most part. She had never heard a girl talk like this before: it seemed to her that Ethel knew everything. Birds, trees, flowers, animals—one subject led to another, and each was discussed with lively enthusiasm.

Lena's airs as young hostess were thrown away. Where was the impression that she had meant to make? Where was her talk of Mother and Mother's travelling, and the travelling that she herself would do in a few years? She had no desire to speak of these things now, even had there been opportunity, and she felt glad to think she had mentioned to no one her intention of making an impression on Ethel.

At last tea was over, and Marjory wished to play some games; but Lena, anxious to talk, said it would be more cosy to sit round the fire. She was curious to find out who Ethel really was, and when they were seated she asked her why she had come to live in such a quiet little village as Paston Regis.

'I don't really know,' replied Ethel, making room for Marjory in a corner of her big armchair. 'Father wanted some shooting, and I suppose he discovered that there was plenty to be had here, and so here we are. And very glad I am, too,' she added, as she placed an arm round Marjory.

'Glad, are you?' repeated Lena. 'But it's such a poky little place and dreadfully quiet. Whatever do you do all day?'

'Do? Well, there's as much to do here as in town, or anywhere. What do *you* do?' asked Ethel.

Lena hesitated. Now that she came to think about it, she wondered. 'I read, and go walks,' she said slowly.

'And eat and sleep,' added Ethel quickly, with a laugh. 'So do I. I mean work.'

'We don't work,' said Lena. 'We do our lessons with the governess, that is all.'

'Oh, you have a governess,' Ethel remarked.

'Why, of course! You didn't suppose we went to school, did you? No, indeed. Mother is having us educated at home. I should hate school, mixing up with anybody. Do you like it?' she asked, taking it for granted that Ethel went to school.

'I've not tried it yet, but after Christmas I'm going to school in Italy. It will be jolly, I think.'

'I wish Mother would send me to school,' said Marjory. 'I'm not like Lena: I like other girls. But Italy is a long way, isn't it? You won't ever see your mother.'

'I shouldn't see her for a long, long time. That would be horrid, I know; but you never can have everything, and think how glorious it will be coming home for the holidays—glorious!' and Ethel's eyes sparkled. 'Especially,' she added, 'if I have done all that I mean to do.'

'What is that?' asked Lena, who wondered how a girl could get so excited about school. She looked forward to the time when lessons would be put away for ever, and she would be free to go about with Mother, to dance, to dress up—in fact, be entirely grown-up.

'Well, that is my secret,' replied Ethel.

'Oh, never mind then,' said Lena, but Marjory urged coaxingly, 'Oh, do tell us, Ethel; we won't say a word to any one, will we, Lena?'

Ethel smiled. 'I don't mind telling you,' she said. 'I should like to tell some one. It's only that Mother is so often sorry that I'm not a boy,' here Ethel looked shyly at Lena, 'because, if I had been, she would have made a doctor of me. Well, I can't be a boy, but I can be a doctor.' Ethel paused.

'But doctors are all men,' said Marjory.

'Not all, Marjory,' corrected Ethel. 'I used to think that, till one day I read in the paper of a doctor who was a woman. I asked Mother if there were such people, and she said yes. So why shouldn't I be one? I haven't said anything to Mother, for fear I should fail. But I'm not going to fail. There! I've told you my secret. Now, Marjory! What is yours? What will you be?'

'I haven't thought,' replied Marjory, gravely; 'but if you are a doctor, mightn't I be a nurse?'

'Don't be silly, Marjory,' said Lena. 'You will never need to be anything. Father is quite rich enough to keep us.'

'Heaps of rich people do things,' said Ethel. 'I know plenty.'

'I've never met any who did,' replied Lena, rather haughtily.

'But I don't suppose you have met half the people I have,' said Ethel, quite naturally.

'Not met——' began Lena.

'Oh, when you are always travelling about, you come across everybody.'

'But do you travel?' Lena asked.

'Rather! That's Mother's idea of education: so many months abroad every year. It's just lovely! I've never had a governess. Mother has taught me everything; but now, she says, I'm getting beyond her. So it's Italy next.' Ethel grew quite excited. Lena was quiet.

'Then you won't be living here,' said Marjory, in a disappointed voice; 'and we shan't have you for a friend, after all.'

'Oh, yes, you will. It isn't Christmas yet, and we can write to each other. But see! I've talked and talked, and forgotten the time. I must go,' and Ethel rose from her chair, gently moving Marjory first.

'But we want to hear some more, don't we, Lena?' cried Marjory, who always appealed to Lena.

'Well, there will be plenty of opportunity,' replied Ethel. 'You will come and see me now, won't you, Lena?' she asked.

'Oh, yes,' said Lena, as Ethel stretched out a hand and said good-night.

(Continued on page 138.)





"Lena's airs were thrown away."





“How pleased the villagers always were to meet Ethel!”



## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 135.)

### CHAPTER IX.

AND now commenced a happy time for the three girls. Their friendship strengthened at each meeting, and they met every day. The mile of road which separated the two houses seemed to become shorter and shorter; it was nothing for them just to run up to the Cottage or down to the Manor House, yet at one time the distance had appeared great, at any rate to Marjory and Lena.

Marjory, especially, liked to be at the Cottage, for, if Mrs. Drayton was not busy, she could sit on her knee and love her, or be loved, as if she had her own Mother back again. What matter if Marjory was eight years old! She knew what was nice, and she knew that there was nothing quite so nice, in the whole world, as being loved.

Whatever Mrs. Drayton was doing—and she was generally busy—Marjory and Lena were always welcome, and they never felt that they were in the way.

'In the way!' Mrs. Drayton would exclaim smilingly, leaving her work to greet the girls. 'Indeed, you're not. You can come and help if you like.' And Marjory, delighted, would stand to have an apron tied round her so that she might cook and bake without getting flour on her frock.

Lena generally went off with Ethel, on whom she was now entirely dependent. She regretted many a time her previous foolish behaviour, and once she tried to apologise, but Ethel laughed it off and began to talk of something else.

They were great friends. Lena listened untiringly to Ethel's lively chatter, and gradually her haughtiness disappeared, because she had other things to think about. Here were people evidently quite as rich as her father, if not richer, and they thought nothing of it. That was the extraordinary part of it. Ethel never for a moment seemed to think that she was anybody particular, whereas Lena never for an instant forgot her own importance. She was Miss Lester, and it seemed to her that everybody knew it.

It surprised her to see how pleased the villagers always were to meet Ethel. Little smiling children said timidly, as she passed them, 'Good-morning, Miss,' and here and there a woman's head peeped out from a half-opened door, and Ethel exchanged a friendly nod with the wife of the baker or the shoemaker.

'Why do you speak to such people?' Lena asked once. 'Do you know them?'

'Some I do, some I don't,' replied Ethel. 'Mother knows them. Mother makes a point of knowing people like that, so that when they fall sick, or are in some trouble, she may help them. She says she must be of some use in the world; and, you see, they speak to me because I am my mother's daughter.'

Lena made no reply. It was certainly very pleasant, she thought, to be met with smiling faces as you came along; and if the good-mornings were a trifle familiar, the respectful curtsies made up for it.

'But,' Ethel went on, 'when I'm—what I'm going to be, you know, Lena, then I shall be adored because I am ME, and not because I am Mother's daughter. Won't it be just grand, curing people's dear little

babies! I say, Lena, why don't you be something, too?' Ethel was very enthusiastic.

'Me!' cried Lena, with a return of haughtiness in her manner. 'Whatever for, Ethel? I tell you there is no need.'

'There's no need for me, for the matter of that,' replied Ethel. 'I expect it will cost a lot of money. It's because there's no need that I want to do something all the more.'

The girls walked on in silence for a while, but it was not long before Ethel broke out again.

'I suppose, if you were a boy,' she said, 'you wouldn't think it so dreadful, doing things?'

'Dreadful! No. Of course, *boys* work,' replied Lena.

'And why not girls?' asked Ethel.

'I don't know,' Lena said lamely. 'I suppose because they mostly don't.'

'Mostly don't!' cried Ethel. 'They mostly do, nowadays. Oh, I wouldn't be idle for anything!'

'Mother did nothing,' said Lena. 'Besides, what could I do?'

'Well, what shall you do?' replied Ethel quickly. 'Stick here for years with that odious Miss Somebody—I'm sure she's odious, Lena—thinking of the time when you'll be grown-up and pretty? It will be horridly stupid. It's nice to be pretty, but that isn't enough. Just sometimes I wish I could be as beautiful as any one could be, and then I go and look at Mother. She isn't a little bit pretty, but somehow you don't think of that; and it always cures me, for I'd sooner be Mother than anybody I've seen yet.'

And so the girls talked. Sometimes Marjory was with them, but oftener than not she preferred to stay with Mrs. Drayton, to whom she confided that Lena was growing nicer and nicer every day.

(Continued on page 149.)

## HOW WE GOT OUR REELS OF COTTON.

ONCE upon a time nobody ever thought of making sewing-thread from anything else but linen or silk. Then Napoleon Buonaparte, in those days the tyrant of Europe, struck a blow at the silk industry of Hamburg, and caused the stocks of silk to be destroyed. Whence now were the threadmakers of Paisley to procure their raw material? It was, of course, impossible to get it from France while we were at war with that country.

'Necessity is the mother of invention.' At that time—1812—there were living in Paisley, two brothers, who in a small way made linen thread. Their names were James and Patrick Clark. Patrick it was who first saw the possibilities of cotton thread. Before his time, it is true, cotton had been spun into thread, but only into the sort of thread suitable for being worked up into cloth. This new Paisley thread was the *first cotton sewing-thread ever made*. At first it was sold in skeins, then in the more convenient form of balls. When reels (or spools) were introduced, the customer had to pay a halfpenny for the reel, and if he took the reel back, the halfpenny was returned to him.

The new industry flourished exceedingly, and now the famous firm of Coats turns out in the course of one year enough cotton-thread to reach from this earth to the sun—that is to say, there are ninety-three million miles of it. Thus Napoleon, seeking to do us an ill turn, unwittingly did us a very good one.



## TIT FOR TAT.

A GENTLEMAN staying at a fashionable seaside town went with a friend into a restaurant. They ordered two cups of coffee and some cakes. As usual, a dish of cakes was placed before them on the table, from which the customers might help themselves. Only one cake was eaten, yet in the bill *all* the cakes on the dish were charged for.

On asking for an explanation, the visitor was told that as the cakes had been ordered they must be paid for.

'All right!' he said, and paid instantly the sum demanded. Then he put on his hat, and, asking his friend to excuse him for a minute or two, went out. He returned very quickly, accompanied by the two dirtiest ragamuffins he had been able to find by the quayside. These urchins were told by him to seat themselves at the table and devour the cakes.

As you may imagine, they needed no second bidding. You can fancy, also, how angry was the manager to see such very dirty little boys in his fine place. He said that they must be off at once.

'No!' said the visitor firmly. 'They are my guests, whom I have specially invited to eat those cakes for which I have paid.'

Thus was the profiteering restaurant-keeper 'hoist with his own petard.'

## FEATHERED FRIENDS.

GOOD-MORNING, good-morning, dear shimmering starlings,  
Good-morning, good-morning, tits, thrushes and wrens;  
Good-morning, good-morning, brown sparrows—you darlings,  
Good-morning, good-morning, cock-robins and hens.

I'm home again, home again, home—see, I scatter  
Of tit-bits and bread-crumbs a bountiful share;  
Brown feathers I see, and I hear a sweet chatter  
In hawthorn and holly, and lilac and pear.

Come, tits—blue and bright as the skies are above you—  
Come, yellow-beaked blackbirds, to welcome me—come  
Come, little red robins, to chirrup 'I love you'—  
I'm home again, home again, home again, home!

LILIAN HOLMES.

## THE DANCING DOLL.

IT was through the making of toys that Wheatstone was led to his electrical discoveries. The author of the *Retrospect of a Long Life* (S. C. Hall) wrote as follows:

'One evening when I was present, there came to the house of John Martin, the painter, a young man, who greatly amused the party by making a doll dance upon the grand piano, and he excited a laugh when he said, "You will be surprised when I tell you it is done by lightning." The young man was Mr. Wheatstone, afterwards Sir Charles Wheatstone, F.R.S. In that doll, perhaps, the first suggestion of the electric telegraph lay hidden—the germ of a discovery that has belted the globe with an electric zone of a thousand-fold more marvellous character than that which Puck promised to put about the earth in forty minutes.'

## GOOD MANNERS ARE GOOD FRIENDS.

JAMES FLEMING—who was always called Jamie Fleeman—was perhaps the last of the Scottish family fools. He was born in Aberdeenshire in the early part of the eighteenth century, and became the professional 'fool' of several gentlemen in succession. But though a 'fool,' and in some respects an idiot, poor Jamie had flashes of insight and a ready wit. He had also a kind heart.

One day he came across a small girl herding a cow. The child was crying with hunger. Fortunately, Jamie had some food in his pocket, which he gave her. She was an orphan, but had now found a father in Jamie the Fool. Thanks to his small weekly allowance from the Laird of Adney, he was able to support and educate this girl, who grew up into a good young woman. On her wedding-day the fool behaved with great propriety, the only sign he showed of a disordered mind being his over-anxiety that everything should be done decently and in order. (A wedding in those times and in that country was a very elaborate ceremony.) Jamie need not have worried; his Mary did him great credit.

'Jamie, man,' remarked some one to him, 'the bride owes you much.'

'Her friends have paid it all to-day,' replied the fool. The other man looked surprised, and said he was not aware that she had any relatives or friends.

'Her good manners,' explained Jamie, 'are her nearest kin. Faith! they have not proved bad friends to Mary, I think.'

E. D.

## THE HIGHWAYS OF THE WORLD.

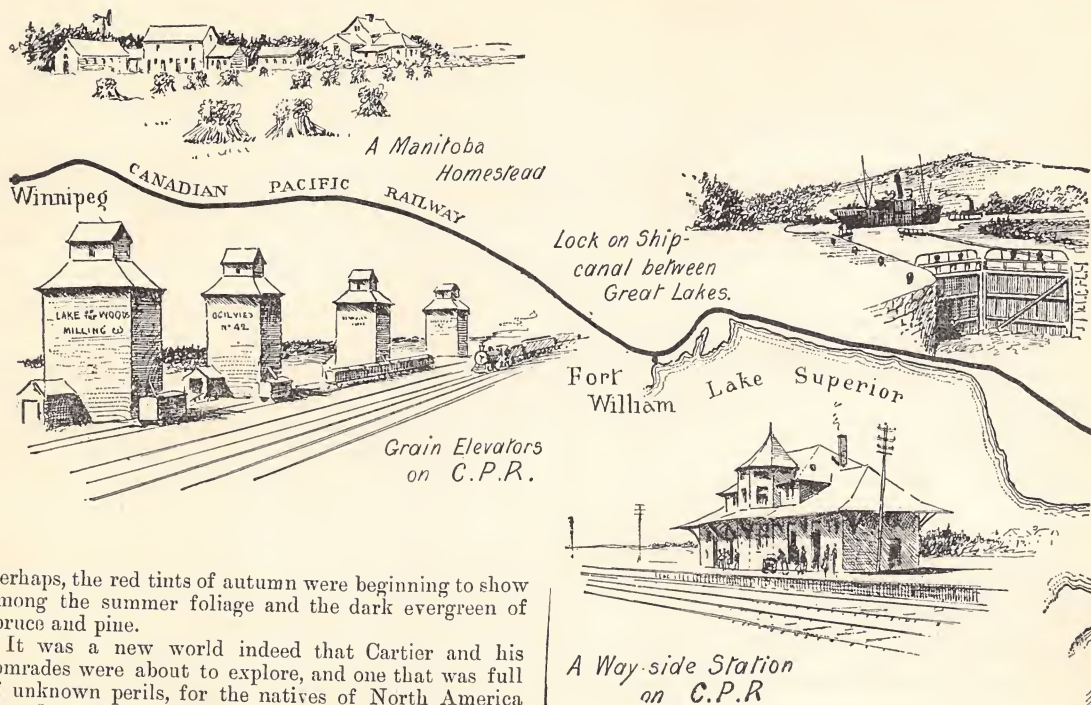
## IV.—ACROSS CANADA.

## PART I.—QUEBEC TO WINNIPEG.

ACROSS Canada! It is a long journey that we are going on to-day, a journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and before we can start on it—or, at least, before ordinary tourists can start on it—there is the Atlantic Ocean itself to be braved, with its storms and its fogs and its icebergs. We, however, are privileged travellers, who can escape all discomforts and dangers and delays, so we will make-believe that the voyage is over and that we are sailing up the great river, St. Lawrence, and have already arrived within sight of Quebec. It will be quite easy, too, for us to stretch our imaginations, which are very elastic things, a little further, and, skipping backward through the centuries, pretend that it is the sunny 10th of August in the year 1534, when Jacques Cartier, the French explorer, sailed this same way in his little quaintly rigged ship, and named the new river after the old saint, who, it is said, on that day had suffered his cruel martyrdom.

It is always a wonderful thing to visit a new country, even when we have heard and read about it all our lives, and we can picture those hardy adventurers, weary of their long voyage—for it took weeks, or even months, to cross the Western Ocean in those perilous sixteenth century days—crowding to the bulwark of the vessel and gazing out with eager, wondering eyes at the great expanse of water, that is more like a sea than a river, and at the forest-clad shore, where already,





Across Canada—

perhaps, the red tints of autumn were beginning to show among the summer foliage and the dark evergreen of spruce and pine.

It was a new world indeed that Cartier and his comrades were about to explore, and one that was full of unknown perils, for the natives of North America were fierce and uncivilised, savages in every sense of the word; and there were wild beasts besides—bears and wolves and panthers—in the great impenetrable woods that seemed to stretch away for ever over mountain and valley.

On that first landing, however, the Europeans were kindly treated when they landed here, at the Indian village which stood on the river-bank where we now see the streets and stately buildings of Quebec, and Cartier named the new land Canada, after that little cluster of huts and wigwams.

We come back again to the present day, for our ship is at a standstill—our voyage is at an end, and we are eager and impatient to land in the New World. The New World! Perhaps, at first, we shall be a little disappointed, for it is difficult to realise that we are not back again in Europe, and that Quebec is not some quaint old French city. We must remember, however, that it is nearly four hundred years since Cartier made his wonderful discoveries, and that for more than half that time Quebec was a French city and the capital of a French colony.

Times have changed now, and lands have changed hands, but the people of the old provinces of Canada have been allowed to keep their own customs and traditions and language, so that, although it is more than a century and a half since the English under General Wolfe captured Quebec, it is still a French city to-day, even if it is the Union Jack and not the Tricolour that waves overhead.

It is at Quebec that we start on the first stage of our long railway journey, and taking tickets by the Canadian Pacific Railway, set out westward for Montreal. Even now the old explorers seem to go with us, for there is Cartier River and Champlain, while the names of towns

and villages, Vacluse, Louisville and the like, the long, narrow fields and the gleaming church spires, remind us of the pioneer centuries of French rule.

Montreal, the first stopping place on our travels, is the largest and most prosperous town in Canada, and it is a port, too, for although a thousand miles from the sea, it, like Quebec, is on the St. Lawrence, and the St. Lawrence is one of the greatest waterways in the whole world.

The city of Montreal has had many names during its short history. There was first the Indian village, Hochelaga, that Cartier found on this spot; then Champlain, seventy years later, founded a trading post, which he called Place Royal; while in 1642 it was christened Ville Marie, by a number of devout Frenchmen who wished to establish a holy city in the new world.

Those early days were difficult and dangerous ones for the colonists on the St. Lawrence, for the Indians of the district were the Iroquois, one of the most savage and warlike of all the native tribes, and they fought long and bravely in their endeavour to drive the new-comers from their land. The little Ville Marie was a fortress then, surrounded by a strong wooden palisade fifteen feet high.

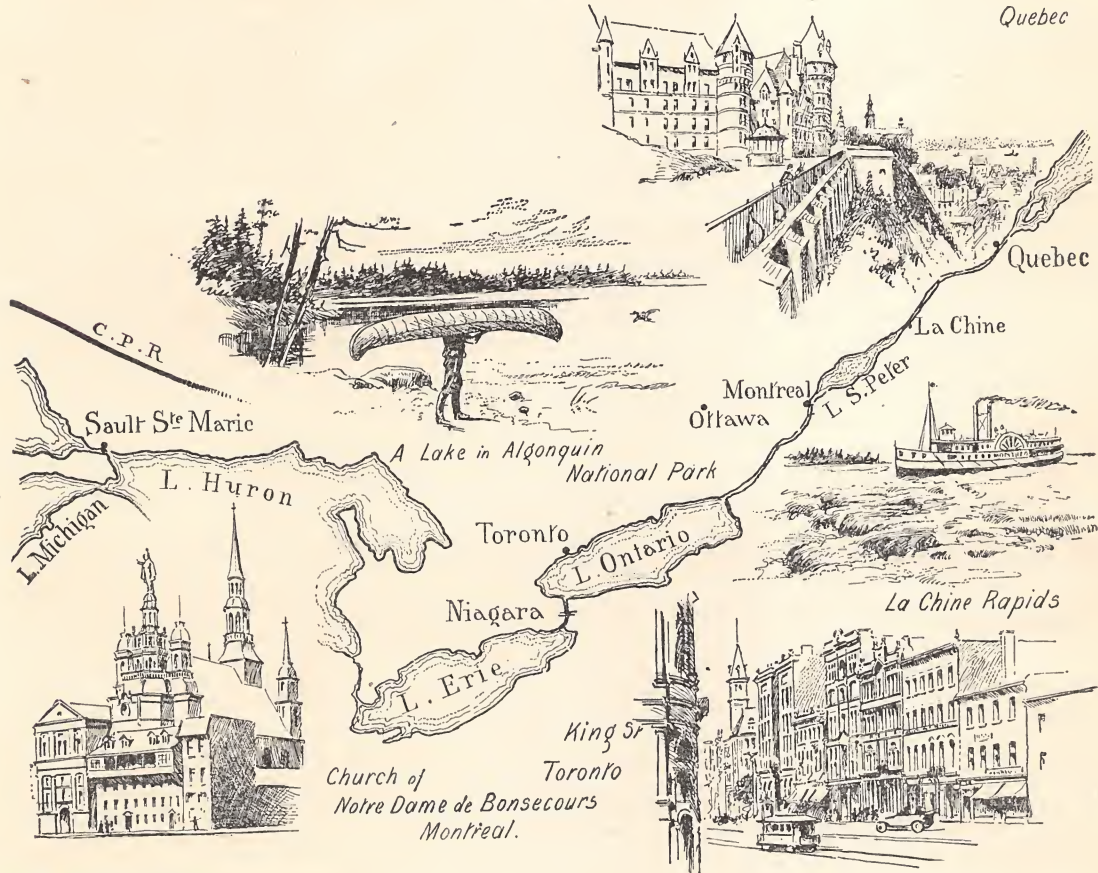
At one place on the St. Lawrence, when the European explorers attempted to land, the hostile Red Indians, led by their priests, decked themselves in their war-paint, and tried, with their hideous appearance, savage gestures, and loud war-cries, to frighten away the intruders; but at Montreal they used more practical methods, and again and again the settlers were obliged



to defend themselves against furious attacks. In the early eighteenth century the pallisade was replaced by walls and strong fortifications, but although these defences were proof against the Indian spears and arrows, they could not withstand more modern weapons, and a year after the fall of Quebec, Montreal was also captured by the English. It was the last city to be surrendered by the French; and, even now, more than half the inhabitants are French. We hear French

Montreal shows as one of the western cities of Canada, but we must start once more on our own journey towards the Pacific, stopping for a while to see Toronto, another great city—and an English one, this time—which is situated on Lake Ontario, and is the capital of the province of the same name.

Like the other cities of Canada, Toronto started its career as a little trading post, to which the friendly Indians brought their furs, and wampum and weapons,



—from East to West.

spoken by dark-haired, black-eyed men and women, and the street notices and advertisements are printed in the two languages.

Not far from Montreal, at Lachine, the rapids of the St. Lawrence are crossed by a great railway bridge, and then the river broadens out again into the Lake of St. Louis. When Cartier sailed this way he took this lake for the Pacific Ocean, thinking that he had already crossed the Continent of America.

'La Chine! La Chine!' he cried to his comrades, pointing out across the water, for it seemed to him that the unseen shore in the distance was China, and that, in his long westward voyage, he had come to the Far East at last.

The old explorer was very far wrong in his conclusions, as we see if we look at a modern map, where

and bartered these things to the Europeans for food and clothes, and manufactured goods. It is not easy to picture those early primitive days now, for the growth of Toronto has been extraordinarily rapid, the population has doubled and trebled itself again and again, and now, after only a little more than a century, there is a great busy, noisy city here on the lake, a rival of the huge American cities in the State of New York on the opposite shore.

We start westward again, but instead of keeping to the railway will leave it for a time, and go by steamer through the great lakes of Huron and Superior. These two lakes, together with Lake Michigan, are the three largest fresh-water lakes in the whole world; and, especially if it is a stormy day, it is quite easy to make Cartier's mistake, and think that we are sailing across



the Pacific Ocean. At Sault St. Marie we enter a canal which joins Huron and Superior, and then go on again, through the day and through the night, too, until in the early morning, under the great volcanic headland of Thunder Cape, our lake voyage comes to an end.

We take train once more at Fort William, a town situated at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River, which was an outpost of civilisation two hundred years ago and more, and which, having a good harbour, is still an important place and a centre of the trade of Lake Superior. Fort William! The name reminds us of the old turbulent days, when every new settlement was a fortress, strongly barricaded, and ready to be defended at a moment's notice against sudden attack, and when the colonists ploughed their fields and tended their cattle, gun in hand. The remains of the old fort can still be seen, but the warlike days are over now, and the few Indians that we see are peaceable folk enough, and more eager for commerce than for fighting.

We are bound westward, however, and every mile and every hour now will take us nearer to the great mountains and forests and prairies, of which we have read and heard, although, perhaps, hitherto the scenery may have seemed tame and disappointing, so that we have wondered sometimes whether we should ever really come to the true Wild West of our dreams.

Beyond Fort William, our train follows the course of the Kaministiquia River, and then we go on through a desolate rocky country where there are few towns or villages, as in Eastern Canada, but rivers and lakes, and miles of spruce and poplar forest. There are miles of swamps, too, and in summer-time the mosquitoes are as bad as those in tropical countries, which seems strange to us ignorant English people, who have got into the habit of thinking of Canada as a land of ice and snow, and seem to imagine that our friends and relations who live out there have skating and sleighing and snowballs all the year round.

We shall soon find how mistaken we have been if we travel from Quebec to Winnipeg in July or August, and see the green forests and the clear blue lakes, the largest and most beautiful of which is called the Lake of the Woods.

The railway through this district was very difficult to construct, as the swamps—or mosses, as they are called—had to be filled in before the lines could be laid. In earlier days still the route was often almost impassable, and months used to be spent on a journey which can now be accomplished in less than two days.

Even in 1870—less than fifty years ago—when Lord Wolseley went westward at the head of an army to put down a rebellion that had broken out in the new province of Manitoba, the soldiers were ninety-five days on the way.

Ninety-five days! And now the train carries its tourists and its emigrants from Toronto to Winnipeg in a little more than forty hours, while we make-believe travellers take even less time than that on our journey, and having already crossed the rivers, and sped through the forests, are within sight of our destination.

### TREASURE TROVE.

**J**IM FARQUHAR is coming over for Tubby's birthday, and to stay the night. He's a jolly good sort, so let us do something decent.'

The Blagrove boys were lying flat on their backs under the trees; racquets and balls left on the tennis lawn in the blazing sunshine testified to their recent occupation.

'A water picnic, of course,' said Hugh. 'There is nothing so ripping in this tropical heat. My word! I am hot!'

'Good man!' drawled Fred, lazily, as he rolled over and aimed a chestnut at his brother's head.

'Shut up!' said Hugh. 'It is too hot for ragging. Let us go on planning. We will start early, go over to Roxby, and bathe and boat all day long. We will hire the little sailing-boat from old Burgess.'

'I have it!' exclaimed Fred, sitting bolt upright in his enthusiasm. 'Wouldn't it be just topping if we could get out to the wrecked steamer, and explore her?'

'That's a glorious notion. Let's keep it as a surprise for Tubs,' said Hugh. And when Mrs. Blagrove asked what plans had been made for the birthday, the boys said promptly: 'A picnic at Roxby, and an extra good feed.'

The day dawned bright and cloudless. Jim Farquhar, a congenial spirit, had arrived on the previous evening, so as to be ready for an early start, and by eight o'clock the four boys were tearing along the Devon lanes to the coast.

Hugh had a side-car to his bicycle, which conveyed Tubby and two hampers of provisions. The other boys had also motor-bicycles, and the eight miles to Roxby were soon traversed.

Once arrived, they stored their machines at the one inn the little place boasted; chartered the *Nancy Lee*, and having stowed their hampers in her as she lay at anchor, they rowed back to the shore and repaired to their favourite bathing cove, for no picnic at Roxby was considered a success by the Blagrove boys unless it included a long delicious bathe from the brown rocks in the cove. All the boys were expert swimmers, and never had the still, deep-blue water proved more entrancing.

At last, as they lay full length on the warm golden sand, drying in the sunshine, and eating what they called 'a snack of sandwiches and cake,' the great plan was propounded.

'Absolutely topping,' said Jim Farquhar, who had already been starmg with longing eyes at the *Princess Joan*, disabled in a fearful storm a few months before, and stranded on a sand-bank a few miles from the shore. 'Is there any one on board? Are people allowed to go over her?'

'Rather not!' emphatically answered Hugh. 'That is the best of it; I mean that is half the sport. We shall have her all to ourselves.'

'Let's have our luncheon on board,' said Tubby, with an ecstatic grin.

'Good old Tubby,' scoffed his brothers, 'Always ready for grub.'

They boarded the little cutter-rigged boat, and soon were skimming over the water towards the *Princess Joan*. They made fast their boat to a rope hanging over the side; but Tubby looked in vain for an accommodation ladder.

'No fear!' laughed Hugh. 'Would they be likely to say "Walk in, please?" Besides, a ship at sea never has the accommodation ladder out; but I see a rope, which will do me nicely.'

(Concluded on page 154.)



## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &amp;c.

(Continued from page 131.)

THERE was a small cannon on board the pirate vessel, and this was now dragged into position and prepared for firing. I covered my ears when the gunner did his work, but the thunder of the discharge could not be muffled, and I saw the flash and smoke and the great hole that was torn by the ball in the mainsail of the *Bonnie Bess*. The shock of the firing set the *Santa Maria* herself a-quiver, and I was well-nigh thrown headlong into the sea, but just then the scar-faced man, thinking perhaps of the rich ransom that my mother was to pay for my release, seized my arm and tumbled me backwards on to the deck. I was stunned and dazed with the fall—for the hard planks seemed to hit my head on the very same bruise which the rocks beneath the 'Corbies' Nest' had given me, and for awhile I was dazed and stunned. Some one—Red Robin, I think it must have been—pushed me roughly into a place of safety behind some kegs and bales, and there I lay until my senses and my breath came back, hearing, as if in a dream, the hubbub of the battle that raged above and around.

When I had recovered somewhat, and managed to scramble up, the end had almost come, and the pirates were swarming over the deck of the conquered ship. Before long they returned, dragging with them those of the crew of the *Bonnie Bess* as had not been slain in the conflict. They were sturdy, honest-looking fellows, and their wounds showed that they had fought like lions before they were overcome and captured. As I leaned against the bulwark, feeling sick and giddy, I could see that the deck was littered with prostrate figures, and noticed that many of these were clad in the motley pirate garb. Truly it had been a fierce fight, and I knew only too well that the savage captain of the *Santa Maria* would have little mercy on the prisoners who had fallen into his hands.

They were to be dealt with at once, it seemed, for the pirate captain, still wearing his swaggering feathered head-gear, took his place on the stairs that led to the poop, and a tall, handsome man, with fair hair and a close-clipped beard, was brought before him.

The captain glared for a minute at the captive from beneath the wide brim of his hat, and then swept it off with a gesture of mock deference. 'What ho! Master James Burke,' he said, 'welcome to my ship! But I have a question to ask you before your entertainment begins. Tell me, prithee,'—he grinned savagely—'tell me where your treasure is hidden on board the *Bonnie Bess*?'

## CHAPTER V.

THERE was a fierce gleam in the pirate captain's eyes as he asked the question, and his lips curled in a cruel and greedy smile. Only last night I had, myself, stood before this relentless man in a like case, and I quailed for Master Burke's safety.

There had been Red Robin Stuart at hand then, however, to intervene in my behalf, and the caittiff clerk with his whispers of a rich ransom. The captain of the *Bonnie Bess* stood friendless and alone, his crew dead or wounded, or held prisoner, and facing him were the sea-robbers, a throng of bold, lawless men, with hard,

savage faces, and the blood-stained weapons held ready in their hands. Truly the position of Master Burke was a desperate one, and there seemed small chance of rescue or escape.

'Where is your treasure hidden?' There was no reply to the question, and the pirate's voice hardened as he made the demand a second time, his aspect growing every moment more menacing and merciless. 'Answer me, villain, or I will have you strung up to the yard-arm of your ship like the dog that you are.'

Still Burke kept silence, and I, from the place where I had concealed myself among the kegs and bales, gazed at him with admiration. Never in all my life had I encountered a finer man, nor one more cool and fearless in time of peril.

He stood upright, bound as he was, with his head thrown back and a haughty smile on his lips. 'That shall I never tell you, sir,' he said, at last, when the question had been thrice repeated, and then he held his peace again, and did not flinch nor complain when the pirates buffeted him cruelly, and pricked his breast and shoulders with their dagger-points.

The captain fell into a great fury after a while, and raged and swore, and strode up and down the deck like a maniac. It was all of no avail, and then came up the man with the scarred face and laid a hand on his arm. 'Calm yourself, my friend, and listen to me a moment,' he said in a smooth, cunning voice, and, just as I had done the night before on the moonlit beach, I cowered breathless in my hiding-place, straining my ears so as to lose no word of their converse.

'What now? I will brook no interference. This fellow is my captive.' The pirate turned angrily upon his adviser; but the scar-faced rogue still sought to soothe and restrain him. 'I seek but to help you, Master,' he said. 'This treasure must be found, even if we drag the ship to pieces before we get it; but this man is an obstinate, dangerous fellow, and, perchance, it will be no easy matter to unseal his lips.'

'He shall speak. I will not be gainsaid by the hound. He shall be torn to pieces himself, as well as his ship—he shall be rent limb from limb. Does he think he can thwart me with impunity?'

The furious man gripped his sword as if eager to carry out his cruel threats without delay, but, once more, the other strove to calm his wrath. 'Dead men tell no tales, forsooth,' he said. 'But they tell no secrets either, Master Captain, and this man's treasure is of greater worth to us than his life. Have you never heard what the bold seaman, Bryan O'Keefe, did to his captive in a like case? How he swung him up over the ship's side with a rope and pulley, and dipped him again and again into the sea till he was nigh to drowning? Twice, thrice, four times did he go under; but he found his tongue then, and told all rather than face the depths a fifth time. 'Tis a fine scheme, friend, and once the hiding-place of the treasure is revealed, you can deal with the knave as you please.'

The pirate captain meditated for a minute, and then he nodded his head and laughed aloud. The cruel plan pleased him well, it was easy to see, and he lost no time in giving orders for it to be carried out. The seamen hurried briskly to obey his shouted orders, and rigged up a rope and pulley, such as is used in lifting heavy bales of merchandise from a wharf to the deck of a vessel, and for lowering them into the hold.

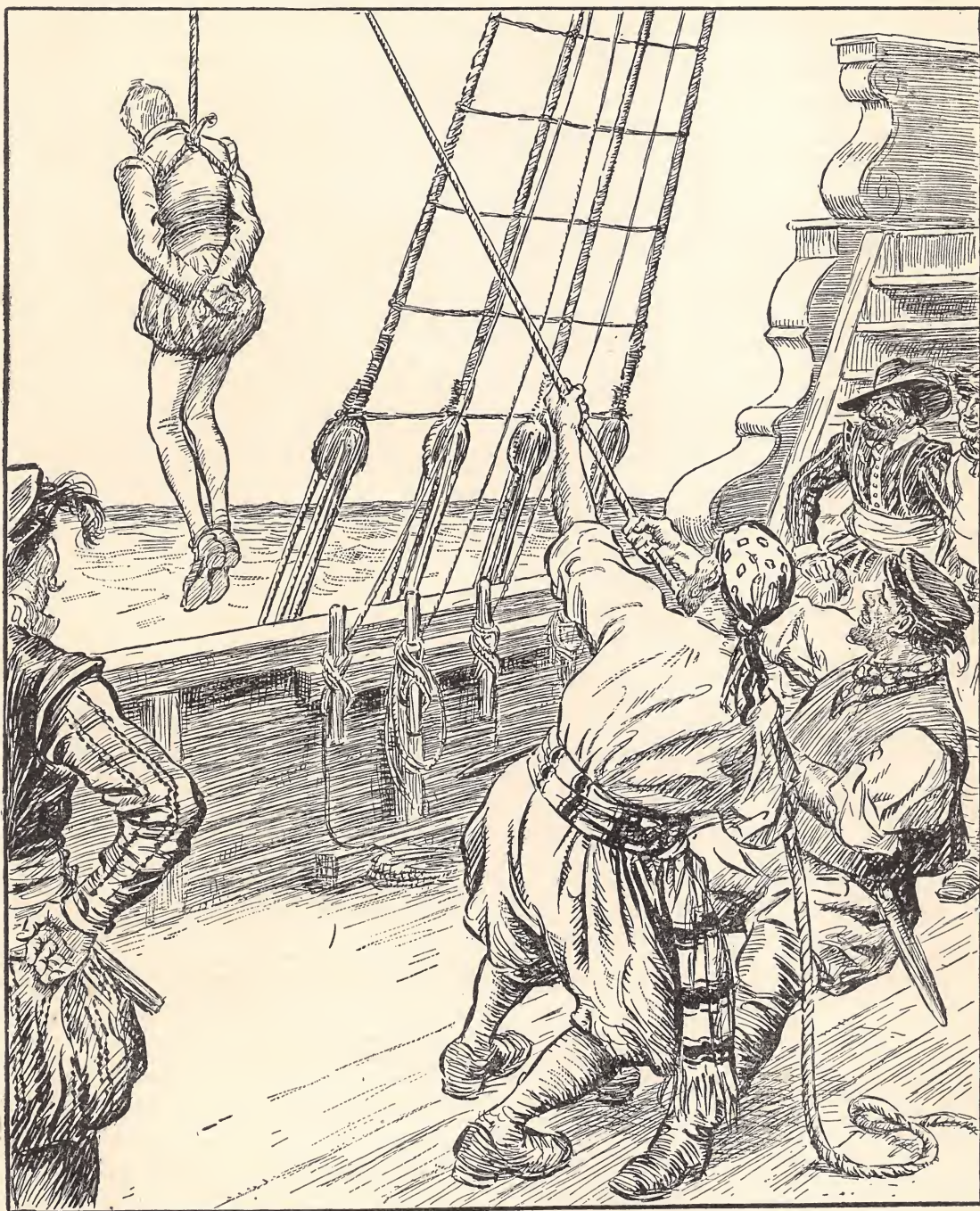
(Continued on page 146.)





"Master James Burke, welcome to my ship!"





"The brave captain was lifted off his feet, and swung slowly over the bulwarks."



## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Continued from page 143.)

MASTER BURKE watched the preparations ever with the same dauntless mien, and did not shrink nor cry for mercy even when he was seized roughly, and bound in such a manner as showed plainly the nature of the wicked business that was afoot.

'Will you tell us now, sirrah, where your ill-gotten gains are hid?' the pirate demanded once more; but the only answer given him was a shake of the head and a smile of contempt. Then the brave captain was lifted off his feet—the rope being looped round his chest and under his arms—and swung slowly over the bulwark.

I clambered up on to a barrel-top, and saw him disappear into the blue water. It seemed ages before the rope squeaked over the windlass again. He was drawn out, limp and dripping, swung inwards, and dropped heavily on to the deck.

'Where is your treasure?' Almost before his victim had regained his breath the question was put, but still no answer was forthcoming. 'Up with him again,' the pirate ordered, and once more the men hauled on the rope. My own breath seemed to fail me as I watched that brave man set his teeth, and make ready to undergo the torture a second time.

It seemed a strange thing to me then that Burke should be so set on his gold and treasure, for there was nought in his pale, stern face of the greed and avarice that was so plain to see in the countenances of his enemies. 'Surely, if only riches are at stake,' I thought, 'he will not risk death a second time'; but there was still no sign of shrinking in his mien, and once more he was dragged up, once more he was let down into the sea, and once more he was raised to the surface, swung over the bulwark, and flung, helpless and well-nigh lifeless, on to the deck.

He had to be kicked and roughly treated then before he moved or opened his eyes, and I, for one, thought that he had paid for his treasure with his life; but he was not dead, and, after a while, struggled to his feet, and stood, leaning against the mast, spent and panting for breath. Then the cruel questioning began again, and I was reminded of a hunt I had seen once upon the moor behind the 'Corbies' Nest,' when a pack of savage hounds held a noble stag at bay.

Not a word could be got from the victim even now, but at last I felt that I could no longer bear to see him stand there helpless and alone. No good could be done by my championship, it is true, and I might well lose my own life into the bargain, but there was no time then for wisdom, or fear, or prudence. That silent, motionless man, who would not plead for mercy nor even reason or bargain with his foes, seemed, somehow, to beckon me to his side.

I clambered down from my perch on the barrel-top, limped across the space of open deck, and took my stand by Master Burke, facing the pirates who were all thronged together round their leader. He still held his place on the stairway to the raised poop, with the scar-faced man ever at his side.

There was a loud roar of laughter from the rogues

when they saw what I had done, for they were in high good-humour just then, as cruel boys are when they have chased and tormented some helpless animal. 'Ha! ha! So the boy wants a taste of salt water, too, does he?' one of them shouted.

Master Burke opened his eyes for a moment at the renewed turmoil, and he smiled faintly when he saw me standing at his side. He was too weak for speech then, but I knew that, even if we were to die together, I had found a friend.

But if the pirates of the crew were pleased to make merry at my expense, their captain did not share the amusement. With every moment that passed his fury increased, for it was plain that the prisoner's strength was ebbing away, and that if the secret were not soon divulged he would die with it still locked away in his breast. The angry man threatened and blustered, shaking his fist and pouring out such a stream of curses as I had never heard before. Hard words break no bones, however, and I seemed to gather courage and fortitude from the hero at my side who had already borne so much without flinching or complaint. I kept silence too, trying my best to imitate his bold demeanour, and, lifting my head, I gazed beyond the ugly crowd of black-browed, grinning, scowling villains to the fair expanse of sea and sky beyond.

And then, suddenly, I saw a spectacle that set my heart beating madly and well-nigh brought a shout of joy and wonder to my lips.

It was sunset time by now, and the clouds and the waves were aflame with crimson light. Far away in the distance the rugged coast of Scotland lay like a dark cloud on the horizon, and gulls and guillemots wheeled and dipped with red gleams on their broad white wings. A lovely scene indeed; but it was not the blazing sky, nor the circling sea-birds, nor even the far-off mountains of my native land, that arrested my gaze, and filled me once again with hope and eagerness.

There was something else. Something which I had not expected to see. Something which told me that, even now, all was not lost, but that rescue and safety might be near at hand.

A ship was approaching us, a great ship with broad sails set and a tall hull that was like a castle for magnitude and splendour—a ship that, all unseen by those on board the *Santa Maria*, had risen above the horizon and was now coming nearer and nearer every moment. She was some distance off as yet, but the wind grew stronger as the sun went down, and it was clear that for the pirates there was but small chance of escape.

It seemed a strange thing then, and it seems a stranger one to me now, as I look back, to think that the rogues had seen nothing of the oncoming ship; but it must have been that, with their prize captured, and its rich cargo, as they believed, in their hands, they had no eyes nor ears for approaching danger.

(Continued on page 158.)

## THE MILLIONAIRE DONKEY.

A Fable.

(Concluded from page 135.)

### IV.

ON entering the hen-house Mr. Philomele expected his arrival to create a flutter amongst its inmates, and he thought with glee, 'All the young ladies will long



to inspire such a famous poet, and help him to give voice to his longing.'

To his great surprise the young hens took no notice of him whatever, and cackled in the corner like a party of schoolgirls. They did not trouble in the least about the great poet who had come to sing their praises.

One of the older hens whispered to her friend, 'Our visitor is a very small bird.'

He heard the remark, and thought scornfully, 'These hens are silly creatures and have read little, or they would know something about my famous verses.'

So he turned away from the younger hens and greeted the matrons. They welcomed him kindly, and said, 'We hope you are going to make a long stay in this neighbourhood, dear Mr. Philomele, and that you will often come to see us.'

But they never spoke of his talents, or praised his verses. It was discouraging, but he consoled himself with the thought, 'These good mothers think of nothing but their children, and have no time for reading. I will speak to the gentlemen.'

The gentlemen numbered twelve pigeons, seven ganders, eight drakes, and one cock. The nightingale bowed to him first, but he was a haughty bird and loved the sound of his own voice. He was busy discussing politics, and giving vent to his anger at being placed on a peace committee.

The nightingale turned away in disgust. He hated politics with all his soul. He moved towards the pigeons, thinking he could talk of poetry and music to them. He never doubted that such gentle birds should have a great love for art. But he was mistaken; a pedantic pigeon answered coolly, 'The arts only serve to weaken the soul.'

'And are only suitable for ladies,' remarked a drake, scornfully.

'For those of your tribe, you mean,' replied the pedantic pigeon, who had been married for many years; 'but doves are very sensible, and have no need of the arts to open their minds.'

The hostess hearing him guessed that the visitor must have some talent, as he had taken up the cudgels in the defence of art, so she asked politely, 'Are you musical, Mr. Philomele?'

'Yes, Madam,' he replied, modestly; 'we poets love music.'

'Then you write verses?'

The question soothed the nightingale: he had fancied himself scorned, now he knew he was only unknown.

'Won't you recite some of your verses for us?' cried a big hen, who led her daughters nearer to hear him better.

After allowing the company to add their entreaties to hers, he began to sing. His voice was all the stronger for its three days' rest. He never sang better in his life, but he felt that the fowl listened to him coldly. Then he heard a pigeon whisper to her neighbour, 'It's a nice drawing-room voice, but it's not very powerful.'

'It's very false,' remarked the drake to his friend.

The cock did not listen to the song, for as soon as the hens asked Mr. Philomele to recite, the cock knew it would be his turn next, so he spent all the time of his rival's song trying to remember some suitable verses.

The hostess had great tact, and praised the visitor loudly. 'You must be very tired after your beautiful

recitation, dear Mr. Philomele. Would you not like a drink? What a sweet, flexible voice you have! You must have given much study to music.'

But the nightingale knew she only praised him through politeness. His genius had made no impression on the hens. It was adding insult to injury to admire his trills and say he must be tired, when a nightingale can easily sing all night. Then she turned to the cock and invited him to recite.

His loud voice filled the room, and the hens applauded him loudly. It was plain they thought far more of his talents than the nightingale's.

Poor Mr. Philomele could bear it no longer. He shuddered at the false notes, and the hens' praise disgusted him deeply. So he took up his hat and cane and flew away from the hen-house.

## V.

The nightingale travelled about for several days—he did not know where to make his home. His vanity made him avoid his equals, and the want of appreciation drove him away from his inferiors. Sad and discontented he perched on a tree close to a pretty tent, and thought over the sorrows of his lot.

In that tent the philosopher, Mr. Neddy of Coventry, was resting. His day-dreams were over. Both he and the nightingale were a prey to the same discouragement, and welcomed the thought of suicide. As they mourned over their woes a little boy walked through the field, followed by a pretty young girl. He cried eagerly, as he ran towards Neddy, 'What a beautiful donkey! He seems to have no owner. May I take him home? He looks ill; but I will take such good care of him that I will soon cure him. I would love to have a donkey of my very own.'

'Bring him home by all means, dear,' replied the girl; 'if the owner claim him, we can always give the animal back to him.'

So the little boy caught hold of the donkey's bridle, kissed his long ears fondly, jumped on his back, and rode on at his sister's side. Instantly the nightingale began to sing. He had heard the child's words, and was jealous of the donkey's conquest. As she listened to the bird's song the girl ran towards him. He was pleased at her admiration, and flew down to her. She looked at him fondly, and cried, 'This lovely songster has hurt his claw, and cannot fly far. The hawks will kill him. I will take him home and put him in the aviary, where he will have every care.'

But the little boy could think of nothing except his donkey. The most lovely trills were nothing to a gallop on Neddy.

So the girl caught hold of the nightingale with a trembling hand and hurried after her brother. Both were delighted with their new treasures, and the little boy said, 'It was a happy thought to come here to-day, for you love nightingales and you found one. While I have got the donkey I wanted for so many years. Mother will be so glad to hear I have one at last.'

The two captives were equally pleased with their adventure. The donkey was happy at the boy's caresses, and the nightingale proud of the girl's admiration.

At last the party reached a castle, where the donkey was so well cared for and loved that he never wanted to leave it. The nightingale won the praises of all who listened to him, and was happy too. After many trials, both had found peace at last.





“‘I have got the donkey I wanted for so many years.’”





"Lena could hardly believe her eyes when she saw a lovely little gold watch."

### THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 183.)

**A**T last there came a morning, in dark November, when Lena awoke and remembered that it was her birthday.

She was thirteen. As she opened her eyes, Marjory, who had been anxiously watching her, sprang from her own little bed into Lena's, and, wishing her a 'lovely' birthday, presented her with a small box, beautifully tied up with gay ribbons.

'It's only chocolates, Lena,' she said shyly, as she watched Lena untie the ribbons.



'Chocolates! Oh, Marjory, I just love chocolates,' replied Lena. Inside the box was a round basket tied up with thin green cord. Unfastening this, Lena lifted the lid and displayed rows and rows of chocolates, partially hidden among pink and white tissue paper.

Lena cried out with delight. 'They're lovely! They're just lovely!' she said. 'Why, they look almost too nice to eat.'

Marjory's eyes sparkled. Lena had not used to be so pleased with her presents. Marjory was sure this was going to be a glorious birthday, and, very happy, she returned to her own bed to wait till Jane should come and say it was time to get up.

Just because they wanted to get up, Jane was late. Marjory was sure she was, but Jane, when she did come, was just as sure that she was not late. She, also, wished Lena a happy birthday, and drew from her pocket a tiny little case.

'Just to remember the day by, if Miss Lena doesn't mind,' said Jane.

Inside was a silver thimble. Lena tried it on. It looked very small, but it fitted snugly.

'Oh, you dear old Jane!' cried Lena, and Jane felt more than satisfied.

As soon as the girls were dressed they hurried downstairs. There would surely be a letter from Mother and Father. Yes, there it was, with its funny stamp. There was a parcel, too, on the breakfast-table, but Lena scarcely noticed that; she was in such a hurry to read her letter.

'My dear little Lena,' it began, 'Father and I will think of you opening this letter before you begin your breakfast. You will be thirteen, Lena. I do hope, my dear child, that you will have a happy birthday, happier than last year's, Lena. But there! of course it will be, for my little girl is a year older, and, I hope, a year wiser. But I mustn't call you my *little* girl any longer.' The letter was a long one, and Lena read it aloud to Marjory, who stood beside her. It finished with the news that a present, too big to go in any envelope, would arrive some time that morning; and Mrs. Lester announced that she and Father might return any time now. They no longer meant to stay away till Christmas.

'What *can* it be, Marjory?' cried Lena, referring to the present. 'It will be something really nice, that I've never had before, I'm sure,' and she danced about excitedly. 'This is a nice birthday, isn't it? And last year's was so horrid.'

Marjory nodded. Last year Lena had found fault with all her presents. But they were not going to think of last year.

'See!' cried Marjory, pointing to the parcel, 'the postman has brought this. This must be Mother's present.'

'Why, how stupid of me!' said Lena, pulling the parcel to the edge of the table. 'I never noticed that. Of course it's from Mother, there's nobody else to send me a parcel. Is it for me, though?' she added.

Yes, it was addressed to Miss Lena Lester.

'But, Marjory—see! It hasn't got that funny stamp like the one on Mother's letter.'

'No,' replied Marjory, 'but it has got blue lines drawn across it instead. Be quick, Lena, and open it.'

It was not a large parcel, but it was so carefully sealed and tied up that Lena was quite a long time in

opening it. She cut the string, broke the red seals, and tore off the brown paper. A square cardboard box was disclosed. Lena took off the cover and drew out a leather case. Pressing a little spring, the case flew open, and Lena could hardly believe her own eyes when she saw a lovely little gold watch.

'Oh, Marjory!' 'Oh, Lena!' they cried to each other.

'Is it from Mother, then?' asked Marjory, as she saw Lena reading a little note which lay in the case.

'No!' cried Lena excitedly. 'Marjory! Marjory! listen! It says, "With love to my little niece, from the Uncle who is not very far off."'

'It's *Uncle*, Marjory—Uncle Tom! However did he know that it was my birthday? And we had forgotten all about him. Oh, isn't it lovely?'

Marjory was as delighted as Lena, and they asked each other how Uncle Tom could have learned that it was Lena's birthday, but they were unable to guess.

Before breakfast was finished, Emma, the housemaid, appeared, carrying in one hand a beautiful bunch of chrysanthemums, and in the other a neat little sewing-basket, lined with blue satin and fitted up with all kinds of needles and brilliant sewing-silks.

'From Platt, Miss,' she said, as she placed the flowers on the table. 'And this is from me and Cook, if you'll be so kind, Miss, as to—'

But here Lena interrupted. 'Oh, Emma!' she cried, 'what a dear little basket! And how kind of Platt! He knows I love flowers. Please thank him, and Cook too. But, no, I'll do that myself,' and Lena rushed away.

(Continued on page 155.)

### 'BUTTER-FINGERS RILEY.'

IT was the summer term at Broadstream College, and a bright sun streamed down on the cricket-field while an important match was in progress. Much to their disappointment, the College boys had been beaten by Rodney Grammar School at Rodney earlier in the season, and the return match was now being played. It was a critical moment. The College had gone in first and made 127 in three hours, leaving the Grammar School 128 to win with two hours and a half to do it in. They had made 125, the last two men were in, and it was five minutes to time. No wonder the College boys were watching with tense interest every movement in the field. Morton, the slow bowler, ran leisurely to the wicket and delivered his ball. To the horror of the spectators, the batsman stepped forward, hit out hard, and the next moment the ball was soaring high in the air straight to the boundary. Riley, who was fielding out there, pulled himself together and started to run. Nearer and nearer came the ball, and Riley stretched every nerve to reach it. He gave a leap, felt the ball in his fingers, but in his awkward position could not get a proper hold of it, and fell all his length, whilst the ball rolled merrily over the line. The match was lost: and Riley felt that he was the cause of the College's defeat.

The next day was Sunday, and the College boys were allowed to spend the evening as they liked, provided, of course, they were not disorderly.



'Come on, Smythe,' said Robson Minor; 'we'll go out for a walk. I've finished my letter to the mater.'

'Right-ho! so have I,' replied Smythe, who was Robson Minor's bosom chum.

As they left the school-house they passed Riley.

'Oh, there's "Butter-fingers Riley,"' said Robson loudly.

Riley flushed up painfully at this reference to his misfortune of the day before, but passed on without saying anything.

'You've hurt his feelings,' said Smythe, who was sorry for Riley, whom he rather liked.

'Serve him right,' grunted Robson, maliciously; 'only a booby would have buttered that catch.'

The two boys were soon striding down the road in the cool of the evening. It was a beautiful countryside, and though they had many times walked down every road in the vicinity, they never grew tired of them.

'I say!' said Smythe at length, 'do you know the time? It must be getting late.'

'Good gracious!' cried Robson, taking out his watch. 'It's twenty past eight!'

'And we've to be back by nine!' gasped Smythe. 'We're up the pole now. What do you say to cutting across these fields? We should make the high road in ten minutes, and might be in time yet.'

'Right-ho!' replied Robson; and, ignoring the big notice, 'Trespassers will be Prosecuted,' the two climbed the fence, and were soon making straight for the high road. They were half-way across the last field, when they heard a shout, and, looking round, they perceived a huge game-keeper running after them for all he was worth, brandishing a large whip in his hand.

Both boys immediately put on a spurt, at the same time stuffing their caps into their pockets, for, whilst they never expected him to make up to them, he might see that they wore College colours and report it to the Head Master.

'Oh!' gasped Robson, as, putting his foot in a hole, he tripped and fell all his length. 'I'm done for now! Don't wait for me.'

'Never say die!' replied Smythe, cheerfully, stopping and assisting Robson to his feet. But the latter could not stand; he had sprained his ankle.

'Now, you young rascals, I've got you sure!' said a gruff voice behind them, and the keeper let out with his whip, giving Robson a cruel lash on the shoulders.

'Stop that!' cried Smythe. 'Can't you see he's hurt?'

'No business to be here,' growled the keeper, raising his arm again.

But Smythe leaped at him, and, gripping him round the neck, held on as hard as he could. The keeper raged and fumed, and finally threw him off, dealing him such a blow that the plucky little fellow lay on the ground half-stunned.

The keeper raised his whip again, but was prevented from further brutality by a new arrival on the scene.

Riley had been passing down the high road, and, seeing what was taking place, had leaped the fence, and was now running to the rescue.

'Hi! stop that, you big coward!' he cried.

The keeper was taken aback, but, though Riley wore the school colours, he was tall and strong, and the keeper lowered his arm, as before a superior.

'My business be to see as nobody trespasses on

these grounds, and I'm only a-doing my duty,' he replied, sulkily. 'Ah! you rascal,' he added, raising his whip, as Smythe rose up from the ground.

'Stop!' cried Riley, and the man again lowered his arm. 'Listen! I'm a prefect at the College, and you can hand over these trespassers to me. I have authority to deal with them.'

'No,' growled the keeper. 'I'll take and report them to Dr. Wilson, the Head Master, myself, the trespassing little rascals.'

'Do as you like,' answered Riley, sternly. 'But I tell you I can bear evidence before Dr. Wilson that I saw you ill-treating and horse-whipping them, and that, if it reaches your master's ears, you will lose your job.'

The man winced at this, and looked cowed. 'All right,' he said; 'take them off.'

'You must first of all promise me that you will keep this quiet. If you let it become known, I shall also make your brutality known. So you had best be quiet about it. Good-day!'

The man stared at him for a moment, then turned and shambled off, occasionally glancing over his shoulder at the three boys.

Riley then lifted Robson up, and half-carried him across the field to the high road, Smythe following behind. With the latter's help, Robson was lifted over the fence, and Riley set him down on the grassy embankment on the other side.

'You two wait here a minute,' he said, and walked off to a group of cottages a little distance down the road. He returned in a few minutes, followed by a rustic lad leading a pony harnessed to a small cart. Riley helped Robson in, and told the lad to drive him to Broadstream College.

Turning to Smythe as the cart drove off, he said, 'We'll walk—we've time yet.' And the two set off together after the cart.

The next day Smythe was allowed into the sick-room to see Robson who was confined there till his ankle was better.

'Hullo, lazybones!' was his greeting. 'I wish I'd sprained my ankle too. You're lying there enjoying yourself and we're stewing in the class-rooms.'

Robson Minor laughed. 'How did you get on with Riley last night?' he asked.

'First-rate. He's an awfully decent fellow. You know we were late, but he got me off an impot.'

'Just like him,' said Robson. 'Tom was in a few minutes ago seeing me.'—('Tom' was Robson Major.)—'He thinks no end of Riley. He was awfully angry when I told him I'd called him "butter-fingers" to his face. "Riley's one of the best men in the team, and as for that catch, it was almost impossible to have held it," he said. "Wait and see, my boy," he added; "Riley's going to get the Littletown Scholarship, sure as guns." Here he comes!'

At that moment the door had opened, and Riley entered. 'You here, Smythe?' he said. 'I just came to see how you're getting on, Robson.'

'First-rate!' said Robson. 'But, I say, Riley, I must apologise for calling you "butter-fingers" yesterday. I was a cheeky—'

'Not at all,' replied Riley.

'Don't mention it—it's a pleasure,' put in Smythe, and they all laughed, and the conversation turned on other topics.

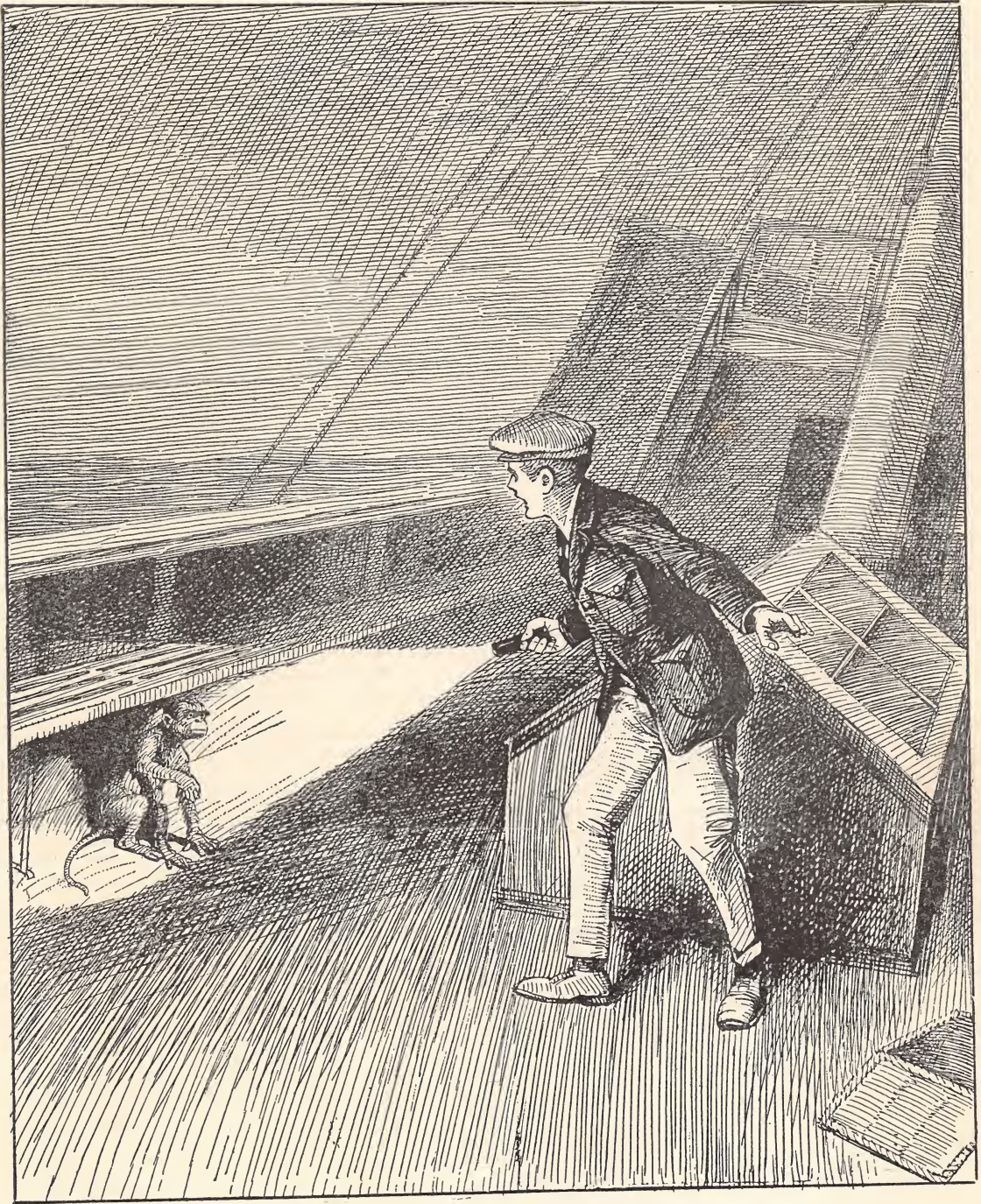
J. D. MARWICK.





“‘Stop!’ cried Riley.”





"Two miserable hungry eyes, gazing wistfully at him."



## TREASURE TROVE.

*(Concluded from page 142.)*

'YOU look just like a monkey,' jeered Jim Farquhar, as he watched his friend swarming up the rope, and climbing over the guard-rail above their heads. He followed Hugh's example, and soon the younger boys in the boat below heard an exultant 'Catch!' and a rope ladder came flying over the side.

'Before you come up, tie the hampers securely to the rope,' called Hugh, and the luncheon and tea baskets were safely drawn up.

Fred and Tubby quickly climbed up the rope ladder, and soon all were seated on the upper deck, and the hampers opened.

'Good for you, Tubby!' chuckled Fred, as in honour of his eleventh birthday Charlie, alias 'Tubby,' unpacked the viands. First came a pigeon pie, a tongue, a chicken, a dish of hard-boiled eggs, rolls, butter, and a covered dish, marked 'With care,' which contained a brightly ornamented trifle. A box of apricot tartlets, and one of chocolate éclairs, completed the menu.

'The other hamper is for tea, and must be left intact,' said Hugh. 'But get out the ginger-beer, Tubbs, for I am as dry as a camel before it begins to take in its next supply.'

'Got the hump, eh?' ventured Charlie rashly, and received a ginger-beer cork, neatly aimed, for his pains.

Luncheon was a prolonged feast, after which the four boys set out to explore the steamer. Many of her fittings had been removed, but enough remained to make the boys thrilled with their discoveries.

From the saloon to the smallest cabin they wandered, and down below, till Hugh suddenly cried: 'Look out! We are down to the water level; better leave well alone.' And reluctantly they reascended, hearing the soft lap-lap of the water below them.

'I wonder how long she will lie here,' said Fred, speculatively.

'Months and months and months,' chanted Jim.

'We'll come again,' said Tubby. 'Now I vote we sit in the sun and get warm. It was beastly cold and damp in those store-rooms and places down below.'

'I vote we go for a sail,' said Jim, 'and come back for tea.'

'Then I stay here,' said Charlie, as he curled himself into a sunny spot behind a hatchway. 'So long!'

The three others climbed down the rope ladder into their boat, and sailed away. Charlie slept peacefully till, with a feeling of discomfort, he woke to find himself damp and cold in a dense sea-fog.

He sprang up, and shouted to his brothers, but no answering shout came, and a horrid feeling of desolation crept over the boy. He seized the hampers and carefully descended into the saloon. Here at any rate he was under cover.

From time to time he went up on deck, and shouted, but the silence round him, only broken by the cry of the white gulls and the lapping of the water, reduced his usually cheery spirits to a low ebb.

'Buck up, old man!' he said, loudly, for he had an inveterate habit of talking to himself. 'A rotten sort of birthday you're having. Oh! lucky Jim! My torch is in my pocket!'

But even a torch gives but little light in a thick sea-fog. Then something happened which made his heart

thump. There was a living thing moving near him; and a little pitiful, weak, moaning sound made him feel creepy all down his spine.

'Who's there?' he shouted. 'Oh! this is beastly!' as something certainly touched him, and then darted away.

He heard a soft scuffling under the long seat, and turning on his torch he discovered a little hunched brown body, and a now pitiful wrinkled face, with two miserable hungry eyes, gazing wistfully at him.

'Good heavens! It's a monkey! Oh, you poor little beast! Come here,' said the boy gently, and the half-starved little animal crept to him, chattering pitifully.

In a moment Charlie dived into the tea-basket, poured some milk into a saucer and held out a biscuit to the poor little monkey, who ate and drank voraciously. He discovered that he himself was also ravenously hungry, and unscrewing the thermos flask, made a good tea, not forgetting to cut himself some large slices of his birthday cake. Tea finished, he switched off his torch, and curled up in a corner of the saloon, to await his rescue. To his joy, the monkey, evidently a ship's pet, crept into his arms and nestled inside his coat.

'Poor little beastie,' said the boy gently. 'Rain-water to drink I suppose, and only fossilised food to eat. I am glad we came in time to save you.'

Meanwhile, the other boys were having a dreary afternoon. Becalmed and stationary in a sea-fog, it was impossible for them to find their way back to the *Princess Joan*.

'What asses we were to come without a compass,' said Hugh. 'We can only hang about till the fog lifts.'

'A compass wouldn't help us when we were becalmed,' snapped Fred. 'Charlie has the grub; that's lucky for him.'

They waited a long time till suddenly the fog lifted, and the distant form of the *Princess Joan* became visible.

'Ahoy! ahoy!' shouted the boys, and as a breeze got up they made for her with all speed.

Presently a glad answering shout was heard, and they were soon alongside. Charlie lowered the hampers, and came carefully down the rope ladder, using one hand only as he climbed.

'What's up with your hand, Tubby?

'Nothing.'

'Are you ratty with us for leaving you?'

'No. You couldn't help it.'

'We are all ravenous,' struck in Jim. 'But we had better go ashore while we can.'

Charlie could keep his secret no longer. 'I've got a jolly decent birthday present,' he said with a radiant grin; and as he undid the buttons of his coat out peeped the pathetic little wizened face of the monkey.

Great was the excitement of all the boys. 'Poor little brute; he'd have starved if we hadn't come,' they said with satisfaction as they fondled the miserable little derelict.

It was late before they reached the Manor, and hot baths, dry clothes, and a good supper restored their high spirits. The little monkey had a warm corner on the hearthrug, and was covered with a warm shawl, and well fed, but it took many weeks before his poor little thin body was again covered with firm flesh.



One day about a fortnight later the boys were told a seafaring man was asking for them.

'He's a sort of a sailor, sir,' said Harris, the parlour-maid, and was told to 'bring him along.'

'Bill Stokes, sir,' said the man, introducing himself. 'And I've come to ask if it is true, as I've heard say, you have a monkey, found on the wreck?'

'See for yourself,' said Charlie. 'But I found him, so he's mine for good.'

'Koko!' called the man, and with a rush came the monkey, springing on to his shoulder, rubbing his little shrivelled face against the sailor's big sunburnt cheeks, and chattering wildly in his joy.

'I'm that glad!' Stokes kept repeating. 'I'm that glad. We thought the little chap was drowned, for he disappeared, and we was afraid he'd fallen overboard when the crash came. Wherever did he hide himself, I wonder?'

Charlie's face grew blank with dismay as he saw the love between the monkey and his former owner.

'He's yours. Take him,' he said gruffly, as he grabbed for his tennis racket, and prepared to beat a hasty retreat.

But to his infinite relief Stokes said quickly, 'No, sir, I've got a new job, and it'll be too cold for Koko where I'm going. I only called to make sure the little chap had a good home, and I'm more than content.'

The boys eagerly pressed Stokes to stay and have a substantial tea with them, and listened enthralled to his tales of the sea. They parted firm friends, but as they watched the stalwart figure in the blue jersey disappear down the drive, Tubby bent his head over the little object cuddled in his arms, and murmured: 'You're not Koko Stokes, don't you pretend you are, my son; you are Billy Blagrove from this hour.' And Billy looked up at his adopted father with pathetic eyes, while he licked the spoon he had just extracted from the dish of honey on the tea-table. He was more than content to be Tubby's Treasure Troxe. OSCAR HUME.

## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

BY TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 150.)

LENA was very soon back again, gloating over her presents. She had never had such a happy birthday as she was enjoying to-day, and she wondered how this was. Surely, she thought, even the servants are nicer and better behaved than they used to be!

Ethel was to come for tea in celebration of the day, so Marjory and Lena busied themselves in setting out the presents to the best advantage; but that did not take long, and they were wondering what they could do to make the morning pass quickly when Jane came in.

'Could Miss Lena spare a moment?' she asked, explaining that Platt was at the door with another present, but it was too big to bring inside.'

'Mother's present, Marjory!' cried Lena, and rushed off, Marjory following her like a shadow.

Platt was at the side door, and the girls hastened there, expecting to see a large parcel or packing-case. Lena had thoughts of a very wonderful doll's house, and Marjory fancied it might be a rocking-horse; but they were both wrong.

It was a real live pony—a white pony, all saddled and bridled, with a shining little stirrup hanging on one side; and tied with a blue ribbon round its graceful neck was a card: 'With Mother's and Father's love.' Platt stood by the pony's head, not moving a muscle. Lena and Marjory were stupefied, and Jane, Emma, and the cook stood in the doorway, smiling.

Neither Lena nor Marjory could believe it. They would never have guessed a pony if they had tried all day. For a long time they admired and exclaimed, and then each in turn was placed on the pony's back, and Platt walked it solemnly up and down the garden.

'What be you going to call her, Miss?' he asked, when at last the girls were summoned to dinner.

'I shall call her the Princess,' replied Lena without hesitation; and Marjory agreed that that was the only name for such a lovely pony.

What a day of surprises it was! A watch and a pony! Lena scarcely knew which delighted her the most. She wished Ethel would come, so that she might show off her presents; and of course Ethel would bring her something. She had forgotten that, but now she wondered what Ethel's present would be.

At last Ethel arrived, and was full of apologies because Nip had insisted on coming too. For a while all three girls talked at once—Lena about the pony, Marjory about the uncle, and Ethel about her own gift.

First, Ethel must show what Mrs. Drayton had sent, with her love and Mr. Drayton's love, too. A beautiful big birthday cake, covered with icing, and with the name 'Lena' on the top in pretty pink letters. Then she showed her own present, which she had brought in a small hamper. Kneeling on the floor, she untied the string and lifted the lid of the hamper, exhibiting a grey Persian kitten, with violet eyes and four little white paws. The kitten looked up prettily and blinked as the light was let into the hamper.

'There!' said Ethel, 'and I do hope you'll like it.'

'Like it!' cried Lena, as she stooped and lifted the kitten gently from the basket. 'I shall love it. See, Marjory, isn't it a dear?'

Marjory stroked it, touching it very softly, and then begged Lena to let her hold it. Lena smiled and gave it to her, and while Marjory sat nursing it Lena showed her presents to Ethel. She had to explain a good deal about the watch and the mysterious Uncle Tom, for somehow they had forgotten to mention him to Ethel. Then they ran out to see the pony, and Ethel was as pleased as even Lena could wish her to be.

When they returned to the house, tea was ready for them downstairs in the breakfast-room. Lena took the head of the table, Ethel sat on her left, and Marjory, still holding the kitten, scrambled on to a chair opposite to Ethel. Nip went round from one to the other, begging cake. They had scarcely begun tea when the front-door bell was rung loudly. Lena and Marjory looked at each other and listened: it was so unusual for any one to come to the front door when Mother and Father were away.

'Can it be Mother and Father come back, Lena?' asked Marjory. 'Mother said in her letter that they might come any time.'

A man's voice was heard, and Marjory, very excited, cried, 'It *is* Father!' and she slid from her chair, placed the kitten down, and ran to the door. Lena ran,





“It was a real live pony.”

too, and Ethel followed more leisurely. In the hall they saw a strange tall man talking to Jane.

‘Oh, it’s not Father!’ cried Marjory, disappointed.

‘No,’ said the stranger, ‘it’s not Father; but don’t you know who it is?’ and he advanced to meet the girls

Nip growled, and Ethel made him lie down.

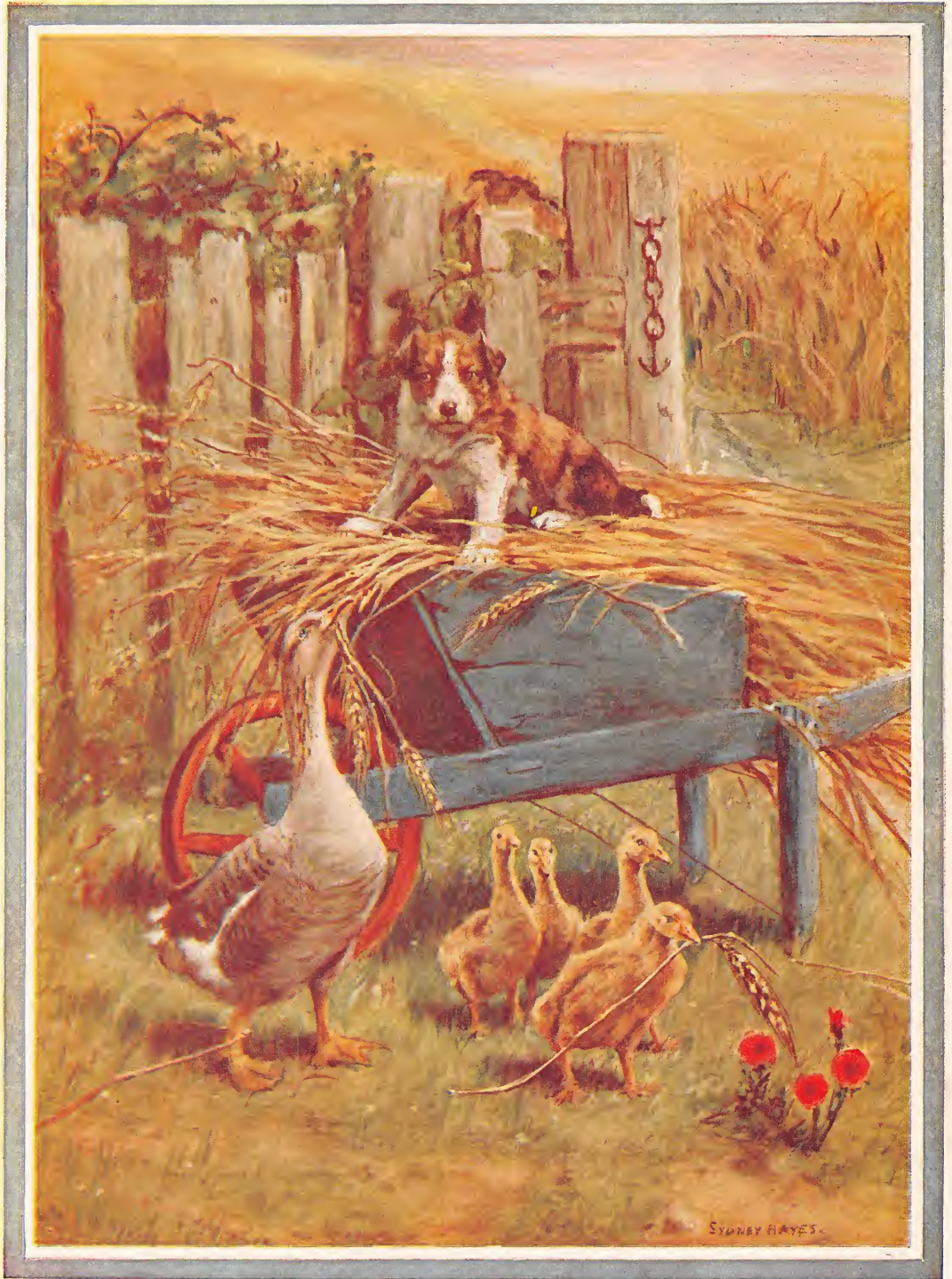
‘Can’t you guess?’ he repeated.

‘Not Uncle Tom?’ said Lena, doubtfully.

‘Who else?’ he replied, and stooped to kiss her.

(Continued on page 167.)





THE RAIDERS.





"The dog picked up the kitten in his mouth."



## MR. MONGREL AND MISS KITTY.

IT was a beautiful autumn day—clear, sharp, sunny. Mr. Bromfield hurried home from business, sure of a good meal and pleasant companions. His little motherless children, two girls and a boy, were the delight of his life, and he was always glad at the end of a heavy day's work that he had them to cheer him up and rub off the nasty corners of his tiredness.

He turned his key in the door, and the sound brought the three of them into the tiny hall to greet him. Eddie and Eddie were twins, only five years old. They had just commenced school, and so they scrambled on to their Father's knees to tell him all about it, while Grace, their twelve-year-old sister, helped the one maid to put the finishing touches to the tea, which was the meal of the day.

The four sat round the table, laughing and chattering like the happy people they were. Tea was always such a jolly meal: they liked being together so well that it made them feel their nicest, and consequently they were very jolly together.

They had nearly finished tea, when they heard a scratching on the door. Grace jumped up and opened the door, and what do you think they all saw? Why, a little dog—only a mongrel, with no claims to beauty except a pair of very understanding eyes—and, just in front of it, a tiny blue-black kitten that was mewling pitifully. No one spoke; everybody was so surprised. The dog looked up at them questioningly, and, finding that they looked rather kind, picked up the kitten in his mouth, and, walking into the room, deposited it on the rug.

Mr. Bromfield was the first to speak. 'We must have left the front door open, so Mr. Mongrel took the liberty to come in. The kitten is half starved. Let us give her some milk.'

Mr. Mongrel wagged his tail with joy, while he watched Elsie get an old saucer and fill it with milk and place it before Miss Kitty, who soon disposed of it.

'Where's Mr. Mongrel brought Miss Kitty from, Father? Why did they come here?' asked little Eddie, curiously.

'It looks to me as if this doggie found the kitten half-starved, took pity on it, and carried it in his mouth in the hope of finding some one who would feed it. I don't know why they came here; perhaps Mr. Mongrel thought we left the door open on purpose for stray dogs,' said Mr. Bromfield.

At this, the dog wagged his tail so violently, as if to say, 'Yes; that's right!' that they all laughed.

'I do think it is a kind dog, Daddy. Do you think we might keep them?' asked Grace.

'Oh, yes; please do let's keep them!' cried the twins. So Mr. Mongrel was given his tea, and then marched off and given a good washing; he came back into the room looking very smart indeed, and quite proud of himself. He surveyed Miss Kitty with fatherly pride, then looked up at his adopters with an eager, expectant pair of brown eyes.

'Why, Daddy, I expect he's wondering where you are going to let Miss Kitty sleep,' said one of the twins, and that must have been it, for, when a tiny box for the Kitty and a bigger one for him had been found, and both had been furnished with pieces of clean, old blanket, he appeared to be quite contented. He lifted Miss Kitty into hers, jumped into his own, curled himself up, and was very soon asleep.

When Miss Kitty grew she earned her board by keeping mice away; Mr. Mongrel proved an excellent house dog. They were both good playmates, and the whole of the Bromfield family loved them very much.

Thus ends the story of how Mr. Mongrel and Miss Kitty came to stay. HILDA R. BENNETT.

## PATIENCE, PLEASE.

OH, birdie with the scarlet breast,  
Tap-tapping on the pane,  
Inquiring—long before I'm dressed—  
For breakfast crumbs again,

Have patience, wait a minute, *please*;  
You really must not worry;  
They come unbuttoned—clothes like these—  
If fastened in a hurry.

Children—you seem to quite forget—  
Have other things to do  
(Before they have their breakfast, pet),  
Than shake themselves—like you!

LILIAN HOLMES.

## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

BY A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Continued from page 146.)

THIS baiting of Master Burke was a sport to them after the labour of the battle. They were eager to dip him into the sea for the third time, but their captain delayed to give the order, fearing that death would rob him of his prey. He hesitated, gritting his teeth with fury, and then, once again, the scar-faced man touched his arm and was ready with words of soothing and counsel. This time he did not lower his voice nor attempt concealment. We could all hear clearly every word that was said.

'Good sir, this fellow will surely die if we let him down into the sea again, and then our trouble and labour will go for nought. It may be, however, that his heart is tender, even if his mind be stubborn, and that he would be unwilling to let another endure suffering and danger on his behalf. Young John Drummond has chosen to share the man's disgrace, let him then share the punishment as well. You were over-merciful with the lad last night, and a taste of salt water will do him good and serve to curb his hot temper. Let us drop him into the sea, and then, mayhap, Master James Burke will remember where those treasures of his lie concealed.'

'You shall not do it! If you lay a hand on the boy it will be the worse for you, villains that you are.'

For the first time James Burke's eyes flashed and an angry colour rose in his pale cheeks. He strained at his bonds, his teeth gritted together, the strong muscles showing like ropes through his jerkin sleeves. The pirates had found a way to rouse his spirit at last, and the man who would not deign to plead for mercy on his own account was filled with fury at the thought that a boy might suffer in his stead. 'In God's name, sir, consent not to this wickedness. Kill me, if you like, but let this innocent child live.'

Child, forsooth! It was my turn now to prick up my ears, and it may have been that word which roused



my pride and gave me courage, so that I was able to step forward boldly, and stand in front of Master Burke, as if ready and eager to take his place. Indeed, I almost forgot the oncoming ship in the suspense and excitement of that moment, more especially as the *Santa Maria* had shifted her position somewhat, so that everything to the east was hidden from sight by one of the great flapping sails.

A tremendous hubbub now arose among the pirates, some of them being for swinging Master Burke over the side again, while others clamoured that I should be dipped into the sea in his stead. Two brawny ruffians seized me by the shoulders, and a couple more began to haul on the rope to which my comrade in misfortune was bound. The captain shouted orders, it is true, but they were not heard nor heeded, and behind him I caught a glimpse of the scar-faced man with his long knife held ready and his lips stretched into a cruel smile. He had determined that both Burke and I should die, that I knew well, and meanwhile was but playing with us as a cat loves to catch and torment helpless, harmless mice.

And then the sail swung sideways once more, and there was the great vessel; a ship of war, that was clear now, for pieces of artillery could be discerned on the decks, and the banner of England, with its leopards and lilies, flew wide aloft. On and on she came, the white waves streaming backwards from her bows, and every spar and sail showing plainly against the red sky. I could even see crowding men on her masts and hear, or so I fancied, the song and hum of the breeze in her stretched canvas.

'Courage, sir, courage,' I whispered, turning to Master Burke, but the strength which he had summoned up in my defence seemed to have ebbed away now, and already he was being dragged off his feet as the taut rope whined and wound round the windlass. In another instant he would have been swung overboard and dipped once more into the depths of the sea.

There was no time to be lost if he were to be saved from drowning, or at least, from further torture, and now a warning could do no harm—it was too late for the *Santa Maria* to flee, and her fate and that of her wicked crew was sealed.

'A sail!' I shouted, wrenching myself free from the hands that still gripped my shoulders. 'Look, look! A ship, a ship!'

A ship! For a moment there was dazed silence, for the *Santa Maria* was taken by surprise completely; and then came such a scene of dismay and rage and wild confusion as it is impossible to describe.

Locked to the *Bonnie Bess* as she still was by ropes and grappling-irons, the pirate ship had no chance of escape, but every man snatched up a weapon and prepared to fight stubbornly for his life. The two ruffians who had been busied with Master Burke's punishment, let go their hold on the rope, which instantly unwound itself with lightning speed. Seeing this, I started forward with outstretched arms, but I could do nothing to save poor Master Burke, and he fell heavily from a height of some twelve feet on to the deck. There he lay, motionless, and, as it seemed, lifeless, with his eyes shut fast and one leg doubled awkwardly beneath his body.

The pirate captain spun round like a top at the first alarm, and sprang with one bound on to the poop. The scar-faced man followed him, and I caught sight for a

moment of Robin Stuart's red head and of the negro's black face and rolling eyes. In the mad excitement, I was forgotten completely, so I knelt down at Master Burke's side, and then managed to drag him, with great toil, for he was a tall, broad-shouldered man, into a corner among the kegs and sacks. There, having loosened his bonds a little and straightened his limbs, I crouched by him, his head raised on my knee, and did my best to shield him from buffets and from the trampling of heedless, passing feet.

And then the great English ship swept alongside, an awesome sight and yet a splendid one in the red sunset glow, and, even as she came, a shot was fired from her deck which tore a hole in the sail above our heads and nearly smothered us with a tangle of torn cordage and tattered canvas. The cannon on the pirate vessel answered with a report that sent my hands to my ears, and there followed a bellowing of guns, a rending and cracking of spars and timbers, and a commotion of yells and shouts such as I had never heard before nor dreamed of in the wildest nightmares.

All around, as it seemed, were flashes and sparks and explosions and leaping flames, while clouds of smoke, black and evil-smelling, enveloped everything, staining and making hideous the fair evening picture of smooth sea and crimson sunset sky.

I felt deafened and blinded and well-nigh crazed as I cowered low beside the still figure of Master Burke, holding his limp hand for comfort and praying within my heart for safety and peace, and, above all, for silence from the dreadful, ear-splitting din and racket.

It must be an awful thing, at the best of times, to be in a fierce battle, but the horror of it is increased a hundredfold when you, yourself, are among the enemy, and it is your own friends changed into foemen who fire the shots and discharge the deadly cannon. Never in my life have I felt so deserted and friendless as during that conflict, when I listened to the dreadful tumult, and expected that every moment would be my last.

Then gradually, after what seemed like long hours of agony and suspense, the worst of the turmoil came to an end, and I dared to draw an easy breath, and, lifting my head, to peer out at what was happening beyond the narrow strip of deck where Master Burke lay.

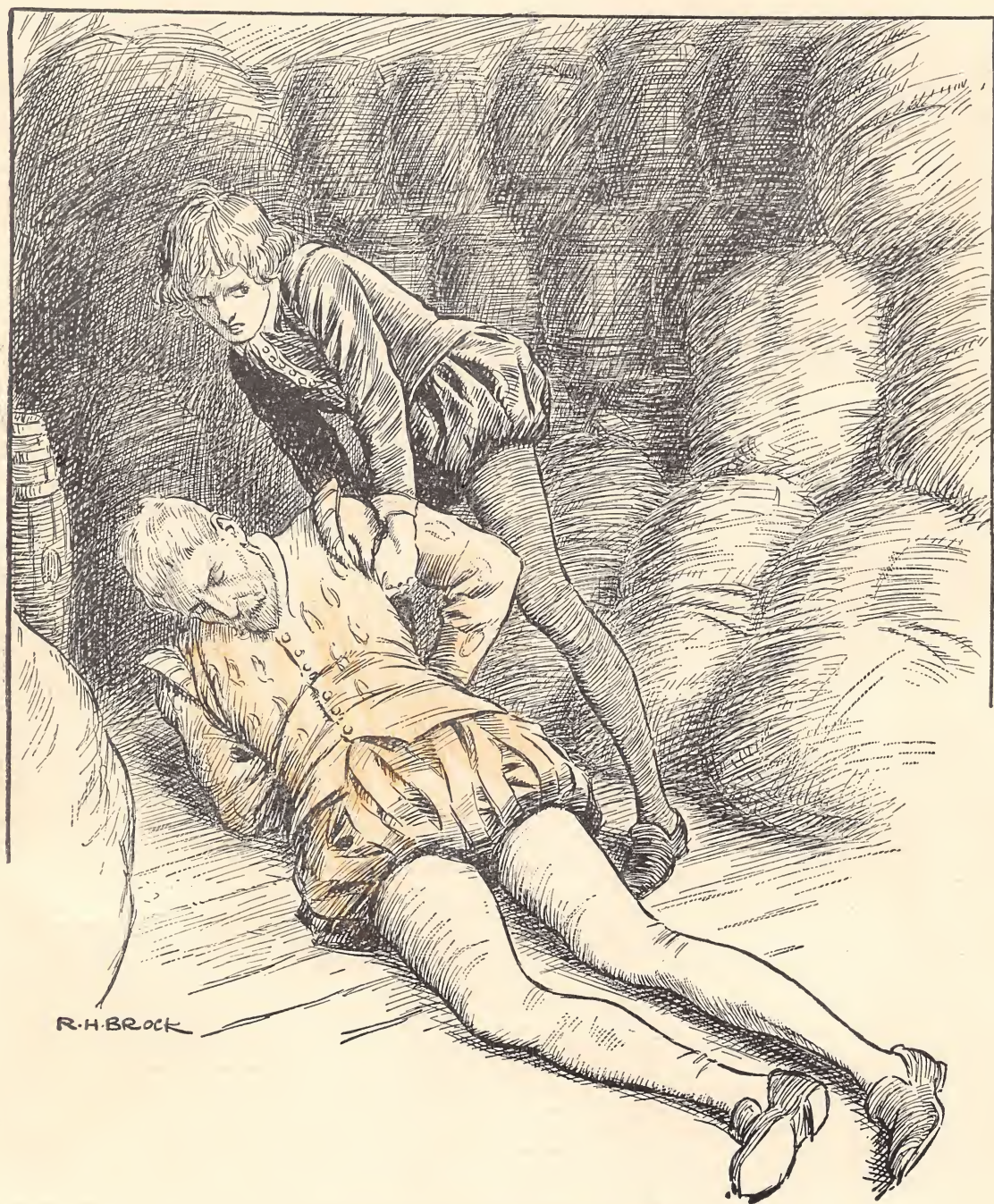
The warship had drawn close now, and was grappled to the *Santa Maria*, and men were clambering from one vessel to the other.

In the fore part of the pirate ship a great struggle was going on, the sea-robbers being armed to the teeth and prepared to sell their lives dearly in fierce, hand-to-hand combats. The cannons had ceased to roar, but shots still rang out and the clash of steel and clamour of voices could be heard.

I could see a tall man, splendid and lordly of aspect, with a gleaming casque and breastplate, standing high on the towering deck of the warship and directing the battle, sword in hand; below, the pirate leader fought like a tiger against three stalwart sailors, and Red Robin's flaming head showed again and again in the thick of the fray. Such damage had been done to the *Santa Maria* already that she listed sharply to one side, and the feet of the fighting men slipped and scraped on the slanting deck. The sun had set by now, but the sky was still aglow and the sea seemed to stream westward in waves and ripples of blood.

(Continued on page 162.)





"I managed to drag him into a corner."





“I tried to wrench the weapon from the clutching fingers.”



# JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

BY A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Continued from page 159.)

AFTER a while the battle swayed towards us, and so thick was the press that my helpless charge was like to be trampled under-foot. I dragged him further back still among the barrels, and waited once more, hoping and fearing and longing for quietness and peace—and for a drink of cold water, too, for my mouth and throat seemed parched and burnt with the smoke and powder fumes and the hot, smarting breath of fire.

Then, suddenly, there came a great shout of triumph and a sweeping rush of feet, and I knew that victory was at hand, and that the pirates—those that were left of them—would soon be overcome.

'We are safe; oh! thank God, we are safe!' I said to myself, with a deep thankfulness at my heart; but, the next moment, I found that I had spoken too soon. A movement near at hand, a slow, furtive movement, made me turn my head, and there, coming stealthily and softly towards us as if with intent to take us unaware, was the scar-faced man, he who from the first had seemed to me the more formidable of all the pirates, fiercer and more relentless, even, than the savage, black-browed captain himself.

There was something horrible and uncanny in the man's aspect now, for his face was pale and streaked with the red and black marks of blood and powder. His eyes and his teeth gleamed, and the scar twisted his lips into a grin of malice. Never have I seen so ugly a countenance, nor one that more surely boded ill for those that he counted as his foes.

'Ah, I have you now,' he snarled, when my eye caught his, and he knew that he was discovered, and then he flung himself forward, with the sudden spring of a furious wild beast, his hand brandishing aloft the great, keen-edged dagger. He was intent on revenge, maddened at the thought of the lost treasure, and resolved that, even at the last moment, Burke and I should not escape with our lives.

There had been for me many moments of deadly peril and terror since my flight from the 'Corbies' Nest' less than twenty-four hours ago, but never had I been so near death as at the time of that savage onslaught. I gasped for breath, seeming to feel beforehand the cruel bite of the stabbing knife; but, even then, when it appeared truly that no power on earth could save us, a rescuer was at hand. Another sound came from behind the barricade of wine kegs, and a figure, that of a boy, lithe and red-haired, sprang into view, and swift as a lightning flash leapt on to our assailant's shoulders, gripping his throat. He gripped the scar-faced man with strong, wiry fingers, dragging him gasping and spluttering to the deck. It was Red Robin Stuart, a pirate himself, who thus braved the wrath of the scar-faced man, and rescued me—and Master James Burke, too—when it had seemed that the last chance had been lost, and the last hope had vanished away.

'Hi, Jock! Look out! The knife!' Robin's voice, hoarse and desperate, roused me from my stupor of amazement. I started up, and while he still kept his strangle-choking hold on the man's throat, tried to wrench the weapon from the clutching fingers. Over and over we rolled together in the narrow space be-

tween the kegs, for our opponent was a grown man, and full of the savage ferocity of an animal at bay, while we were but boys who had not yet reached our full height and strength. We were two against one, however, and managed to hold our own until at last the iron fist relaxed. I snatched up the knife even as it clanged to the deck, and flung it away out of reach. Thus disarmed, the pirate was a less dangerous foe, although he still writhed and struggled violently in his efforts to escape.

Then, suddenly, a bugle blast rang out, clear and musical, and in the silence that followed, I mustered all my breath, and shouted, 'Help! help! help!' at the top of my voice.

A feeble cry enough it must have been, for by that time my powers were well-nigh exhausted, but it was heard and answered.

My share of the fight came to an end then, for three stalwart sailors appeared, men from the Queen's ship, and the pirate, desperate as he was, had no chance against these new assailants. I cowered away among the kegs, and, seized with a foolish fit of trembling, hid my face in my hands while the combat raged, but it was all over very quickly, and when I looked up again the scar-faced man lay stark and motionless on the slippery deck, and the English sailors were bending over Master James Burke, one of them holding a pannikin of water to his lips.

Red Robin had fled away rat-like, not wishing to be taken captive, and there was not a trace of him to be seen.

I was wondering what would happen to me, and whether I should be reckoned as friend or foe, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and I found one of the seamen, a brown, sunburnt fellow, with bright blue eyes, standing beside me. He held a lantern in one hand, for it was dark by now, and in its dim flare I saw his two comrades lift Master Burke gently from the deck and carry him away out of sight.

'How now, my little pirate, so you have been caught red-handed?' the brown-faced man said, but though his voice was gruff, his blue eyes held a merry twinkle. 'Will ye walk the plank as punishment, or be strung up to the yard-arm beneath the black flag?'

'I am no pirate, sir, but one of their captives,' I answered, trying to hold my head high, and to keep a steady voice, and then the sailor—a great stalwart fellow he was—stooped and lifted me in his arms as if I had been a little child.

'You had best tell your tale to our captain,' he said. 'It is for him to decide what shall be done, but this I will say, that whichever ye may be, pirate or honest captive, ye are a bold lad, and one who will make a fine soldier when you grow to be a man.'

(Continued on page 174.)

## A PROMISE.

O! *did* they bath my baby girl—  
The naughty, cruel things—  
And *did* they turn and twist her too,  
And *did* they knot the strings;  
And *did* they lose the safety-pins,  
And *did* they brush her hair:  
Well, well, it shan't occur again,  
So there, there there, there there!

LILIAN HOLMES.



## A MIXTURE INDEED!

WHEN we are ill, the doctor sends us a bottle of medicine, with a label on it which says something like this: 'Two tablespoonfuls of the mixture to be taken three times a day.'

In the *Life of Sir Charles Tupper* we are told the story of a very much-mixed 'mixture.' An enthusiastic homœopathist brought to Sir James Simpson (who invented chloroform) a case of globules, which he desired Sir James to try. Each phial bore the name of the medicine and the disease which it was supposed to cure.

As Sir James did not feel much interest in the matter, he left the case lying on the mantelpiece for some time, afterwards handing it to a Doctor Henderson, who made a trial of the globules, and was so charmed with the result that he became a homœopathist.

When Sir James told his wife of Doctor Henderson's experiment, she remarked that the result was even more wonderful than the doctor thought it to be. For, said Lady Simpson, her little daughter had one day amused herself for a long time by emptying all the phials into a saucer—thus mixing together all the contents—then refilling the phials and putting them back in their case.

E. D.

## THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

GREAT is the antiquity of the mariner's compass, which the Chinese call 'the south-pointing chariot.' The idea, it is said, was born during the reign of Chong Wang, that is to say, a little before 1079 B.C. But in a few centuries the discovery of the principle was forgotten. A philosopher named Chang Hong revived it. He died in 139 B.C., and during the succeeding troublous times his model was neglected. It was in the third century A.D. that the Chinese interest in the south-pointing chariot revived. Old writings were eagerly studied, trial after trial was perseveringly made, and in writings of the eleventh century we read of the compass being used by mariners. Before that time it seems to have been used for guidance in travelling by land.

## FISHING IN FAR-OFF LANDS.

## III.—EEL AND CONGER FISHING.

THOUGH the Eel does not occupy a very prominent position in the fish world, beyond being regarded by most people as a rather unpleasant creature of no great value, there are a great number of persons of all countries who make their living by eel-fishing, and as the methods employed vary considerably a certain interest attaches to them.

The small, ordinary, common eel is found in great numbers in the sea, rivers, lakes, and ponds, though of these it prefers the sea least of all. It is generally accepted as a fact that the eel breeds in the sea, and later, when it has gained a sufficient size, makes its way up some near-by river until it settles on a more or less permanent home. Eels are believed to be able to travel over land when the weather is damp and the ground wet, which accounts for their being found in isolated ponds and wells. The eel, for its size, is stronger than almost any other fish, and this renders necessary considerable skill in the catching of it, especially as its shape enables it to wind itself about rocks and weeds and thus put up a very determined resistance.

Eel-fishing is not undertaken round the coasts of

Great Britain so seriously as it is in France, Holland, and Denmark, but a good number are caught either for the sport or incidentally in the course of fishing for some other species. At the same time, quite a number are captured for the sake of the eel-pies which are so popular in certain parts of the country.

The Danish and Dutch eel-fishers carry out their work from broad, low sailing-boats by means of either a drag-net or a drift-net. In the first case the boat is anchored, the net lowered at some distance from the vessel, and then slowly dragged in to the boat's side. The drag-net is shaped something like a horseshoe, with two tunnel-like arms leading down to a much wider net, where the fish are collected by the motion of the net through the water. The drift-net is used, as its name suggests, by towing it after the boat when the latter is in motion, in much the same manner as that employed by the North Sea trawlers. When the nets are hauled on board, the eels are sorted according to size, then weighed and made ready for landing. The most favourable time for successful eel-fishing is at night, when the weather is thundery or damp, and when there is little or no moonlight.

In France, where the eel in various disguises makes its appearance on the *menu* much more frequently than is the case in England, special fresh-water eel-fisheries, or nurseries, are built and kept stocked in order to supply the market. The eels are taken from these fisheries by means of long, nine-pronged spears.

Many of the eels that find their way into the London market come from Holland, whence they are brought by the Dutch eel-boats mentioned above. These boats anchor in the Thames off Canvey Island, where the eels are sorted and acclimatised to Thames water, where they are kept until wanted for the market. The anchorage of these Dutch eel-fishers at Canvey has rather a quaint and interesting history. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth these eel-boats followed the same custom, and were to be found in the same anchorage that they now occupy. In return for a present of eels made to her, Queen Elizabeth made a grant to these fishermen of free anchorage, without payment of any of the usual tolls or dues. The only stipulation accompanying this gift was that there should always be at least one boat in the river. The outbreak of war found many of these boats in their accustomed grounds, and they made all haste to return to Holland. In order, however, to retain for use after the war the privilege of free anchorage, it was necessary to leave one of their number behind, and accordingly one Dutch skipper remained with his boat on the river for over four years, until the coming of peace allowed his comrades to return to join him again.

The Norfolk Broads are a fruitful source of the London eel supply. Here the fishing, or 'picking' as it is locally called, is carried out from small, flat-bottomed boats by means of long prongs at the end of poles. These poles are plunged into the bed of the Broads, any eels that happen to be caught between the prongs being firmly held until they are brought to the surface.

The eel's big brother, the Conger, lives only in the sea, where it grows to such a size that often a severe struggle takes place before it can be caught. It is a very much larger and stronger fish, and lives as a rule among the rocks of the sea-bed, although when feeding at night it will travel long distances in search of food. Conger-fishing is indulged in, as a rule, more for the sport than



it offers than for the value of the catch as an article of food, though a number of different dishes can be made from the fish, while pickled conger is very popular in Wales.

Really big conger are only caught after sunset, and when there is no moonlight. These fish are caught from small boats, which are anchored above the clumps of rock wherein the conger has his home. Something likely to appeal to a hungry conger for supper is used as bait, and when the fish has swallowed it he generally provides his captors with an exciting ten minutes before



A Fresh-water Eel Fishery.

he gives in. As congers will continue to fight for some time after they have been hauled into the boat, the fishermen provide themselves with what is known as a 'priest,' this being a short, heavy piece of wood, shaped somewhat like a small Indian club, with which they rap the fish on the head to quiet it. Expert fishermen have a curious method, known as 'strapping,' for dealing with small conger up to about four pounds in weight, which consists in lifting the conger by the hook and bringing its tail down with great force on the side of the boat, continuing the treatment until its struggles cease.

Hunting for eels is a favourite pastime among the children of the French coasts, who forage among the shallow pools formed among the clusters of rocks along the shore, using for their purpose long metal hooks equipped with wooden handles.

K. R. BROWNE.

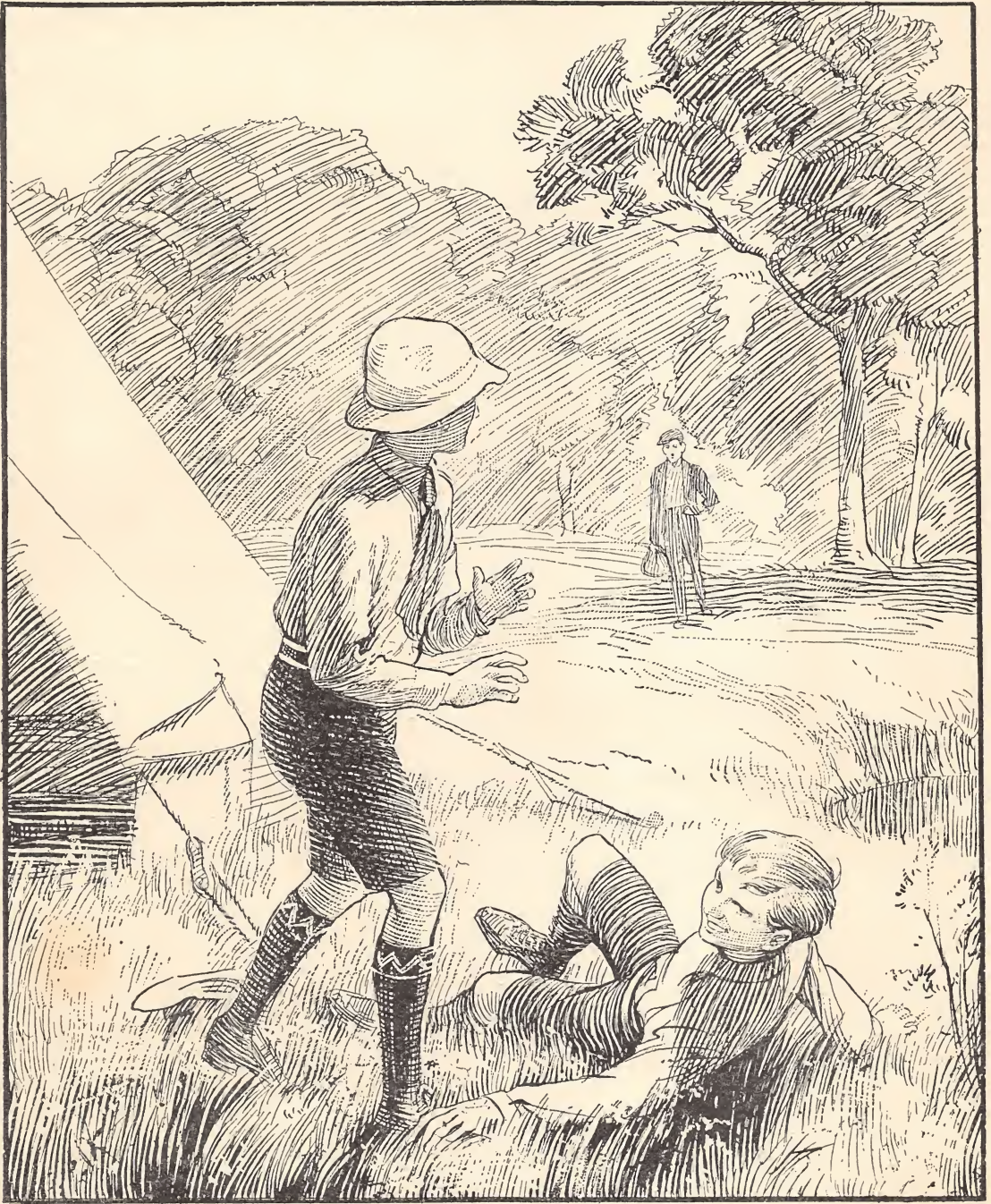


Weighing Eels on a Dutch Eel-boat.



Hunting for Eels on the French Coast.





"He saw a country lad coming through the trees."

#### THE THIEF IN THE CAMP.

'HOW would you boys like to camp out at nights?' asked Sir Timothy Roland. His two nephews, Dick and Harry Littleby, were spending a month of

their summer holidays with him at Roland Manor, a fine old house surrounded by several acres of beautiful country-side.

'First-rate,' replied Dick, who was two years older



than his brother; 'in fact that is just what we had been thinking of ourselves, Uncle, and if you would let us, we would enjoy it immensely.'

'Certainly, certainly,' replied Sir Timothy, genially. 'I like to see boys enjoying themselves. After breakfast, you can go and choose a site for your tent.'

The boys were very busy that forenoon, and soon had a small tent pitched at the side of the little stream that wound its way through Sir Timothy's grounds. In the afternoon the old gentleman came to see it, and he said, 'I only wish I was a youngster again, for there was nothing I enjoyed more in my boyhood than a holiday under canvas.'

Dick and Harry spent the night in the tent, and were up betimes the next morning, when they had a cool, refreshing dip in the stream. As Sir Timothy had given them permission to fish there, they spent the forenoon trying to catch something for dinner. Needless to say, they were successful, and made a hearty meal.

They had brought down some provisions from the house, for it had been agreed that they would spend the whole day in the open, only appearing at the Manor at six o'clock for late dinner with Sir Timothy. 'I don't want to lose sight of you, altogether,' said he.

The next day they went for a scramble in the woods, leaving everything in the tent ready to be heated up for lunch on their return.

Many were the trees they climbed, and many the tumbles from the branches to the ground, but they always picked themselves up with a laugh, and tried again. It was a glorious summer, and as they lived in the centre of a large town, the boys were having the time of their lives.

At length they raced each other back to the tent hungry as hunters, and ready to make the victuals disappear as only schoolboys can.

'Hullo!' cried Dick, emerging from the interior of the tent, 'just look at this!'

'What?' asked Harry.

'Go inside and see if you see any signs of sardines, or bread, or anything else.'

'Not a sign do I perceive,' declared Harry, dramatically, as he emerged into the sunshine; 'somebody's been here while we were away.'

'How? When? Where?' asked Dick.

'Maybe it was Farmer Higgins' old pig,' suggested Harry.

'Nonsense,' replied Dick; 'not even an intelligent porker could open a tin of sardines, and besides—'

But Dick went no further, for Harry was rolling about on the ground, yelling with laughter. 'Oh! oh! oh!' he gasped. 'Fancy—a pig—and sardines. Oh! oh!'

Dick was just going to mete out condign punishment to his unruly young brother, when he saw a country lad coming through the trees straight before towards them. He carried a bundle in his hand, and as he came nearer Dick saw that the lad was looking rather frightened.

He walked straight up to Dick, and laid down the bundle. 'I'm sorry I went off with these things,' he said, and stopped short.

'You went off with these things? What do you mean?'

The lad glanced at the boys furtively, and said again, 'I'm sorry.'

'Come on,' said Dick; 'don't be afraid to explain.'

'Well, we live in that cottage over there,' pointing across several fields to where the road passed by Sir Timothy's grounds, 'my mother, Tom, and I. Tom and I work in the fields, but Tom's been ill, and times is bad, and we've scarce enough to eat. Tom's better again, but he's always complaining, and when we saw your little tent here, he told me to spy on you, and try and get some food. So I came here an hour ago; I didn't want to, but Tom said he'd give me a thrashing if I didn't, so I came. But when I got back to the cottage Tom was out, and Mother saw me, and asked me where I'd got the bread and stuff. I tried to make up a story at first, but I couldn't. I couldn't tell a story to my mother. And she was very angry, and said I was a thief, and I was to take the things back again, for she would rather starve, and have us starve, than have us steal, and—'

But the poor lad got no further; he broke down, and began to sob. It could be seen that he was very unhappy, and the boys were sorry for him.

'Sit down and have some food with us,' said Dick, kindly, 'and we're coming to see your mother after lunch.'

The boy needed no coaxing, for he was starving, and by the time lunch was ready he was quite bright again, and much happier than he had been for months.

After lunch they went to the lad's cottage, and had a talk with his mother, who was a respectable hard-working woman, but whose once handsome face showed how hard and poverty-stricken a life she had had.

That evening at dinner Dick spoke about her to Sir Timothy, and he seemed very interested in her.

'What is her name?' he asked.

'Mrs. Blake, she said,' answered Dick.

'Blake! Can it be the same? I will go and see her to-morrow,' and he changed the conversation.

The next day, when the boys returned from their morning's expedition, they were surprised to find their uncle waiting for them at the tent, and Jones, the butler, laying out a fine spread on the ground.

When the meal was ready Jones retired, and the boys set to with an appetite, while Sir Timothy nibbled at his lunch.

'Well, boys,' he said, at length, 'I went to see your friend, Mrs. Blake, this morning, and I have very pleasant news to tell you. Twenty years ago there was a robbery at the Manor, and my father was very, very angry about it, for, amongst other things, a fine diamond watch, a family heirloom, had been stolen. Suspicion rested on the butler, Blake by name, and the detective who investigated into the case gave it as his belief that Blake was the culprit. The poor fellow protested that he was innocent, but finally decided to leave the place, as suspicion lay on him and he could not bear it. I never saw him again, but two years later one of the keepers was accidentally shot, and on his death-bed confessed that he had committed the crime, and that Blake was innocent. All the stolen jewels were restored; and I tried to trace where Blake had gone, but was never successful. Mrs. Blake tells me he died eleven years ago, and four years later she took that cottage. As you know, I am very seldom out of doors, and as this is one of the boundaries of my estates, she



has lived here for seven years, and none of us have known of it. I have taken her into my service, and her son Tom also, but the younger lad, Alick, wants to be a sailor, so I am going to grant his wish. I have written to my friend, Captain Steer, and he is coming to see me in a few days. He is an old friend of mine, and you boys will like him immensely.'

And so it proved, for a kinder-hearted and more jovial sea-captain there never was than John Steer, and the boys were quite sorry when at last he left, taking a new cabin-boy with him. J. D. MARWICK.

### BLIND HARRY.

**H**ARRY VOWLES, commonly called 'Blind Harry,' who died in 1919, was a familiar figure in Brighton, where for fifteen years he played a melodeon on the front.

He was born blind, yet he managed to walk long distances alone. Every year, until a few years ago, he tramped to Putney for Boat-race Week, always finding his way without help.

Only once he missed his way, and took the wrong road at a junction. But he soon discovered his mistake, returned to the cross-roads, and set off in the right direction.

Blind Harry always walked at night. He was forced at last to discontinue his long rambles, owing to the ever-increasing danger of motor-cars.

### THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 156.)

#### CHAPTER X.

**J**ANE closed the front door. She was all importance in a moment. Here was Master's brother, and no bedroom ready for him. She wished he had come earlier in the day, and so given her time to make suitable preparation. She relieved him of his hat and coat, apologising for being taken unawares, and asked if he would like a wash.

'No,' he replied. 'Leave me to the children, Jane, and don't you worry. This is only a flying visit. When I come to stay, I will give you plenty of notice.'

As he spoke, the children examined him. Lena thought how wonderfully he agreed with Miss Jackson's imaginary description. He was tall and certainly handsome, and he wore a short dark beard; but Lena did not think that she liked his way of dressing. He had on a large-check suit and a red necktie, and it all looked so different from the quiet way in which her father dressed. But this was only a passing thought, and in a moment Lena was pulling at his arm, urging him to come and have some tea. Marjory had become very quiet. She had allowed herself to be kissed, and now stood by her uncle's side, with one hand in his.

'But you are staying the night, sir?' said Jane, picking up a small black bag, all the luggage that he had brought.

'Yes, Jane,' he replied. 'But I must be in London by ten o'clock in the morning, and I shall be gone before

any of you are stirring. So don't go to any trouble. Any shake-down will do for me.'

'Well, come along, Uncle,' said Lena, anxious to get him seated comfortably at the table, and to hear all about him.

'I'm coming, Miss Impatience,' he replied. 'But who is this?' he asked, looking at Ethel, who still remained by the breakfast-room door. 'Have I three nieces? I thought I had only two.'

'You have only two, Mr. Lester,' replied Ethel, laughing at his manner. 'I'm Ethel Drayton. I must introduce myself, for Lena is too excited to do it for me,' and Ethel shook hands. Nip sniffed round Mr. Lester's heels, growling occasionally, but Ethel scolded him off and apologised for his behaviour.

Together they entered the breakfast-room. Marjory let go her uncle's hand and kept close to Ethel, who, smiling at her timidity, placed an arm round her.

'Now, Uncle,' said Lena, 'you sit here and cut the birthday cake.'

'Oho! So there's a birthday cake, is there?'

'Why, of course there is!' replied Lena. 'You know it's my birthday.'

'Yes, yes,' replied Mr. Lester quickly, 'but I didn't know there was a cake. I might have supposed it though.'

Lena was just going to thank him for the watch when fresh tea and another cup and saucer were brought in; and while she busied herself in pouring out her uncle's tea he turned to Marjory, who now chose to sit next to Ethel and away from Mr. Lester.

'There's somebody here who is almost frightened of me, I think,' he said coaxingly. Marjory made no reply, but hid her warm face against Ethel. She was not frightened, but she was disappointed. This was not a bit like the uncle she had imagined.

'Oh, don't mind Marjory,' said Lena; 'she's always like this with strangers. Here's your tea, Uncle,' and sooner than pass the cup and saucer, she rose to carry it round. Mr. Lester, seeing her object, jumped up suddenly to take it from her. Instantly Nip darted forward with an angry snarl, and would have flown right at him, had not Ethel also risen quickly, and called the dog back. But, in rising so suddenly, Ethel pushed her chair against Lena, who was passing behind, and immediately the cup and saucer were sent flying.

'Oh, I am sorry, Lena!' Ethel cried. 'And do sit down, Mr. Lester; you moved so suddenly, Nip evidently thought you were going to hurt us.'

Lena, disturbed for the moment, soon recovered her presence of mind, and rang for another cup; Marjory helped to pick up the broken pieces, and Ethel, speaking very severely to Nip, fastened him up to a leg of the couch, where he would be out of the way. He whined and licked her hand, looked up at her and whined again; but she remained firm and said, 'No, no, Nip. I shall not forgive you till you have learnt how to behave.'

'I wonder,' she continued, as she sat down to the table again, 'what it is he objects to. It's very seldom he is so particular,' and she looked at Mr. Lester attentively for a moment, but saw nothing either specially objectionable or specially pleasing. There was a scar on his right cheek which she could not help noticing, but for anything else he was just an ordinary man whom no doubt she might come to like when she knew him better.

(Continued on page 170.)





““Oh! there’s a birthday cake, is there?””





“He isn’t as nice as I expected.”



## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

BY TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 167.)

MR. LESTER, satisfied that the dog was safe, now began to talk as he proceeded with his tea.

'Now,' he said pleasantly, 'let me hear all about the birthday.'

'Well,' began Lena prettily, 'there's the watch.' She hesitated a moment, wondering how to thank her uncle.

'Yes,' said Mr. Lester, 'but you are not wearing it. Perhaps you don't like it?'

'Oh, Uncle! I think it's lovely,' cried Lena, getting quite red. 'It's with all my other presents, upstairs; that is why I have not got it on. But Uncle, how *did* you know it was my birthday, and that I wanted a watch?'

'Oh, that's my secret,' replied Mr. Lester, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. 'Then you do like it?'

'Oh, I do—don't I, Marjory? Don't I, Ethel?' She appealed to the others.

'Humph!' said Mr. Lester. 'Somebody is fond of jewellery, apparently.'

'You mean me, Uncle,' put in Lena. 'But why shouldn't I like jewellery? Mother likes it. She has a lovely lot. You should see it.'

'I should like to,' replied Mr. Lester, very much amused. 'I'm fond of jewellery, too. But with Mother away and the jewellery away, I'm afraid I don't stand much chance, eh?' and he laughed heartily.

'Mother doesn't take all her things when she's travelling,' said Marjorie quietly. 'She doesn't think it is safe. She scarcely took any this time, Lena.'

'I know,' replied Lena, 'but we couldn't show them to Uncle: they are locked up in Mother's wardrobe.'

'Good Heavens!' broke in Mr. Lester. 'You don't mean that, surely? Suppose you had burglars.'

'But we don't have, Uncle,' protested Lena, indignantly. 'Everybody is very honest about here.'

Mr. Lester smiled.

'It's only in London, isn't it,' asked Ethel, 'that people steal so much?'

'Oh, my dear, no,' replied Mr. Lester. 'Burglars go all over the country. They find out when people go away, leaving their houses unprotected, and then they get in somehow and help themselves. And this house! Well, I couldn't help noticing the windows as I came along to-day. They are so low that anybody could climb in.'

'But this house isn't unprotected,' replied Lena; 'we are here, and besides, no one knows that Mother and Father are away.'

'And if they did,' said Marjory, who had been listening very attentively, 'it wouldn't matter. Father always says that burglars won't hurt if you'll leave them alone.'

'Oh, well, I can see you are brave girls,' said Mr. Lester. 'It was too bad of me to try and frighten you, but I wanted to see what kind of stuff you were made of. Come along, let us inspect the presents.'

They rose from the table together.

Mr. Lester wanted to carry Marjory on his back, but she timidly clung to Ethel, and Lena, taking his hand, eagerly led the way to the nursery. Seeing them about to go, Nip commenced to bark again, as if anxious to be liberated, but Ethel left him tied up. He tugged

at the cord which held him, barking louder and louder, and as Ethel disappeared with the others he whined uneasily.

'I can't understand that dog to-day,' said Ethel to Marjory, as they were going upstairs. 'He's never so particular at home.'

'I think I can understand him,' replied Marjory in a low tone. 'He doesn't like Uncle. And Ethel,' she whispered, 'do you?'

Ethel laughed. 'You funny child,' she said, giving Marjory a hug. 'I haven't thought. But yes, I like him. What makes you ask?'

'Nothing,' replied Marjory; 'only he isn't as nice as I expected.'

'Oh!' said Ethel, easily, 'that is only because you don't know him. You wait a bit.'

But Marjory could not be persuaded so easily, and she was very quiet as she watched Lena showing off her presents to her uncle. She was thoroughly disappointed. Mother had said they would like him the moment they saw him, but here he was, and Marjory said to herself that she did not like him a bit.

When the presents had all been admired, Mr. Lester came towards Marjory and attempted to take her on his knee, but she shrank away again.

'What are you afraid of?' he asked, as he sat down without her.

'I am not afraid of anything, but I'd sooner sit here, thank you,' replied Marjory, and Ethel made room for her.

Mr. Lester laughed good-naturedly, and placing an arm round Lena, he drew her on to his chair.

'Well, *you* are not afraid, are you?' he asked, smiling.

'Oh, no, Uncle; but Marjory doesn't mean to be rude,' Lena replied, satisfied that she, at least, was behaving nicely.

'You know, Marjory,' she continued reprovingly, 'we promised Mother to look after Uncle if he came.' Marjory remained quiet.

'When is your mother returning?' asked Mr. Lester.

'We don't know,' replied Lena.

'Perhaps to-morrow,' put in Marjory stolidly.

'So soon?' remarked Mr. Lester.

'Only perhaps,' said Lena. 'But never mind about Mother, Uncle. Tell us about yourself and Auntie—our new aunt.'

'Your new aunt.' He hesitated and looked at them. 'My wife, eh?'

'Yes; why didn't you bring her? You said you were going to.'

'Ah, I changed my mind, you see. It was scarcely worth while, just for one night. She has gone on to London. I just broke my journey so as to pop in here and surprise you all.'

'Because it was my birthday?' asked Lena. 'I know,' she continued, not waiting for a reply, 'you are always doing things like that—always surprising people.'

'Yes, I generally succeed in surprising people,' replied Mr. Lester, smiling.

'I wish you were going to stay longer,' said Lena. 'Are you *sure* you must go in the morning, and so early, too?'

'Yes, I'm sure. Hello! Here's Jane. It isn't bed-time yet, surely,' and Mr. Lester looked at his watch.

(Continued on page 183.)



### THE SOUTH AMERICAN CAMEL.

**T**HE llama is a queer sort of animal; you may study its peculiarities at the Zoo. In its native country it is treated with great consideration and respect by the Indians. When, during a journey, the llamas feel tired, they go 'on strike,' and stop, whereupon their Indian guide stops also. If, towards sunset, they show no inclination to proceed, the man, standing fifty or sixty paces off, humbly entreats them to go on. If the animals happen to be in a good humour, they will do so, but if in a bad temper, they take no notice whatever of the speaker, and will not stir.

When the Peruvian Indians wish to load the llama, two of them go to it and divert its attention by caressing it, so that it may not perceive the load on its back. The same thing is done when the animal is unloaded.

A strong llama will not carry much more than a hundredweight.

After working for a fortnight, each llama has a week's rest.

### TWO FUNNY CRICKET MATCHES.

**L**ORD WILLIAM LENNOX has told us of two very curious cricket matches which came off in his time. The first of these was between the one-armed and the one-legged pensioners of Greenwich Hospital. It was played at Montpelier Gardens, Walworth. Several wooden legs got broken in the course of the game. The result of the match was a victory for the one-armed players, who drove off to Greenwich in a car decorated with flags, banners, and laurel-leaves.

In the other curious match a dog was one of the players. Lord Charles Kerr backed his servant Bridger, and his water-spaniel 'Drake,' against a Mr. Cock and a Mr. Wetherell. This match took place at Holt Pond cricketing-ground, near Farnham. Drake proved himself a good fieldsman. His part was to field the ball, and he always caught it at the first bound. The result of the game was as follows:—

LORD CHARLES KERR.—First Innings.

J. Bridger, caught by Cock, 50; Drake (we ought to say 'not in' instead of 'not out'), 0; Total, 50.

W. J. Cock, Esq.

W. J. Cock, caught by J. Bridger, 6; W. Wetherell, run out by Drake, 0; Total, 6.

W. J. Cock then gave up the match.

'How,' you may ask, 'did the dog Drake run out Wetherell?' Drake reached the ball so much more quickly than the batsman expected, stopped it so well, and delivered it so promptly to his partner that Wetherell's stump went down without a run.

### THE ELEPHANT.

**A**N elephant lived in the square box outside the station, near the opening of the tunnel.

Christopher might not have been so perfectly certain if his father had not told him that it was an elephant—his father, who had lived in India and Africa, and knew all about wild animals.

But the little boy had seen the trunk himself—the long, leathery trunk, with water dripping from the top of it.

It was when he was driving back from the station

with Father in the car, and they were obliged to wait, because the gates across the road were shut, to let the train go by.

The engine was standing some distance away, outside the tunnel, by the square box, and Christopher said, 'Oh, Father, look! There's an elephant's trunk!'

And Father looked, and answered quite gravely, not laughing a bit: 'Yes, old chap, it's an elephant's trunk. They keep the poor brute in that tank, and it's hungry. Just look—it's trying to get something to eat out of the engine!'

Christopher looked, and he could just see that the elephant's trunk seemed to be feeling about inside the engine. Presently the engine-driver pushed it out, and it fell back, all dripping with water.

'Mr. Elephant's had a drink anyway, hasn't he?' Father said.

'Don't they give him anything to eat?' Christopher asked, and Father answered:

'No, old son, they don't give him anything to eat at all—only water! Pretty mean of the Railway Company, isn't it?'

Christopher was very quiet all the way home, although generally he had heaps of things to tell Father. But to-day he could not help thinking about the elephant.

The little boy loved all animals, but elephants best of all. That was the only reason why he liked London better than the country—because of the Zoo. Cows and pigs and sheep were very nice, of course, but they did not make up for the elephant-house, where Nurse took him every Sunday afternoon with a big bag of buns and pieces of bread and apples.

So you can imagine how excited Christopher felt when he heard that there was a real, live elephant shut up in the box by the tunnel, but he felt miserable too.

He knew what a lot elephants want to eat—heaps and heaps of hay, besides the extra buns and apples and orange-peel which their friends give them. And this poor elephant had nothing at all—nothing but water.

'Couldn't you *make* them feed him, Father?' he said, just as they were turning into the gate.

Father was very busy trying not to scrape the paint, as he answered, 'Eh? Who? Oh, the elephant! No, old chap—I can't do anything. It's the business of the Railway Company, and they won't stand any interference. Why, we aren't even allowed to walk along the line, you know, they are so fussy and particular. There, jump out, Kit, and run in to your tea!'

Christopher knew that it was of no use to speak to other grown-ups, if Father couldn't help him; but, all the same, he was very unhappy.

He felt so miserable that he could not go to sleep for hours and hours—until it was nearly time for Nurse herself to come to bed. And directly he woke up he remembered the poor, hungry elephant, with nothing to eat except water.

The thought made his own bread-and-milk taste quite horrid; it even spoilt the top of Father's egg, sitting on the beautiful bit of buttered toast.

'Good-bye, old chap!' Father said, after breakfast. 'Be a good kid, and don't get into mischief. You won't be fetching me from the station to-day, because I'm going to walk home from Evermead across the fields.'

If Father had not been in a tremendous hurry, he might have noticed that Christopher was not *quite* so





"The elephant's trunk seemed to be feeling about inside the engine."

much disappointed as usual about missing his drive in the car. But Christopher was thinking of something else: he was just beginning to make a plan, and it was the most exciting plan he had ever imagined in all his

six years of life. If the Railway Company wouldn't, and Father couldn't, he must go and feed the elephant himself.

(Continued on page 189.)





"It wagged its head in joyous salutation."

#### THE STORY OF A SHEEP.

SHEEP are considered to be rather stupid animals, and nobody likes to be called 'sheepish!' The other day, however, I heard the story of a sheep who (I will not say 'which') not only displayed a high degree

of intelligence, but had also a retentive memory and a faithful, loving heart.

'Here is a new pet for you, Sally,' said Sally's brother, Bob, as he entered the house, carrying something in his arms.



'Oh, Bob!' exclaimed the girl. 'What a little dear!'

It wasn't a *deer*, but a wee white lamb. Its mother was dead, and so Bob, who was training to be a farmer, had brought the poor mite to his sister, who was always ready to adopt pets.

The lamb, 'Woolly-White,' was soon quite at home with all the family. It was a very gentle, affectionate lamb, and in due course became a gentle, affectionate sheep. But by-and-by its kind friends had to quit their country cottage, and go to live in a town. What was now to become of Woolly-White?

Poor Sally was much distressed at parting with her pet, though she knew that it would have a good home with the farmer, who had kindly offered to take charge of it. She thought that she should never see her dear Woolly-White again.

But, most unexpectedly, a year later the family for some reason returned to the cottage, and when they got there the first thing that Sally and her sister Peggy did was to go to inquire about their sheep-friend.

When the two girls reached the gate of the farmer's field they found it locked. 'Woolly!' they called. 'Woolly-White!'

Instantly a sheep left the others and bounded towards them. It put up its two front legs against the gate as far as it could reach, and wagged its head in joyous salutation, as its friends had taught it to do.

Then very soon, we may suppose, Woolly-White was back in its old home.

E. D.

### A VERY HONEST MAN.

IT is rather difficult to be perfectly honest, in word and deed, even if we *try* to be so. Many quite 'respectable' people do not even try. Though they would never dream of using their hands to pick and steal with, they are very ready to avail themselves of any means whereby they may benefit themselves at the expense of others. Some, for instance, think it very clever to cheat a railway company out of a few pence or shillings, as the case may be.

The other day I read a story about a slave in Virginia, U.S.A., to whom his owner said, 'I will let you buy your freedom. You need not pay the whole sum at once. Go now if you like, work for any one you please, and pay me by instalments until the whole price is paid.'

This was in 1861 or thereabouts. The negro obtained work in the Northern State of Ohio. In 1863 he had paid a good part of his debt, but he still owed about three hundred dollars (sixty pounds).

And then a great thing happened. The famous President, Abraham Lincoln, proclaimed, during the Civil War, the freedom of the blacks.

Thus, had the Virginian negro still been a slave, he would now have received his freedom *as a gift*—with nothing to pay. No one could have blamed him if he had left the remainder of his debt unpaid. He was not bound to pay it; the debt was practically cancelled.

But this negro was a super-honest, honourable man. So he walked all the way from Ohio to Virginia, and paid the three hundred dollars. Then he felt happy.

'I shall enjoy my freedom all the more,' he said to a friend—also a negro—'if I fulfil my promise.'

He was what is called 'quixotic'; but let us ever remember that it is better to be too honest, than not honest enough.

E. D.

### THE MAGIC CROWN.

An Austrian Legend.

PERHAPS some of the little children in Austria to-day still believe the legend which their mothers may have told them about their Emperor's crown, which is the same as that worn many centuries ago by Charles the Great (Charlemagne). It is a pretty story.

At one time, it is said, during that mighty Emperor's campaign against the Saxon chieftain Wittekind, his army, and the people of the country through which he was marching, suffered agonies of thirst, owing to a very severe frost, which had turned all the water into thick ice. As the Emperor rode along, he saw a group of children crying because they had no water. 'He called one of the boys to his side and said to him, 'What is your name?'

'Babelink,' was the reply.

Charlemagne took off his crown, and handed it to the child.

'Well, Babelink,' he said, 'place this thing on the ground, then draw a circle round it with a stick, and see what will happen.'

Wondering, Babelink obeyed, and within the circle, through the crown, a fountain of clear water sprang up out of the hard frozen earth. There was enough precious liquid to quench not only the children's thirst but also that of the army, and of everybody in the district.

'Kind hearts are more than coronets,' says Tennyson. According to this story the two things for once, at any rate, went together. How one would love to possess such a useful crown as that!

But I fear that the crown of Austria has lost its magic power—if it ever had any!

E. D.

### JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.

(Continued from page 162.)

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE captain of the great warship was standing on the poop of his own vessel when I was brought before him, and around him were fine and noble gentlemen, all clothed splendidly, with ruffs round their necks and doublets of silk or velvet. The captain himself still wore his steel cap and breastplate, and the lantern-light gleamed on gold-hilted swords and on brooches set with pearls and sparkling stones.

They questioned me closely as to my capture and treatment on board the *Santa Maria*, and I answered as best as I could, although in truth, what with fear and weariness and pain—for my foot was aching cruelly now—I must have cut a sorry figure enough.

Then, too, my jerkin was torn and covered with dust, my hair tousled, and, strive as I might, tears welled up into my eyes and trickled down my dirty cheeks.

The great captain, however—and in all my life I have never encountered a more lordly man—did not seem to perceive my weakness, but laid his hand on my shoulder, smiled kindly, and spoke to me as if I had been twenty years old instead of fourteen.

It was no easy matter, as you may imagine, to find



replies to all the questions that were asked, for I knew that it would never do to tell about my flight from the 'Corbies' Nest,' and how I was venturing alone on my quest, for, had he guessed the truth, certain it is that that gallant captain would have carried me back to Scotland and delivered me safe and sound into my mother's arms.

Instead, I merely said that I was on my way to the Low Countries to join my father, who was a captain in the Scots Brigade, and let them think what they would, so no obstacles were put in my way, and, when the captain and his friends had finished with me, I was taken back, first on to the pirate ship and then to the *Bonnie Bess*, which, having been but little injured in the fight, was to continue her voyage at daybreak.

Master James Burke, I was told, had already been carried down to his own cabin and laid on a couch. The men of his crew had been set free and their wounds tended, and everything in the way of papers, gold, or merchandise which had been taken by the pirates was restored.

The sea-robbers themselves were prisoners now, deep in the hold of the warship, and their vessel would be taken as a prize into Leith. All this I heard from my friend the brown-faced sailor-man, and he told me moreover that, many of the crew of the *Bess* being killed or wounded, their numbers would be strengthened by men from the warship—he among them—and that one of Burke's comrades would take command while the captain himself was disabled.

We have a proverb in Scotland—one of those wise sayings that old Jean was for ever dinning into the ears of Mysie and me, which tells that 'the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley,' and that was just what happened now, for the seaman was just relating to me how at dawn, if the wind favoured, the warship and her prize would sail on their homeward voyage, when a great shout of 'Fire! Fire!' arose on the still night air. Fire! It is an awesome thing to hear that alarm cry even on dry land, but at sea all the dangers and horrors are magnified a thousand times. What with the flames on the one hand and the waves on the other, even the bravest may well quail, seeing that there are but few chances of safety or of escape.

Now, as the dread cry went up, all rushed to the bulwark, and we could see a red streak of flame and a drift of smoke coming from the open hatch of the *Santa Maria*.

Then, once again there was bustle and hurry, the shouting of orders, and the rush of hurrying feet. There was gunpowder on board the pirate ship—every one knew that, but no one could say where it was stowed—and at any moment might come the shock of an explosion that would send, not only the *Santa Maria* herself, but the two other vessels as well, which clung so closely to her, to their doom.

Bustle and haste there was, indeed, during the minutes that followed, but no panic nor confusion, for the gallant captain of the warship took command of all three vessels, and he gave his orders as one born to rule and to be obeyed. In a very little while all the living men had been removed from the deck of the burning ship, and the two other craft had drawn away, being towed by boats to a safe distance. Then we all waited and watched, breathless with excitement and awe, while the wicked ship went to her death.

Night had fallen by this time completely, and it was

a still, windless night, when there should have been no other sounds but the gentle lapping of waves, and, perchance, now and then the cry of a sea-bird or the splash of a great fish in the water. Now, however, the air was full of the crackling and rustling of flames. We could see each other's faces, reddened by the awful glare, and the black smoke hung like a great canopy overhead. Then, all at once, came the roar of the exploding powder-magazine—a sound which we had all been awaiting, but which seemed nevertheless terrific and unexpected when it came—and, when the smoke-clouds had cleared away, the sea between the *Bonnie Bess* and the Queen's ship was empty, save for a tangle of floating timbers and twisted cordage.

Everything seemed strangely silent then—silent as the grave—while the heavy trail of smoke that melted away slowly against the star-strewn sky looked like the black flag beneath which the sea-robbers had committed so many cruel deeds.

The waves and the sky were clear again at last; the smoke faded away and the wreckage drifted eastward on the tide, and so that was the end of the pirate ship *Santa Maria*.

Towards midnight, when all trace of the fire had long since disappeared, a fresh breeze sprang up, and the great warship *Royal Oak* sailed on her way. Everything was quiet and peaceful on board the *Bonnie Bess*, and I, being well-nigh exhausted after all the happenings of the long day, sat down in a dark corner, and leaned my weary head against a pile of cordage.

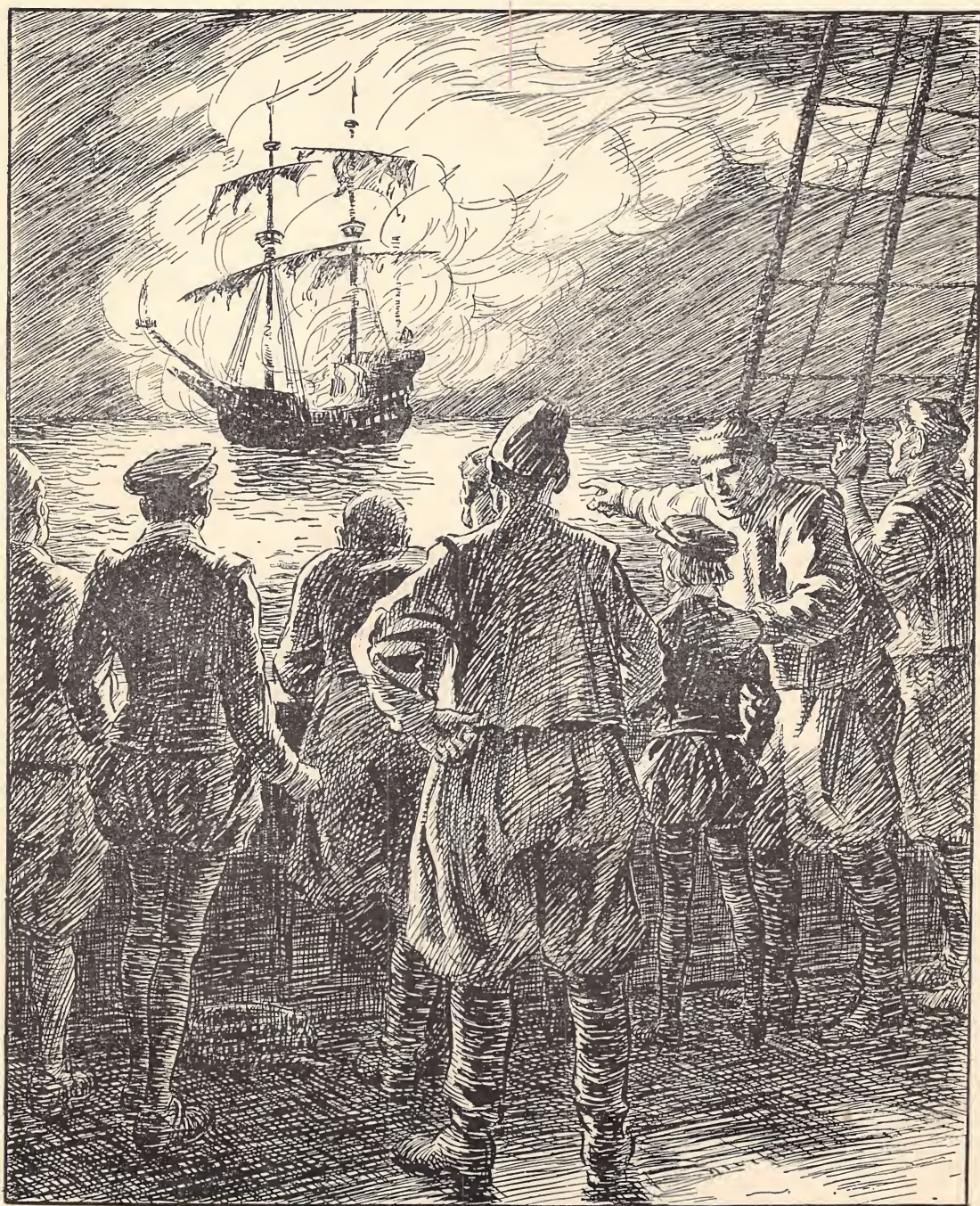
Now that the strife and excitement were over and there was time again for remembrance and sober consideration, I had bethought me that, I had no right to be aboard this friendly vessel, and was, indeed, but a vagrant and a stowaway—one who had paid no moneys and craved no permission to travel. At any moment some sailor might come up and demand my business, and, perchance, treat me roughly when he learned the truth.

I did not feel any great fear, however, for after all the past pains and terrors, scoldings and mere cuffs seemed of but small account, but I was stiff and aching in every joint—and hungry, too, having had no bite nor sup since the rough morning meal on board the pirate ship. I longed with all my heart for food and for a softer couch than the hard planks.

The captain, good Master James Burke, had been carried below to his cabin. He was not dead, as I had feared when I saw him lying so white and motionless after his fall, nor even mortally injured; but one leg had been broken, and he was, moreover, weak and suffering after the cruel treatment that he had undergone. He was fully conscious now, so I had heard one of the seamen say, but still in great pain and uneasiness. Another, therefore, would take command of the *Bonnie Bess* for the present voyage, and the crew of the ship had been reinforced by men from the Queen's ship, *Royal Oak*. It seemed certain now that we should come in safety to our haven in Flanders, and, in the meantime, there was nothing for me to do but to endure the hardships and starvation as best I might. It was cold, too, by this time, for, although the past day had been bright and sunny, the year was but young still and there was a keen edge to the night air. I pulled the collar of my jerkin high up round my ears and withdrew my chilled hands into its sleeves.

(Continued on page 178.)





“We waited and watched, breathless with excitement and awe.”





“What should I see but Robin’s head pop up.”



## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &amp;c.

(Continued from page 175.)

SAD and mournful thoughts drifted through my mind there in the chill, wakeful hours, and I remembered my mother and Mysie—yea, and even cross-grained old Jean, the serving-woman—with tenderness.

There was my schoolfellow, Red Robin, too, who, rogue as he was, had twice stood my friend, but whom I had not laid eyes on since he disappeared after the fight with the scar-faced man on board the *Santa Maria*.

Where was Robin now? I asked myself the question mournfully. Was he chained and in misery on board the warship with the other pirates, or had he, crouching rat-like in some place of concealment, perished in the great explosion on the *Santa Maria*? My heart felt sore and pitiful for my old comrade, who, even long ago had often shown himself well disposed towards me. I remembered how he had given me a rosy apple once, and again and again protected me from the rough bullying of the older boys. The tears which I had managed to keep back before welled up into my eyes again and trickled down my grimy cheeks.

Poor Robin, to die so young and by such a cruel death! I pictured the red head laid low, and how terrified he must have been when first he caught sight of the oncoming smoke and flames. Rats leave a sinking ship, so the proverb says; but there was no escape for my unhappy schoolfellow, caught in the hideous trap of the burning vessel, with the cold, deep ocean all around.

'Alas, poor Robin!' I said the words aloud, and then, all at once, what should I see but Robin's head, red and tousled as ever, pop up from behind a pile of wood and cordage. The next moment the lad himself scrambled out from his hiding-place and stood before me, alive and well, and with the old mischievous grin on his freckled, ugly face.

'Alas, alas, poor Robin,' he said, mimicking my voice with a laugh, and I knew then that I had spoken my thoughts aloud. 'But methinks it should rather be, "Alas, alas, poor Jock!" What means that woebegone face, laddie, on this fine night, when the victory has been won by your friends, and when all the wicked pirates are dead or in chains? Surely it is I, a pirate myself, who should bewail now, and you who should laugh and sing and rejoice?'

'Robin! Oh, Robin!' I sprang up and seized his arm with both hands, laughing and crying at the same time in a way that would have made even little Mysie think me foolish. 'Oh, Robin, I thought that you were surely dead, and in chains, and burnt to a cinder. Where have you been, lad? What have you been doing? And how comes it that you are here, safe and sound, on board this ship?'

'One question at a time, my good young friend, and not so loud, or, perhaps, you will see me in chains, after all. Remember that I am a pirate, and that nothing would better please the honest folk here than to lay me by the heels. I hid myself away after our combat with that villain, not wishing to be captured and carried off to Merry England, yea, and clapped into prison, as like as not, by that ancient and wicked harridan, your Good Queen Bess.'

There was all the old rancour in Robin's voice as he spoke, so I hastened to turn the talk into a different channel, and still clinging tightly to the boy's arm, for, having found him again, I was loath to let him go even for a moment. I told him of my gnawing hunger, and of how I was like to die of starvation if food could not be had, and that quickly.

In answer, Robin slung on to the deck a leather bag which he carried, and, opening it, took out a good store of hard biscuit such as sailors eat, together with strips of dried meat, dark and unappetising to look at, but good to the taste, especially when one had an appetite such as mine to satisfy. There was also a bottle of good red wine which warmed me, chilled as I was with cold and weariness, and made the blood tingle in my veins.

Robin Stuart was ravenous, too, and we fell upon the food together, devouring great mouthfuls until not so much as a crumb was left. While we ate and drank, Red Robin told me the story of how he had gone to the cook-house of the *Santa Maria* after that the pirates had been borne off to captivity on the warship, and had filled the wallet with such provender as he could find at the moment.

'I wish it had been more,' he said, staring ruefully at the empty bag, 'for we shall go hungry to-morrow morning, unless I can manage to steal out and pick up some fragments of meat and bread.'

I gathered from these words that it was Robin's intention to remain in hiding on the *Bonnie Bess* until port was reached; but I planned to seek Master James Burke in the morning, and, if he were recovered enough to listen, beg him to stand my friend.

'That will be safe for you, doubtless, Jock,' said Robin, shaking his red head over my scheme. 'But remember I am a pirate and an outlaw. Still, perchance, it will prove the best thing to be done, and you can easily bring food and drink in abundance to my hiding-place.'

'Yes, indeed, I will,' I said, eagerly, for Robin had been a good friend to me, outlaw as he was, and I longed to repay the debt. 'And why should I not tell Master Burke about you, and plead with him for mercy and pardon? I will tell him that you have repented your bad ways, Robin, and are no longer a pirate.'

'Nay, nay, I am Queen Mary's man, and an enemy of your Master Burke and of Elizabeth whom he serves,' Robin spoke hotly, forgetting to whisper in his excitement. 'An outlaw I am, and an outlaw I remain, as long as the usurper sits on the throne of England, and our sweet sovereign languishes in her cruel captivity.' And then he poured some of the wine into his horn drinking-cup—there was still plenty of the liquor left, although every morsel of meat and biscuit had vanished—and, having drunk, held the vessel high above his head. 'Here's to Queen Mary,' he cried. 'The lawful Queen of England and Scotland, and of France as well.'

'Here's to Good Queen Bess!' I retorted, snatching the cup from his hand, and drinking its contents so quickly that I choked and spluttered. 'And down with all traitors and enemies.'

The fierce wine made me choke and splutter, and Robin, fearing discovery, clapped me soundly on the back till I got my breath, and then how I laughed to see his flushed, angry face. 'Come, come, Robin,' I said, 'we had best be friends again, seeing the plight



we are in, and, any way, 'tis foolish to quarrel over a matter of queens that neither of us have ever seen.'

I held out my hand, and Robin gripped it tightly, although his eyes had an angry gleam in them and his brow was puckered into a frown. He was still sore about his loyalty to Queen Mary, I could see, and unwilling to accept favours from Master Burke.

(Continued on page 190.)

## THE HIGHWAYS OF THE WORLD.

### IV.—ACROSS CANADA.

#### PART 2.—FROM WINNIPEG TO VANCOUVER.

**W**INNIPEG—Muddy Water, that's what the word means in the Indian language, and we are carried back by its sound to the old days before white men had been seen in the New World; the days when the Red Indians—warriors with painted faces and feathered head-dresses, and squaws with their babies strapped to their backs—wandered over the great plains of the Far West and pitched their tents here, where two rivers meet. Those old days seem very far away indeed now, as our train carries us into the railway station of Winnipeg, and we find ourselves in a busy, crowded, prosperous city, the centre of the wheat trade and the capital of the great province of Manitoba.

It is not a very beautiful city, perhaps, nor a very interesting one in itself, for its oldest buildings have been built within the last half-century, and it can, therefore, have none of the quaint corners and art treasures and historical associations of our ancient European towns; but it has a wonderful climate, and, we are told, can count upon no less than three hundred and thirty days of sunshine in the year.

The first Europeans who ever came so far West across the plains are said to have been a Frenchman, the *Sieur de la Verendye*, and his sons, who explored this district, and built a little stronghold, *Fort Roger*, on the site of the present city. This was in 1731; but soon afterwards, when the British captured Canada from the French, the outpost was abandoned, and only the Indians were seen once more by the muddy waters of the Red River. Later on white men came again, traders this time, and a settlement was established by the Hudson Bay Company—*Fort Garry* the new town was called; but really it could hardly be called a town at all, for it consisted only of a few rough wooden shanties, built round the stockade of the fort.

Here a great trade was carried on with the Indians and trappers of the country round, who brought their fox and sable furs to be sold or exchanged for food and manufactured goods. As time went on more emigrants came into the district, and, at last, in 1869, the province of Manitoba became part of the great Dominion of Canada.

It seemed, then, that the prosperity of the province was assured; but trouble came, for many of the older settlers, and also the Indians, bitterly resented the new order of things, considering that their independence was threatened, and that their rights and privileges would be lost. In 1870 a serious rebellion broke out, led by *Louis Riel*, a French half-breed, when murder was committed and disturbances took place.

It was then that General *Wolseley* was dispatched with an army to the Red River, and a long and difficult journey through the swamps and forests had to be faced, for the troops travelled by the route of the old fur

traders, from *Thunder Bay* on *Lake Superior* to *Fort Garry*.

*Riel* fled at the approach of the expedition, and the discontent died down; but fourteen years later there was another revolt, and the old leader reappeared at the head of a warlike band of Indians and half-breeds.

This rising, too, was quelled without any great difficulty; but often during those pioneer days, the braves of the Indian tribes donned their war-paint, and sallied out on the prairie would have to defend themselves and their wives and children against a sudden attack.

On leaving Winnipeg we see the prairies for ourselves, and our train carries us on for hours and days over the great flat, treeless plains, where once huge herds of buffaloes wandered, and where their tracks and wallows, and, sometimes, even their horns and bleached bones can still be seen.

This is one of the greatest wheat-growing countries in the whole world now, and in harvest-time, as we travel westward, we see threshing and reaping machines at work in districts where, hardly more than half a century ago, white men had hardly been seen, and where the only wayfarers were the Indians, or the emigrants coming slowly along in their tilted waggons, in quest of new homes in an unknown land.

We are reminded again and again of those bygone, romantic times, as the train carries us across the continent, by the quaint compound names, given in memory of some homely incident or some strange adventure.

*Moosejaw*, for instance, is one town that figures in the time-tables of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and we are told that the Indian name, of which this is a translation, means, 'The place where the white man mended his cart with a moose jaw-bone.'

The word '*moosejaw*,' alone, seems a foolish and meaningless name for a place; but there is plenty of significance in the long sentence, and we can picture a scene which must often have taken place on the westward journey in those early days, when a wagon having broken down on the rough track, its owner set to work to repair the damage with whatever materials came to hand. We can almost see him toiling over his task, while his wife and children rest on the grass, and a little crowd of stolid, tawny-faced Indians gather round, to watch the wonderful and ingenious white man, who could even turn an old useless piece of bone to good account.

We have started on our make-believe journey in the summer-time, when the days are long and warm, when the corn is ready to be cut, and the apples are turning red on the trees; but we must not forget that Canada is '*Our Lady of the Snows*' after all, and that she has a six months' winter, when, although there may be clear, sunny days, there are others when the sky is overcast with heavy clouds, and the bitter north wind sweeps straight down from the Arctic regions.

These prairies are desolate wastes then, for the snow-covered plain stretches like a great white sea from horizon to horizon, the rivers and lakes are frozen hard, and a way has to be cut for the train through deep drifts. Men, women, and children alike wear furs and thick woollen clothes during those chilly months, for it is easy to get frost-bitten, and careless or unfortunate travellers often suffer severely.

In early days, hunting and trapping was one of the chief industries of the country, and although some of

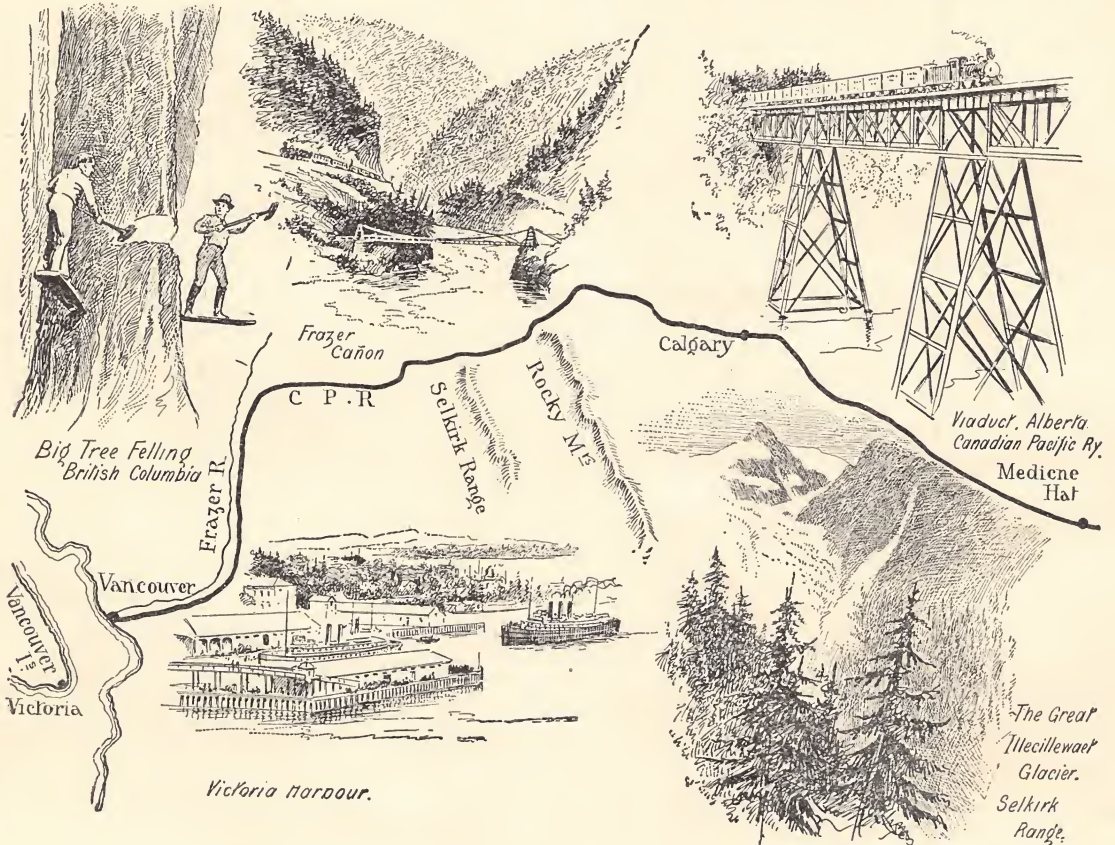


the fur-bearing animals are becoming scarce now, a great trade is still carried on; while there are farms where foxes and sables are bred for the sake of their wonderful skins, some of which are worth many hundreds of pounds.

These are prosaic days, when the fur-farmers have taken the place of the trappers and huntsmen, who with their dog-sleds and snow-shoes travelled far into the wilds in quest of the animals that in the winter months change

distance, the peaks and cliffs of the great range can be seen standing out against the blue sky. Calgary is the centre of the cattle country, and all around are the huge farms—or ranches, as they are called—where hundreds of thousands of oxen and horses are reared.

After leaving Calgary, a few hours' journey takes us into the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and our next halting-place is Banff, where a great district has been set apart by the Government of Canada as a National



On to the Shores of the Pacific—

their brown skins for white, so that they may not be seen by their enemies against the snowy background.

Although the valuable fur-bearing creatures may be growing scarce and the buffaloes have disappeared from the prairies, there are still many wild beasts in Canada, and some of them are very fierce and dangerous beasts, too. Wolves and bears are to be found in the thick forests. Not very long ago, as was told earlier in this volume of *Chatterbox*, some children were attacked by a panther near their home, and fought the savage animal with wonderful courage and success, one little girl saving a younger child's life at the risk of her own.

We are leaving the plains behind us now, and begin to think of the Rocky Mountains, for Calgary, one of our chief stopping-places, is situated among the foothills, and, even when they are still far away in the

Park—a place where the wonderful scenery shall never be spoilt by ugly buildings, and where the wild animals and birds will be safe from the guns and traps of the huntsmen. There are even a few buffaloes in this reserve, the survivors of the huge herds that once wandered over the prairies, and other rare animals which are preserved there are elks, antelopes, and wild sheep and goats.

After leaving Banff, the railway line mounts up and up, until at one point it is actually more than five thousand feet above sea-level, and we are shown a lake at the summit of the pass from which two streams flow, one of which runs westward to the Pacific Ocean, while the other finds its way along a course of two thousand miles into the far-away Atlantic.

Two thousand miles! It is a long journey, but we,



ourselves, still have fifteen hundred miles to travel before our destination is reached, and we go on again, through Kicking-horse Pass—another place with a name that seems to tell a story—until we leave the 'Rockies' behind us and find in front the snow-clad heights and great glaciers of the Selkirk Range.

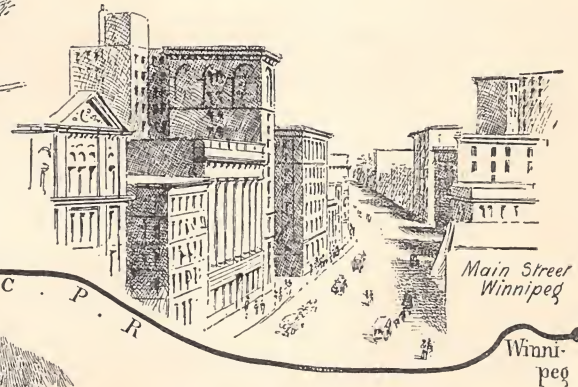
The scenery now is even more beautiful than anything we have already seen, but we lose sight of it again and again as our train rushes into the snow-sheds, which are strong wooden shelters built along the line as a protection against the avalanches, which at certain seasons of the year sweep down into the valleys from the heights above.



*Dog Sledge, N.W. Canada*

*Moose Jaw*

*Regina*



*Winnipeg*



*Lakes of the  
Continental Divide  
between British Columbia and  
Alberta*



*Cattle Ranch, Manitoba*

—From Winnipeg and Quebec.

At Roger's Pass, indeed—the highest point on our route—snow and ice is to be seen all the year round, but when we start again winter is soon left behind, and we go downhill, through a wonderful gorge, where the line crosses backwards and forwards by high bridges, from side to side of the valley, in a zigzag descent. At one place six almost parallel lines of railway, one above the other, can be seen.

After leaving the mountains, we follow the course of the Frazer River as it flows towards the Pacific through the province of British Columbia, and pass Indian villages which make us feel as if the twentieth century were still in the future, and our train had carried us back into the good—or the bad—old days, when this journey would have been a perilous adventure, and the Red men would have crowded round us as enemies, not

as friends. They only want to make a little money now when we stop at a station, and they come offering specimens of their bead-work or horns and weapons for sale.

The climate is warm and dry in summer-time on these western slopes of the mountains, and often fires rage through the forests, the mischief being started by a camp fire carelessly left burning, or perhaps, even, by a spark from the furnace of a passing engine.

Some of the cedar and spruce trees which escape these conflagrations grow to an enormous size, and we see them towering up, hundreds of feet in height and with trunks that measure twelve feet and more in diameter.

And now our journey is drawing near to an end, and Vancouver is in sight, a busy and prosperous town, although only forty years old, with Vancouver Island across the Sound. This district was explored long ago, in the eighteenth century, by an English seaman

named George Vancouver, who, having accompanied Captain Cook on his travels, afterwards sailed the west coast of America.

### THE EXCUSE.

'WHERE there's a will there's a way,' and where there is *not* a will an excuse of some kind can always be found. The following anecdote, which comes from the East, well illustrates this.

A man was asked to lend a rope to a neighbour. 'At present,' he replied, 'I am using it myself.'

'For how long shall you be needing it?' inquired the neighbour.

'For a very long time, I expect,' was the answer. 'The fact is, I am using it to tie up some sand with.'



'To tie up sand with?' exclaimed the other. 'I don't see how you can possibly do that.'

'Yes, you can do almost anything with a rope when you do not wish to lend it,' was the rude reply.

### THE FROZEN FISH.

THE vitality of the goldfish in cold weather is marvellous. From a New York hospital comes a singular proof of this. In the hospital was a large jar, in which was a big goldfish. One chilly morning the caretaker found the jar broken, and the water hard frozen. The fish was frozen, too, and appeared to be a solid lump of ice. The lump of frozen glass and fish was flung into an old rubbish-barrel, where it remained several weeks. But one mild, spring day, when the sun's heat was unusually strong, the cylinder of ice was split, and the caretaker was amazed to see a fish's tail wriggling out of the broken block. The goldfish had been actually frozen, yet had survived! It was placed in another tank, where it swam about as though nothing had happened to it.

### WORLD'S GREATEST SALT MINES.

IN Galicia, twenty-three miles south-east of Cracow, lies the town of Wieliczka. Here is the largest and most interesting salt mine in the world. Perhaps, mines is the better word, for there are more than one. Not only are more than seventy thousand tons of salt got out of them every year, but they form a kind of underground world, deep beneath the town of Wieliczka, of twenty-two miles in length and a mile and a half at their broadest. There are roads, streets, houses, galleries, and monuments, all hewn in the rock salt. For over nine hundred years has salt been taken out of these mines.

They go down nine hundred feet in depth, and are divided into seven stories as it were, the seventh and deepest down of which in ordinary times is occupied by more than a thousand miners at their work.

Visitors, who are given permission to go down into this wonderful city of salt as far as the third level, must dress themselves in miners' shirts and overalls and hoods in protection against the salt dripping on them, then they are put in the care of a guide, one to every three visitors. He takes you down either by one of the many lifts, or, as most visitors prefer, by the long slanting stairs cut in the solid salt, with slabs of rock salt for the steps.

After some ten minutes of almost pitch darkness, you suddenly find yourself in an immense ballroom, lit by electricity, and named after Letovsky, who had it hewn out of the salt rock in 1750, when he was chief of the mines. Often has the ballroom been used for entertaining distinguished visitors. At one end of the chamber is a huge Austrian Eagle carved out of the rock salt, and it is also adorned with transparencies painted on the slabs of salt. Many fine carvings and sculptures decorate the walls and vaulted ceiling.

In this story, which is two hundred and sixteen feet below the surface, is the famous chapel to St. Anthony, which has been visited by many thousands of worshippers since it was hewn out in 1698. It lies off the main corridor leading to the ballroom, and contains a most beautiful altar, on which is carved the scenes of the Crucifixion, and on the altar steps are the figures of two worshipping monks. Along the sides of the chapel are smaller altars and the

statues of many saints. Twice a week the priests have service in this chapel, to which worshippers come from great distances.

Another very noted place of worship on this story is that known as the Queen's Chapel, with its altar most wonderfully carved out of one block of rock salt, and showing on its sides views of Bethlehem. It was the work of a devout miner, who spent fifteen months in shaping all the intricate details. As one moves along the near passages, the torch of the guide reveals many shrines, and figures of saints in the attitude of prayer. Indeed, this first story, called 'Bono,' has numerous places of worship for the devout to attend, and they do so.

At the foot of the long staircase leading you down to the second level, you enter on a fascinating scene that seems to have been taken out of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*. You see before you a vast and most beautiful hall, called the 'Michalowicz,' that was finished in 1761 after fifty years of daily labour. A chandelier of four hundred lights, and with many chains of delicate carved work, also in snow-white salt, hangs from the ceiling, which is covered with tracery and sculpturings, and is supported here and there with woodwork to keep the rock salt from breaking away. The sides of the great room are not smooth but rough hewn, and the crystals of salt reflect the light in a million million minute points of light.

Further along the passage there are a number of small chambers beautifully carved, each dedicated in memory of a distinguished person. Then a sharp turn in the passage brings you to a bridge over a pit, and in front of the bridge there looms up on each side of it a great pyramid of salt. These monuments were placed here in 1812 in memory of Francis the First and Caroline, Emperor and Empress of Austria, and have rows of electric lights on the four sides lighting up the inscriptions.

But, on the third story of this wonderful mine, among other astonishing sights, is the greatest marvel of all. It is a full and exact copy, cut in rock salt, of a railway station, and restaurant with guests, and food on the tables, and waiters bustling around. At the first glance, you take it all to be real, everything is so wonderfully lifelike.

From the third level or story, you reach what is to many the strangest features in the mine. It is one of the seventeen underground lakes contained in the mine, and lies 790 feet below the face of the earth, arched around by a singular grotto, its roof lost in the dense darkness. By the ghostly shimmering of the guide's torch, you are conducted to a little landing-stage, where a boat is waiting for you, and you are taken across to the other side. Ropes running on pulleys stretch away on each side of the small craft, and the ferryman, with his hands resting on the stern of the boat, pushes it with his feet braced against one of the ropes. The trip across the thick and heavy waters takes twenty minutes, and the boat stops half-way, when a gun is fired in the middle of the underground lake, giving a long and terrifying echo as the report rolls through the vast water-filled cavern.

The light from the torches fixed in the bow and stern of the small craft pierces only a few feet of the pitch-black darkness concealing the unfathomable waters, which are so salt that, if an accident happens, and you are shot out of the small craft, you float like a cork. Like the others, this lake was discovered as the mine or mines were being driven farther and farther into



the earth. Only the thick seams of rock prevent the waters from flooding the mines.

These mines include eight main shafts or pits, in addition to as many as sixty shafts, which, if put on end, one upon the other, would measure two and three-quarter miles long.

The total length of all the passages and galleries at present used is seventy-seven miles.

The lowest level is something of a small town, for here the miners work, the little railroads are busy with trucks of the salt, and the great electrical power station hums its deep note day and night.

A. TEGNIER.

## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 170.)

'NO, sir; it's not bedtime,' replied Jane, who stood waiting to speak. 'I only came, sir, to say that I have prepared a room for you, though it isn't as neat as I'd have liked. If you'll come, sir, I'll just show you the way.'

'Certainly, Jane. We'll all come.' Mr. Lester rose, and, accompanied by Lena, with Ethel and Marjory just behind, he followed Jane.

'Now, I do hope you've not been to any trouble, Jane,' he said as they went along. 'Any shake-down would have done.'

'Oh, sir,' cried Jane, 'and you Master's brother!' She pushed open a bedroom door, and they all entered. 'Indeed,' she continued, 'I've given you Master's own room.'

'With the jewels, Uncle,' said Lena, gaily. See, there's the wardrobe!' Lena pointed to a large piece of furniture which stood against the wall, nearly opposite the door. 'Rings, brooches, necklaces, silver! All locked up there!

'Oh, dear—oh, dear!' cried Mr. Lester, pretending to be very frightened. 'I shall never sleep a wink, I'm sure. Jane, isn't there another room I could have?'

'What do you mean, sir?' asked Jane in surprise.

'It's only Uncle's fun,' explained Lena. 'We've been talking about burglars. As if they would think of coming here!'

'Well, if they do come to-night, I'll be ready for them,' cried Mr. Lester, and he drew a small revolver from his pocket and pointed it threateningly at the three girls. Marjory, terrified, shrieked aloud, and hid her face against Ethel, who tried in vain to reassure her. Lena laughed; she enjoyed the fun immensely, but Mr. Lester quickly put the revolver back in his pocket and went over to Marjory, sorry that he had frightened her. He would have taken her in his arms, but she clung tightly to Ethel, crying all the time.

'He's *not* my uncle,' she sobbed. 'Mother said we should like him.'

'What is she saying?' asked Mr. Lester, quite disturbed.

'Oh, she's only frightened,' said Lena, hoping her uncle had not heard.

'Well, well! Come, Marjory,' coaxed Mr. Lester. 'Let us be friends. I'm ever so sorry, it was really only my fun. Come, be a little brick, like Lena.'

Lena smiled. She understood this uncle well enough. Why would Marjory be so silly?

'No, no. Go away!' cried Marjory, who was thoroughly upset. 'I don't like you. You aren't the uncle I've thought of.'

'Marjory!' said Lena sharply, 'you deserve to go straight to bed.'

'Nay, nay, Miss Lena,' put in Jane, 'that isn't the way to pacify her. I'm sure, sir,' she continued to Mr. Lester, 'you'll excuse her. She's very tired.'

'I'm not tired,' sobbed Marjory, 'and I won't go to bed unless Ethel will stay with me.'

'Oh, Marjory, dear,' Ethel began.

'Why not stay, miss?' asked Jane. 'It won't be the first time.'

'Oh, but Jane I couldn't, without running home first, and it's getting late.'

'We'll send word, Ethel,' said Lena, 'if you'll stay. I don't know why Marjory should be so foolish though.'

'I'm not foolish,' cried Marjory, 'but I want Ethel to stay.'

'Very well, dear,' replied Ethel; 'but I'll run home myself, Lena, thank you. It won't take me long. I'll be back before Marjory is in bed,' and she patted Marjory's cheek.

'I'm afraid our little party is breaking up,' said Mr. Lester. 'I'm awfully sorry I've made such a disturbance.'

'Oh, Uncle, you haven't!' cried Lena. 'It's all Marjory's fault. She'll know better in the morning.'

'When I'm gone,' added Mr. Lester, smiling. 'Well, let us go back to the nursery, Lena. I suppose Marjory won't forgive me, and come too?'

Marjory shook her head. 'I'll stay with Jane, thank you,' she said, taking hold of Jane's hand.

'Well, I'm off!' cried Ethel, as Lena and her uncle went out of the room. 'I'll see you later, Lena.'

'It's very good of you, miss, I'm sure,' Jane began.

Ethel smiled. 'All right, Jane,' she said, and disappeared.

She ran downstairs and released Nip, who immediately sniffed his way along the passage into the hall, and would have gone upstairs if Ethel had not quickly called him to heel. They set off at a run and arrived home breathless. The maid opened the door, and Ethel rushed straight into the sitting-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Drayton sat, on either side of the hearth. Mrs. Drayton was sewing. Mr. Drayton, with his legs propped up on the low mantelshelf and a pipe in his mouth, sat reading the paper. A tumbler stood at the corner of the mantelpiece.

All was still when Ethel hurriedly opened the door.

'Father,' she commenced at once, 'there's a gentleman come to the Manor House—Lena's uncle—and Marjory is somehow frightened, and wants me to stay the night.'

Mr. Drayton turned sharply round, and in so doing his feet slipped, the tumbler was knocked over, and fell with a crash on to the fender. Mrs. Drayton, very startled, jumped up suddenly, upsetting her work-basket over the floor. Mr. and Mrs. Drayton looked at each other.

'Why, what is the matter?' asked Ethel.

'I think it *is* what is the matter,' replied Mr. Drayton sharply. 'Why must you enter a room in that brusque manner? Look how you've startled your mother!'

Ethel sat down.

(Continued on page 186.)





"Mr. Drayton turned sharply round."





“ ‘Let me have a clear account of what has happened.’ ”



## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 183.)

### CHAPTER XI.

IT was so unusual for Mr. Drayton to speak sharply to her, that for a moment Ethel was quite overcome.

'I'm sorry, Mother,' she said at last.

Mrs. Drayton sat down again, and Mr. Drayton proceeded to refill his pipe. Then he spoke, and this time there was no reproof in his voice.

'You see, my dear,' he said slowly and quietly, 'you took us rather by surprise. I had just been speaking to your mother about that uncle. Strange that you should come in with the news of his arrival.'

'Then you know about him?' said Ethel questioningly.

'I know something about him,' replied Mr. Drayton. 'I have heard him spoken of down at the "White Horse." See, now—what did they say his name was?' Mr. Drayton appeared to be thinking.

'His name is Lester, of course,' said Ethel.

'No, it isn't Lester,' said Mr. Drayton, thoughtfully. 'He is only a half-brother of Lena's father.'

'But he calls himself Lester,' Ethel urged.

'He what?' cried Mr. Drayton, apparently surprised.

'He calls himself Lester,' repeated Ethel; 'at any rate I called him Mr. Lester, and he didn't say it was wrong.'

'That's queer,' said Mr. Drayton. 'But tell me more about him, and why they wish you to stay the night.'

'It's only Marjory,' Ethel began. 'She doesn't like him, and he's been talking a lot about burglars and it has frightened her, so she asked me to stay.'

Mrs. Drayton, who had resumed her sewing, now dropped it again, and looked first at Ethel and then at Mr. Drayton.

'Come, Ethel,' said Mr. Drayton seriously, 'let me have a clear account of what has happened and what the man looks like. It seems a queer thing for you to be going back at this time of night.'

Ethel described the man and told all she could remember, from the moment he had rung the front-door bell to the moment when he whipped the revolver out of his pocket.

'There seems no reason for Marjory to be frightened, I know,' said Ethel, 'but she was terrified, and I promised I would go back again—so please let me. Will you, Mother?' She appealed to Mrs. Drayton.

'We will let you,' it was Mr. Drayton who replied, 'but listen to me.' He looked dreadfully serious, Ethel thought, and she wondered why.

'I don't believe that this man is their uncle.'

'Father!' Ethel stammered. 'What do you mean?'

'What I say—that I don't believe he is their uncle.'

'But he gave Lena the watch for her birthday,' said Ethel.

'I don't care what he did. I am certain he is not their uncle.'

'But who can he be then?' asked Ethel.

'He is a burglar, my dear,' replied Mr. Drayton, watching Ethel closely. 'And he thinks he has an easy job in front of him, but he'll find his mistake. He has been teasing you all, just for the fun of the thing. I see it plainly.'

Mrs. Drayton sat quiet, and it was only by her hard

breathing and an occasional glance at Ethel that she showed any anxiety.

'But, Father!' Ethel began again, 'why—what makes you say that? How could he know the girls' names, and that it was Lena's birthday, if he wasn't their uncle? And besides, he did give her the watch. I've seen it.'

Mr. Drayton smiled. 'You saw him give Lena the watch?' he asked.

'No,' replied Ethel, 'he sent it by post.'

'What do you say, my dear?' Mr. Drayton asked his wife.

'I think you must be right,' replied Mrs. Drayton quietly. 'I don't at all like Ethel's description of him.'

'But, Mother,' protested Ethel, 'how do you know what the real uncle is like? You've never seen him.'

'Father has told me something about him, dear,' replied Mrs. Drayton.

'And how does Father know?' asked Ethel, thoroughly puzzled.

'I thought I was noted for learning everything about everybody wherever I went,' said Mr. Drayton. 'Here I have a brilliant chance of proving that knowledge is power, and you persist in not believing a word I say.' He spoke good-humouredly.

'Now, Father!' cried Ethel, 'you are only joking, after all. You have been trying to frighten me, like Mr. Lester tried to frighten Marjory.'

'My dear child,' said Mr. Drayton very seriously, 'if you are not frightened, so much the better, for you must go back to the Manor House and stay with those girls. You will be frightened before the night is out, I think, though there is no need for any serious alarm. Let the man alone, and he will help himself and go away quietly.'

(Continued on page 199.)

## HOW BOY TASTED THE WHIP.

A True Tale.

WE live in a large town, so we always enjoy going to stay with Grannie for the summer holidays. Her house is in the country, and she has a beautiful large garden, adjoining a meadow that slopes down to a pretty little river. Last year we were particularly anxious to go there, because Grannie had written to say we should have a new playfellow when we arrived, in the form of a handsome young collie named Boy. The dog had been given to her by an officer, who was breaking up his home to leave for India with his wife. Their children were going to boarding-school, and they were anxious to find a happy home for Boy. So they were delighted when Grannie consented to take him, as he was a great pet in the family and devoted to the children.

The dog was a most gentle, playful creature, and we soon made friends with him. We were disappointed to find he was not allowed to come into the house; but as we were out-of-doors nearly all day, it made very little difference on the whole. He went with us for walks, sat near us when we worked or read in the garden, and enjoyed a row in the boat as much as we did. At other times he stayed in the yard to learn to be a watch-dog, and especially to keep a watchful eye on the poultry; for Grannie has a fine collection of fowls, and takes much pride in them.



We had only been there a few days, when Stephen, the coachman, complained that eggs were being taken out of the nests. He goes round every day to collect them, and he knows exactly how many eggs to expect, and which hens have laid them. He was annoyed about it, and went round twice that evening to examine the locks of the hen-houses, besides keeping a strict lookout whenever any one entered the yard.

Next morning he had the same report to give, however, and after that the eggs went on disappearing, one, two or three at a time at irregular intervals. Stephen searched for them in every possible nook, thinking the hens might have laid them in some unexpected spot, but all to no purpose. Boy always followed him on these occasions, and when Stephen called out, 'Catch them, Boy! Look for them!' the dog would rush about, sniffing and scratching the ground frantically. Boy was left to roam about the yard at night, instead of being chained up; but the result was the same.

On coming down to breakfast one day, we heard a piece of news that made us very sad. Stephen—whose cottage is at the other end of the yard—had heard a noise of cackling and barking in the night, and rushed out to see what was the matter. He found Boy scratching and barking outside one of the hen-houses, and reaching with his paw through the little sliding doorway where the hens go in and out. It was always lowered at sundown, so Boy must have opened it himself. A great clucking and fluttering was going on among the hens inside.

Stephen unlocked the door and looked about inside by the light of his lantern. He had barely time to notice that there was a broken egg on the ground, when Boy pushed his way in, pounced upon it and swallowed it at a gulp. Stephen turned on him like a flash, called him all the names he could think of, and gave him a sound thrashing with a stick he found at hand, afterwards shutting him up in the stable.

'I don't believe Boy stole the other eggs, anyway,' exclaimed my sister Mary, when Stephen repeated the story to us with much satisfaction. I nudged her, because Stephen is Grannie's right hand, as she often says, and is accustomed to be most politely spoken to.

Then Stephen said rather crossly, 'You can't know much about the ways of animals, coming from a town as you do, Miss Mary! I never did trust collies, above all other dogs, and I might have guessed it was Boy from the very outset. I shall keep my eyes open now, however, and the next time I catch my gentleman at it, he shall have a good taste of my whip!'

And with these words he went away, leaving Mary in a great rage. 'Come, Gladys,' she cried, 'let us go and tell Grannie. I'm sure she won't let Stephen be so cruel.'

But Grannie only said we mustn't interfere with Stephen. He knew best what to do, and young dogs always needed some training. We saw there was nothing to be done; so we could only hope Boy would keep out of the way of suspicion. That same night two eggs vanished. Stephen was very angry, chiefly, we thought, because he had no means of proving Boy to be the culprit. But the poor dog was dragged to the hen-house all the same, and beaten again.

The worst happened in the night, though of course we only knew of it afterwards. Stephen had let Boy have the run of the yard. In the morning he got up very early and found two eggs missing. There were

traces of scratches on the ground near the trap-door, and a broken egg lay there as before. That was enough for Stephen; he carried out his threat, and Boy got a thrashing with the horse-whip. We could scarcely eat any breakfast after hearing that, especially when Grannie said half to herself: 'It is a pity, but I shall have to get rid of the dog.' Then she turned to us. 'Don't look so miserable, my dears,' she said; 'it is no worse for a dog to be whipped than for children to be punished in some other way.'

'Not if it is a *just* punishment,' exclaimed Mary, defiantly.

'Stephen is the best judge of that,' replied Grannie, decidedly. Then she added, 'Run out into the garden now. It is a lovely morning, and you may have a peep at the men working at the old kennels. They are going to repair the flooring. Those tiresome rats have quite ruined it.'

We went off, forgetting Boy for the moment, down the garden to the long, narrow wooden house where Uncle Harry used to keep his greyhounds before he married and went to a home of his own.

We found the workmen just beginning to take up the rotten boards of the flooring, which was all bumpy, and broken through in some places. The foreman explained to us that this damage was the work of the river-rats, and that they got more tiresome in the neighbourhood from year to year, burrowing up floors in outhouses and stables, and spoiling many of the haystacks. While he was talking, we heard a splitting of wood, followed by a shout from one of the men. We hurried over to the spot. There was a great gap where the planks had been pulled up, the space between the flooring and the ground beneath being about a foot deep. And there, on the hard earth, ranged along beside the joists that supported the floor, we were amazed to see a neat row of half-rotten apples, potatoes, and—eggs!

'Well, I never saw the like!' exclaimed the man. 'Those rats have made a regular storehouse here!'

Mary and I looked at each other, realised what it meant, and dashed off to the house to beg Grannie to come and see what had been found at the kennels. We fetched Stephen, too, and he was obliged to admit—not very willingly—that the rats were the thieves, and that he had been wrong about Boy.

'I expect the dog was trying to catch one of the rats when he broke the egg,' remarked Grannie.

'I hope you feel sorry now, Stephen,' burst out Mary, 'for having been so unkind to poor Boy!' She would have said more, but Grannie stopped her with a frown.

'It didn't do him any harm,' was Stephen's answer; 'he will know better than to eat eggs the next time he sees them lying around.'

We could find no reply to that remark, as Boy really had gobbled up the egg in the night. I think he ate it out of shame for having let the rat go, and to prevent Stephen's seeing it.

However that may have been, we were glad that all disgrace was removed from our darling Boy. He was let out at once, half mad with joy. When the ground was dug up about the hen-houses, a regular tunnel was discovered, leading from a dark corner inside right away down to the old kennels. The rats had burrowed it out and rolled the eggs along it, after getting them out of the nests. With all their adroitness, however, they had managed to break the one that was the cause of Boy's first and only taste of Stephen's horsewhip. C. M.





"He found Boy reaching with his paw through the little doorway."





DONKEY POLO IN EGYPT.





“Will you please give me as many buns as *that*?”

#### THE ELEPHANT.

(Continued from page 172.)

CHRISTOPHER went into the garden, and sat upon the mowing-machine under the mulberry-tree, and thought, and thought . . .

He would have to walk along the line to reach the house of the elephant, and that was trespassing, and Father and Nurse had both told him that it was very wrong to trespass.

But—it surely couldn't be so *very* naughty, when



he only wanted to do it to feed a starving elephant? Anyhow, he would go in the night, after Nurse had put him to bed; then it would be dark, and the Railway Company would not see him and make him come back.

The next matter was food for the elephant. Christopher got up from the mowing-machine and went into the nursery for his pig money-box. It took a long time to fish out the money without breaking the pig, but he did it at last, and spread it all out on the nursery table—fourteen pennies, and seven half-pennies and eleven farthings, and one bright sixpence and a dear little, weeny little threepenny-bit.

It looked a great deal of money; but then, a really starving elephant would need a great many buns. Why, even the Zoo elephant, who had plenty to eat always, never seemed satisfied, however much you gave him.

Christopher put all the money into his white linen hat, and went carefully downstairs again. Out through the garden-gate he went and along the white, dusty road which led to the village.

Arrived safely in Mrs. Higgs' shop, he spread his money out upon the counter, and looked up at the woman solemnly. 'Will you please give me as many buns as *that*?' he said gravely. 'The big round ones . . .'

Mrs. Higgs counted the money and then she counted the buns. She smiled at Christopher as she began to put them into two big brown-paper bags. 'Are you having a party up at the house, Master Christopher?' she asked.

'No,' Christopher answered seriously. 'At least, not exactly a party, because it's only one. But the one likes buns better than anything.'

'It must be one with an appetite and a half if he can eat eighteen of these big buns, Master Christopher—even if you do help him a bit!'

'He *has* a big appetite, and he's very, *very* hungry,' Christopher answered earnestly, and climbed on a chair to reach the bun-bags.

They were very heavy, and the road was very hot. The little boy was quite glad to reach the garden again, where he hid the buns in the hollow of the mulberry-tree. He felt sure that if Nurse saw the bags she would ask awkward questions, but he was terribly afraid that Chumps, the terrier, would steal the buns, or that the birds would think they were there on purpose for them.

For the rest of the day poor Christopher was obliged to behave rather like a live scarecrow, shooing away thieves. He only went in for tea and dinner, and then he ate so fast that Nurse scolded him for bolting his food, like a vulgar little boy.

At bed-time he was obliged to leave the buns unprotected, but Chumps was in his kennel by that time, and the birds had all gone to sleep.

It seemed ages and ages before Nurse tucked him up and kissed him good-night, and went away down to the kitchen. Directly she had gone, Christopher was out of bed and pulling on his socks. Ten minutes later he was slipping out of the house, very quietly, with most of his clothes buttoned in the wrong holes, because he had never dressed quite by himself before.

It was quite a long way through the village to the station, and it was getting very nearly dark when Christopher slipped through the little white gate which led to the railway line.

The buns felt heavier and heavier every minute, but the small boy was rather pleased at that: there would be all the more for the poor starving elephant to eat.

(Continued on page 197.)

## FLEETING JOYS.

ALL down the street,  
With hurrying feet,  
The eager children trail;  
Why such delight,  
Such faces bright?—  
They're going off by rail.

Poor little East-end Londoners,  
They're going to have a treat;  
And far from home, all day they'll roam,  
In country meadows sweet.

Two trains stand still  
For them to fill;  
The Guard shouts, 'Look alive!'—  
The whistles blow,  
And off they go,  
Each train packed like a hive.

Perhaps they'll find wild strawberries,  
And trees that they can climb;  
They'll paddle in the little brooks,  
And have a glorious time.

And when at last  
The day is past,  
With all its happy hours,  
They'll start again  
To catch the train,  
All hugging withered flowers.

They'll travel back to London town,  
Some closing sleepy eyes,  
And dreaming, as they journey home,  
Of lambs and butterflies.

\* \* \*

All up the street,  
With lagging feet,  
The tired children stream;  
The longed-for day,  
Now—sad to say—  
Is over, like a dream.

One little maid says, with a sigh,  
'I'm sorry it should pass,  
For there wasn't *one* policeman,  
And no '*Keep off the grass!*'  
If I were only three or four,  
Instead of nearly seven,  
I know that I should feel quite sure  
We'd been all day in heaven.

L. HOLMES.

## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

Author of '*Wanderers in the War*,' &c.

(Continued from page 179.)

I SAID no more on that business, therefore, and, having found a sheltered place, we made ourselves as snug as could be, and talked over all the strange events of the past day and night. Robin soon recovered his temper, and, reaching in his hand among the planks and coils of rope where he had first hidden, drew out an object that gleamed silver in the moonlight. 'I found something else, too, beside the biscuit and dried boucan on



the old *Santa Maria*,' he said. 'Jock, my lad, have you ever seen this pretty toy before?'

Pretty toy, indeed! I could scarcely forbear to shiver as I looked at the thing, for it was the knife of the scar-faced man, the terrible dagger that I had so often seen him polish and sharpen.

'I found it on the deck,' Robin explained, 'near the place where that villain with the scar lay dead. A useful weapon it may be, my lad; and, indeed, it has served me well already, for whom do you think I found, Jock, when I went back to our battlefield? Whom but that black raven, the scrivener, who told us of the sailing of the *Bonnie Bess*, and so brought all this bother to pass.'

'The clerk! But you have not hurt him, Robin?' I questioned, for it was hateful to think that my old schoolfellow might have done some cruel deed in his anger, and the knife looked very bright and deadly as he brandished it there in the moonlight.

'Hurt him; no, indeed. It needed but a sight of this little dagger to do the work. And it was in your behalf, Jock, that I interfered with the cowardly, treacherous, thieving knave. He was kneeling by the body of that dead pirate that you and I had the tussle with, and searching him for what gold or treasure he might have about his person. There was a lantern still dangling from above, and in its light I could see everything clearly. When I came up he had in his hand a leather wallet, the very same wallet that the scar-faced villain snatched from you, just when this vessel hove in sight and the chase began.'

'My wallet!' Why, fool that I was, I had forgotten all about the thing until this moment, and now my fingers flew instantly to the place where it should have lain, hidden within my jerkin. It was not there, of course, and I remembered clearly now how that I had taken it out to show Robin my medal, and how the man with the scarred face had seized it from my hand. Now the robber had been robbed in his turn, and I should never see my wallet any more.

Robin laughed when he saw my horror-struck face, and had much ado to stifle his merriment, so that it should not be overheard by the sailors, who were keeping watch on board the *Bonnie Bess*.

'Nay, nay, Jock, my friend! There is no need for you to look so scared and melancholy, your wallet is safe enough. I had but to threaten that craven clerk with my knife, and make as if I would prick him between the ribs, for him to drop the pouch and scuttle away like the cowardly black rat that he is. He left me with the treasure-trove. Now, lad, open the case and show me all the wonders that it contains.'

With that he drew out from his breast the shabby, salt-stained old wallet that had been washed ashore on the Wolf Tooth rocks on the body of the poor, drowned sailor; the wallet that contained the papers that were to help me find my lost father, and the broken medal that would prove to him that I was indeed his son. It was only now when it was restored to me that I realised what the loss of those treasures would have meant.

'Oh, thank you, Robin, thank you,' I cried, and then with hands that trembled, so eager was I to see the things again and make sure that they were safe, I unbuckled the strap that bound it, and opened the leather case to view. 'Now you shall see everything'; but even as I said the words they faltered on my lips,

for there was nothing to see! The case was empty! The papers and the medal and everything had disappeared.'

Robin leaned forward to see more clearly, but, although it was still some hours before dawn, the moon was shining, and I had made no mistake. Either the scar-faced man or the traitor clerk had stolen the papers and the token that meant so much to me, and only the useless leather case remained.

'I wonder where that raven of a scrivener is now, Jock?' said Robin, his voice breaking in upon my rueful thoughts; 'for he has the things, you may be sure of that. Even if the pirate emptied the wallet first, he rifled his pockets when he lay dead. If we can only find him, all will be well. He ran away when he saw my knife last time, but, when we meet again, he shall have a taste of the cold steel.'

'Nay, how should I know where he is?' Robin's bold boastings gave me no comfort, and, indeed, where could the clerk be now but on board the Queen's ship, and well on his way back to his native land. Having been taken away by force by the pirates, no doubt he would want to return home with all the speed he might, and with him had gone my papers and the piece of the broken medal.

I think it was the loss of the medal that hurt me more than anything, for I could not forget how it had been my father's keepsake to my mother, and how she had worn it about her neck all through those long, weary years when she waited and hoped for his return, and refused to mourn for him as dead. My eyes filled with tears again at these sad thoughts, and sobs rose in my throat and seemed like to choke me. I turned away, trying to hide my face from Red Robin, but instead of laughing at my foolishness he pretended not to notice anything, and was more kind and gentle than you would have said a strong, rough boy like that could have been. 'A cold night it is, forsooth,' he said, shrugging up his shoulder, 'methinks a sup of that good red wine would not come amiss.' And with that he made me drink, talking cheerfully the while, and saying how, doubtless, my papers would be recovered in good time, and everything would be well. I fell asleep at last, warmed and comforted, only to wake when the sun was high; and the ship was awake, too, and noisy with the sounds of voices and of tramping feet. We were becalmed on a smooth, glassy sea, the air felt soft and balmy, and there were savoury odours of cooking coming from a little deck-house with a chimney, from which trailed a cloud of black smoke.

Robin was already on the alert, sniffing the savour like a hungry dog. 'We had best be up and looking for breakfast, Jock,' he said, and he laughed when I hesitated to come out of our safe hiding-place.

'Never fear, my lad,' he said, 'this is no pirate ship, but an honest trader, and we shall be safe enough. Besides, if the worst came to the worst, I have a brave weapon in this dagger, and men can die but once. I have always heard say, too, that starvation is a cruel death, and we shall die of a surety if we do not get some breakfast forthwith.'

I plucked up my courage on hearing this speech, so did not delay any longer, but pushed aside the cordage and canvas in which we had lain concealed, and came out boldly on to the deck.

(Continued on page 194.)





"The case was empty!"





"It cheered my heart to see the good captain again."



## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &amp;c.

(Continued from page 191.)

## CHAPTER VII.

'WHY, who have we here? My young pirate again! And another worse ruffian with him!' Robin Stuart and I had hardly crawled out of our hiding-place when I heard these words, spoken in a loud, cheery voice, and, looking up, there was my blue-eyed sailor-man of the day before standing in front of us with a steaming pannikin of some savoury stew in one hand and a great hunch of bread in the other.

I was glad to see the fellow, you may be sure, for, although the *Bonnie Bess* was a friendly ship, still the crew were strangers to me—except the captain—and it might be no easy matter to explain my presence on board.

There was Red Robin, too, who was a pirate in very truth, and it would go hardly with him if he were recognised by any of the honest seamen who had fared so cruelly at the hands of the rogues. I longed therefore to get speech with Master James Burke as soon as might be, for he doubtless would remember how stoutly the boy had battled in his behalf, and would protect him from punishment and vengeance.

It behoved me to be cautious and circumspect, for already the men of the *Bonnie Bess* were gathering round, and there were scowls and mutterings when they heard the blue-eyed sailor hail me as pirate.

'Good-day, sir,' I said, drawing myself up to my full height and standing in front of Red Robin so that he might be unnoticed. This was not easy, however, for I was small of stature—although big enough for my age—while Robin was a brawny, stalwart lad, a man almost in strength and width of shoulder. Besides, his flaming hair was like a beacon-fire, making all eyes turn in his direction.

The sailor's keen blue eyes were fixed on him now.

'Good-day, sir,' I repeated, and now I whipped off my bonnet and swept it low in greeting. 'I am no pirate, but an honest gentleman, who was wickedly taken prisoner by those villains and carried away on their vessel.'

I tried to speak boldly and with dignity, but to my dismay the speech was greeted, not with respectful silence, but with loud roars of laughter.

I could not understand it then, and my cheeks grew hot with anger and bewilderment; but a little later, when I had seen myself in a mirror, the reason of their merriment was plain enough, for my clothes were torn and soiled, my hair hung in wild elf-locks, and my face was grimed and bruised and scratched, so that I must have looked more like a chimney-sweep or a beggar-boy than the honest gentleman that I claimed to be.

'And your comrade, what of him? One of the seamen pushed forward and seized Robin roughly by the shoulder. 'He may be a gentleman too, for all I know or care, but sure it is that he is not an honest one. I can swear that I saw him peering over the bulwark of the pirate ship as she approached us yesterday, and he was in the thick of the fray when the rogues came aboard. Flung him into the water, I say—make him

walk the plank—or string him up to the yard-arm! We want no red-headed sea-robbers on the *Bonnie Bess*!'

The angry mutterings grew louder, and the mocking laughter died away.

I thought that the end had come then, and that Robin and I would be flung overboard together, but there was one chance of escape. If Master James Burke were yet living and capable of speech, all might be well.

'Take us to your captain, friends,' I cried, thrusting myself between Robin and his assailant. 'This is my schoolfellow and my fellow-traveller, too. Master James Burke knows us well, and he will vouch for us both.'

Master James Burke! That was a name to conjure with on board the *Bonnie Bess*, and hearing it the seamen drew back and looked at each other askance.

Then the blue-eyed man from the Queen's ship broke into a merry laugh that seemed to clear the air and set things right as if by magic. 'The captain will vouch for you both? Well, then, 'tis clear that you must be friends and not foes. What say you, comrades?' He turned to the other seamen. 'Gentlemen whom Master Burke can vouch for should be made welcome aboard this ship. But it's early yet, and our breakfast is getting cold. Let us all fall to without further parley or delay. The air has a sharp edge this morning, and I, for one, am as hungry as a hunter.'

The men seemed to forget their rage and suspicions, and treated both Robin and me as honoured guests, plying us with meat and drink and questioning us about our capture and adventures while on the pirate ship. We were nearly starved, in spite of the meal that we had devoured during the night, and never had food tasted so delicious as that rough sailors' fare. My mind was not easy, however, for I feared all the time that Red Robin might begin to boast of his prowess as a pirate and a champion of Queen Mary. I was glad indeed when, at last, a messenger came to say that Master Burke, having heard of my presence on his ship, wished to see me.

'This way, young sir,' said the man who had come to summon me, and I followed him across the sunlit deck and down a steep stair into a dark, narrow alleyway.

He knocked at a closed door and then opened it wide. I stood on the threshold of a small chamber with wooden walls and the wooden deck overhead. It was furnished plainly for the most part; but there were some great chests covered richly with Spanish leather, and a gleaming mirror in a frame of dull gold. The light was very dim in the little room—after the dancing sunbeams of the deck—and at first I peered round bewildered; but after a time I could see more clearly, and was aware that on a narrow bed, and propped up with pillows, lay my friend of the day before, Master James Burke. His face was pallid now and drawn with pain, and his eyes dark and hollow; but there was still about him the look of dauntless courage and determination that had been so noticeable when he underwent his cruel ordeal at the hands of the pirates of the *Santa Maria*.

It cheered my heart indeed to see the good captain again, so kindly was the smile with which he greeted me, and so firm the pressure of his hand, and yet, even while I rejoiced to see him, I marvelled once more that this noble and gallant gentleman should be so set on mere worldly treasure, as to have been willing and



ready to sacrifice his own life and the lives of his comrades rather than betray its whereabouts.

'You are welcome, friend,' he said, and his voice was weak with the pain that he had endured and, indeed, was still suffering. 'But how is it that you come to be aboard this vessel of mine, instead of homeward bound for bonnie Scotland? I little thought to see you again, laddie, but right glad I am; for now I can thank you for your courage and friendship of yesterday, and I do thank you from the bottom of my heart.'

His words made me feel awkward and shame-faced, for it was little enough that I had done after all—and only what any boy in my place must have done, or be dishonoured for ever in his own sight. I felt the more bashful, too, because, chancing to look up at this moment, I caught sight of my own reflection in the gold-faced mirror, and it was surely a sight to make any one blush, so dirty was my face, so tousled my hair, and so ragged and villainous my whole aspect.

Small wonder was it that I had been mistaken for one of the rascal pirates.

Master Burke smiled at my crimson cheeks and dis-comforted mien.

'And now is there any service I can do for you, young master?' he said, still holding my hand in his. 'For truly you are but a bairn to be voyaging the world alone, and I know not yet how you came to be in the hands of those rogues, the sea-robbers.'

'They made me captive, sir, not far from my home, the "Corbies' Nest,"' I explained. And then he had the whole of my story without more ado. Not that I had meant to tell him everything when I began the tale; but there was something in the man's clear, honest blue eyes that forbade deceit or concealment. I related, therefore, how my father had been supposed dead for many years; how the dying sailor had been washed ashore from the wreck on the Wolf's Tooth Reef, and how, having stolen away from the castle without my mother's consent or knowledge, I was bound for Flanders, that I might rescue the lost man and bring him safely home.

*(Continued on page 206.)*

### THE RISE OF CAMDEN.

CAMDEN TOWN, in the north-western district of London, took its name from Camden, the Lord Chancellor. At the beginning of his career, Camden had a hard struggle. Though a skilled lawyer, he was for a long time an unsuccessful one. He was on the point of giving up his profession in despair, when a friend who knew his ability persuaded him to hold on a little longer in order to assist him in a difficult case. When the case came on, the generous friend backed out on the pretence of illness. Camden had to plead, and from that time his fortune turned.

### A NOTABLE HOUSE.

JOHN O' GROAT'S house took its name from John O' Groat, a Dutchman, who, with his brothers, came from Holland in the year 1489. This house must have been terribly draughty! Not only was it situated in the most northerly point of Great Britain (Duncansby Head), it was also eight-sided, consisting of one room with eight windows and eight doors, for the use of eight members of the family—the heads of

various branches. The object of this arrangement was to prevent wrangles for precedence at table; for John and his relatives were a quarrelsome lot. Thus, each entered by his own door, and sat down at the octagonal table, where one place was as good as another.

### THE GREY SHEEP'S CAVE.

*An Irish Folk-Tale.*

AMONG the romantic slopes of the Galtee Mountains, close to the pretty little town of Mitchelstown, County Cork, and near the borders of County Tipperary, the wild rocks contain many very curious caves, and a strange legend is related by the country folks concerning one of these, known as 'The Grey Sheep's Cave,' which is to be seen near Kilbehenny, not far from Mitchelstown.

The story goes that the legendary hero, 'Oisín,' or 'Ossian,' as he is called in other legends, once entered this great cavern, and, after crossing a little stream which flowed across the stone floor, he met a beautiful lady, who took him to her palace in the heart of the mountain, where he spent, as he thought, a few days in feasting and merriment. Then he told the lady that he wished to go back and visit his companions, for he had a band of heroes, somewhat like King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table. The fairy lady tried to dissuade him from returning, but at last consented to his doing so on condition that he did not dismount from a beautiful white horse which she gave him. She warned him that if he did so, he would at once become an old, feeble man, for it was more than three hundred years since he came to the cave! Oisín promised, and rode out of the cave. It was not long before he met a car-man, whose cart, containing a big bag of sand, had just been upset. The man begged Oisín to help him, and as he was unable to lift the bag with one hand, while stooping from his horse, the hero forgot the warning, and jumped off, when the beautiful steed at once darted off, and instead of a young handsome warrior, a blind, weak old man appeared, who soon died.

Many years afterwards, on a fine May morning a large handsome grey sheep came out of the cave, and joined the flocks of a farmer who owned the neighbouring land. The man was delighted; he had never seen such a splendid sheep, with such beautiful silky wool, and she remained with the flock till she and her lambs, who were all exactly like her, amounted to sixty. The farmer meanwhile had sold and killed his other sheep, and owned none but these fine grey creatures. He had a boy to look after them, a handsome lad, the only son of a poor widow, who lived in a tiny cabin close by, and often warned the lad not to enter the cave or cross the little stream that trickled through it, telling him it was an enchanted brook which no one but Oisín had ever been allowed to cross. The lad promised to obey her request, and spent his days happily, watching the sheep and playing on his bagpipes, which were as popular in Ancient Ireland as in Scotland. Unluckily one fine day his master took it into his head to have one of the grey sheep killed, and ordered the boy to go out to the field and slaughter it. The boy went off, carrying his bagpipes, but directly he entered the field, the old sheep, who knew his intention, bleated loudly three times, and instantly all the grey sheep gathered round her, and they all went into the cave. The boy fol-





"Having crossed the magic stream, he was unable to return."

lowed her, but having crossed the magic stream, he was unable to return, and knowing the sorrow his loss would cause his poor mother, he began to sing a mournful song, which he accompanied with a sad tune on his bagpipes,

and every May Day since then the lamentation of the lost shepherd-boy and the wailing notes of his bagpipes are heard in the Grey Sheep's Cave!

MAUD E. SARGENT.





"The train came tearing past."

#### THE ELEPHANT.

(Concluded from page 190.)

**N**OBODY saw the little boy as he crept down to the strip of grass by the line; nobody saw him as he

made his way towards the tunnel and the elephant's house. It was not so very far, but Christopher walked slowly, partly because the buns were heavy, partly because the mouth of the tunnel looked so



very black and frightening—just like a wild beast's den.

Not a sound came from the elephant's box, and Christopher decided in his own mind that the poor old thing must be asleep. He was quite close now—he could see the grey, leathery trunk hanging down outside the house, with a little water dripping from the end of it, as though the elephant had just been drinking.

Christopher put down the big bags with a sigh of deep relief, and took out a bun. Rather timidly, he held it to the tip of the trunk.

But the elephant took no notice, and Christopher knew that he must be *very* sound asleep. He patted the cold, damp, leathery trunk, but the elephant did not move; he patted it harder, and still nothing happened.

Then Christopher tried to think how you talked to an elephant to make it understand. 'Hi!' he said, in a rather weak little voice. 'Shoo! Wake up! Poor pussy—good doggie—dear old Jumbo!'

But the elephant took no notice; the leathery trunk did not move.

Suddenly Christopher understood what had happened. The elephant was dead—starved; he had brought the buns too late.

The thought made the little boy feel so terribly sad that he could not help crying; big tears came into his eyes and a big lump into his throat as he stood there staring at the elephant's trunk, with the bun in his hand.

And, just as the lump was going to turn into a real sob, Christopher heard something.

At first he thought it was the elephant, and he stopped crying at once. But it wasn't. The noise came from the tunnel—a funny noise, rather like somebody crying.

Although it was still light enough to see everything outside, the tunnel was dreadfully black. Christopher could not see anything, and it seemed very likely that it was a wild beast growling. Only . . . it didn't sound angry—just unhappy.

The little boy was so frightened that he forgot all about the elephant; he was so frightened that he longed to turn round and run home to bed and Nurse. But he didn't. Instead, he turned round and walked, very slowly, towards the tunnel.

He reached the opening, with the great stone arch high overhead. It was very dark and very dreadful, and more like a wild beast's den than ever. But, as he stood there, it seemed to get a little lighter, and presently he saw something lying on the ground—something which might very likely be a wild beast, waiting to jump out on him.

Christopher went a little closer again, so close that he could see plainly who was lying there.

It was Father!

He lay right across the railway lines, and there was a cut on his forehead. And his eyes were tight shut; he was so far asleep that he did not take any notice, even when the little boy called him and pulled at his sleeve.

It made Christopher feel dreadfully miserable and lonely, because Father *always* woke up when you wanted him.

And then something else happened.

'Click-k-k!'

The noise came from over Christopher's head—from the tall post which stood just outside the tunnel. The little boy knew what it was quite well, because he had a beautiful set of railway lines at home, and a signal-post, with an arm which you could really move up and down, to show that a train was coming.

And the signal now showed that a train was coming...

Christopher tugged at his father's sleeve. 'Father!' he cried, in a very shaky voice. 'Father, you *must* wake up—you *must* come off the line! There's a train coming! Father! Father!'

But Father never moved—so, of course, there was only one thing to be done.

Christopher knew quite well that he would not have time to go back to the station before the train came—so he began to tug and tug. He pulled his father's coat and he pulled his sleeve—and presently he had moved him a very, very little. Then he tugged again, and moved him a little more—and again a little more, although it made him hurt all over, because it was such hard work, and because his father was so heavy.

He tugged and tugged, and pushed and pulled, until at last his father was lying on the little strip of bare ground, close to the tunnel-wall—and then, with a rush and a roar and a cloud of sparks, the train came tearing past.

It was so close that it almost touched Christopher and his father—almost, but not quite.

Christopher did not begin to cry until the train had gone and they were safe; but he cried all the time as he ran back to the station. He just couldn't help it. He told the porter and the station-master, who both knew him very well, what had happened, and they came with him to the tunnel, and carried Father back to the station.

And soon Dr. Smith came and woke Father up, and the first thing he did was to look round and ask what had happened.

So Christopher began to tell him. 'It was the elephant...' he said. 'I went to feed him with buns, and he was all dead—quite starved. And then I heard you—and you wouldn't wake up—and I had to pull and pull, 'cos the train was coming to run *right* over you, and—and—oh, Father, that *poor* elephant!'

Then Dr. Smith said that Father mustn't talk any more—although it was really Christopher who was talking—so that they didn't hear, then, how Father had been coming back across the fields, and how he had slipped on the edge of the railway cutting and fallen right down upon the line. Nobody heard about that until Father's arm and head were quite well, and he was able to talk again.

And it wasn't till then that Christopher heard that the elephant had never been an elephant at all. It was just a leathery, trunky pipe, coming out of a tank, to give the railway engines water.

'I only let you think it was a real elephant for a joke, old man,' Father said. 'And it was rather a mean thing to do. But it was lucky for me all the same, Kit, my boy; because if you hadn't thought it was an elephant, you wouldn't have brought the buns to feed it, and—well, I'm jolly proud of having a son who managed to save his father's life.'

VIOLET M. METHLEY.



### A BIG FAMILY.

WE speak carelessly of the 'gnat' or the 'mosquito,' as if there were a distinction. But there is really no difference between the two. The gnat is simply one of the numerous members of the wide-spread mosquito family. The Spanish word 'mosquito' means 'little fly,' and of these small tormentors there are thirty-five varieties which are natives of Europe, while no less than one hundred and twenty kinds are scattered about over the rest of the world. E.D.

### TRUE TO LIFE.

FÉNELON, the high-minded Archbishop of Cambray, was a very different man from the arrogant and autocratic Cardinal Richelieu who virtually ruled France for many years. Yet Fénelon could hold his own with the Cardinal in a verbal encounter. Fénelon having one day mentioned to the Cardinal that he had seen his portrait at court, the Cardinal said in a sneering tone, 'Did you beg a subscription from it for some poor friend of yours?' 'No,' replied Fénelon quietly, 'the portrait was too much like you.'

### BILLY.

BILLY BOY, Billy Boy, answer me, why  
Do you stand with your grubby wee fist in your  
eye?

When the hay waggon waits 'tis a pity to cry—  
Billy Boy.

A brave lad gets up with a smile when he falls;  
The horses are eager for manger and stalls,  
So banish your tears, for the waggoner calls—  
Billy Boy.

Come, mount to your throne—the last load of the day—  
King of the castle—a castle of hay—  
And travel home, monarch of all you survey,  
Billy Boy.

LILIAN HOLMES.

### THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 186.)

'YOU really mean, Father, that that man is a burglar?'

'I am certain of it.'

Ethel's face lost colour. She looked at her mother and then round at the cosy little room. A burglar! And she had to go back!

'Well, are you ready?' Mr. Drayton spoke so suddenly, Ethel nearly jumped.

'Yes,' she replied, and went towards her mother to kiss her good-night.

'You are not letting her go down alone, dear, are you?' asked Mrs. Drayton anxiously.

'Why not?' replied Mr. Drayton. 'The burglar isn't in the road, he's in the house, and wherever he is he'll hurt no one provided he is left alone.'

Mrs. Drayton sighed. She did not like the idea of Ethel going down to the Manor House, though she knew perfectly well that Mr. Drayton would not send her if there was any danger.

'It's all right, Mother,' said Ethel; but though she tried hard she could not help her voice trembling a little. To go back again, knowing the man to be a

burglar—and Mr. Drayton's seriousness convinced her that he was a burglar—required a brave effort.

Mr. Drayton spoke again. 'You do exactly as I tell you, Ethel,' he said. 'Go back and spend the rest of the evening with them, just as if he *was* their uncle. Say nothing to anybody. The children needn't be frightened, and the servants mustn't know. A parcel of women! They'd screech the place down. Go to bed as usual, but try not to sleep. You must keep a sharp look-out, and when you hear the man leave the house, run into his bedroom and see if he has tampered with the wardrobe. If he has, throw open a window and call. I shall be within easy distance with Ward the policeman and Tiger, and we shall have the fellow safe. Do you understand?'

'Yes, Father,' replied Ethel, in a tremulous voice. 'But mightn't he shoot?'

Mr. Drayton shrugged his shoulders and Mrs. Drayton shuddered. It all sounded very terrible.

'He'll be too much surprised to shoot,' replied Mr. Drayton. 'Besides, he might kill some one, and that would be murder and mean certain death to him in the end. No, you needn't fear that. Come, you're not going to be afraid?'

Mr. Drayton placed a hand affectionately on Ethel's shoulder. Tears stood in Mrs. Drayton's eyes. Ethel could not speak, but she bravely shook her head.

'Well, then, off you go. Take Nip, of course, but keep him quiet. If anything extraordinary happens, Nip is sufficient safeguard, and *remember*, I shall be close to all the time, so don't be afraid. Umph! Well, how do you feel now?' Mr. Drayton smiled.

'Oh, I'll go, Father,' replied Ethel, but that was all she could say. She kissed her mother in silence, and called to Nip, who followed her immediately.

Mr. Drayton opened the front door for her. 'I'm coming down myself soon,' he said, bending down to kiss her. Ethel murmured a reply as she ran down the little garden path, and the next instant she had disappeared in the dark road.

### CHAPTER XII.

Once outside the gate, Nip attached himself to Ethel, keeping close at her heels. He grasped the importance of the occasion and was all alert.

Mr. Drayton closed the front door, shutting out the only glimmer of comforting light, and Ethel felt she was alone.

Down the dark road she ran, her heart going pit-pat, her limbs all trembling. Everywhere was black. There was no moon, no stars. It was just the night for robbers and murderers, and as Ethel hastened forward her fear increased. She seemed to expect that some one would suddenly spring out on her from the hedge, and she looked anxiously from side to side as she passed swiftly along. She heard steps behind her—close, closer, but she did not dare to turn her head, and then she recognised that it was Nip's little patter-patter. She stopped and stooped to stroke him; he licked her hand, and the warmth of his tongue comforted her. As she hurried on again she tried to recall all that Mr. Drayton had said and to remember what she had to do. Suppose he was wrong after all, and the man was not a burglar? But he was. She was sure of it now, and she shuddered at the thought that she would very soon be talking to him.

(Continued on page 202.)





“‘I’m coming down myself soon,’ he said.”





“What's the matter, miss? Are you ill?”



## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 199.)

ETHEL neared the village, and little gleams of light appeared from the cottage windows. Here and there a door was open, and a ray of light spread faintly across the road. Inside the cottages people were laughing and talking to each other in the most ordinary manner. Ethel could hear them as she passed, and she wondered how they could. They would not talk and laugh so if they knew, she thought. But they did not know. Nobody knew, and nobody was to know, only herself. Suppose this man, this clever burglar, suspected her, would he shoot her with that horrid revolver? How she hated guns and the noise they made! Suppose—but here was the house. What would she find inside? She raised an arm and knocked timidly. Slight as the sound was, it startled her. All seemed very quiet. No one came to open the door. What could have happened? Nip sniffed and sniffed under the door, his ears erect. She knocked again, this time louder, and listened anxiously. Yes, some one was coming. Perhaps it was the burglar himself. Had he guessed that he was found out, and would he point his revolver straight at her and shoot her? Ethel shook all over as she heard the door being unbolted. What a time they were in unfastening it! At last the door was opened, and, after all, it was not the burglar, but Jane, who stood there; Jane, looking anxious, but thoroughly pleased to see Ethel returned.

'Oh, it is you, miss,' she said.

'Yes,' stammered Ethel, as she entered. 'Is—is——' and then she stopped, she felt so queer.

'What's the matter, miss? Are you ill, or is it them nasty dark roads as have frightened you? Bless me, it's much too black a night for any child to be out. But there! I'm right glad to see you. Miss Marjory, she won't be pacified nohow, and Miss Lena is so stuck-up with her new uncle, she has no patience with her sister. I thought she'd left them ways behind her since she knew you, miss, but dear me, no! She's as haughty as ever, and the gentleman seems to encourage her. Not but what he's a very nice gentleman, though nothing like Master. But Miss Marjory, she's dead set against him. Come along, miss, and speak to her. She's done nothing but ask for you while you've been away.'

Ethel, a little recovered, went upstairs to Marjory's bedroom. Things did not seem quite so terrifying now that she was in the house. She could almost think that Mr. Drayton was mistaken after all.

Marjory lay in bed, her little dark head moving restlessly on the pillow. She sat upright as Ethel entered. 'Not asleep?' said Ethel, quietly and naturally.

Marjory shook her head. 'It's that horrid gun,' she replied. 'I'm sure it will go off.'

'Nonsense, dear,' Ethel was surprised at her own coolness.

'It will, Ethel. I can see it now,' and Marjory stared in front of her with wide eyes.

'Shut your eyes, and then you won't see it,' suggested Ethel.

'It's worse then,' said Marjory. 'It gets bigger and bigger.'

'Oh, dear! oh, dear! What a baby we are all at once,' teased Ethel. Marjory began to cry.

'Lie down, Marjory dear. You must go to sleep.'

'But aren't you coming?' asked Marjory.

'Yes, directly. When Lena comes, I shall come. See, I'll leave Nip here; he can sleep just at your feet. Will that do?' Ethel lifted Nip on to the bed, and he immediately curled himself up and heaved a comfortable sigh. Marjory lay back. She would try to sleep; she objected to being called a baby, especially by Ethel.

After tucking her up and promising not to be long, Ethel went out on to the landing. Almost opposite was the bedroom which Jane had hurriedly prepared for the visitor, and Ethel felt tempted to peep in. She approached cautiously with that purpose, and then, fearing to be caught, she turned and went quietly past Marjory's door to the nursery. Another moment, and she would be face to face with a real burglar. It was terrible to think of, and her heart beat violently. She hesitated an instant, then opened the door and entered. There sat the man by the fire, with Lena comfortably perched on the arm of his chair. It looked so natural that again Ethel began to wonder why he should be thought a burglar. She approached the hearth a little nervously, anxious to look at the man, yet not daring to do so lest he should notice her and guess what was in her mind.

(Continued on page 215.)

## DICK'S FIRST SHEEP.

THIRSTY! That was not the word for it. A raging, scorching flame seemed to devour the two Geldarts as they walked slowly across the burning mesa.

This mesa was a sort of tableland, a plain high up in the hills, and Hugh Geldart was out to get mountain sheep that day, or to perish in the attempt.

Water at last! The two lads had reached the rocky foot of the mountain rampart which bounded the mesa on the north, and Dick, who was in front, had yelled out joyfully that there was a little stream close by.

'It is flood water—look at the sand,' said Hugh, as they dropped on their knees, and scooped up the precious fluid with their tin drinking-cups. But folks who are as thirsty as those two, don't trouble about such trifles as grit in their drink.

'Look at that!' cried Dick, jumping up in such a hurry, and startling a horned toad so badly that the creature flopped right over on to Hugh's hand, which rested on the sun-warmed rock.

'Look at what?' Hugh had jerked the big toad into shallow water, where the creature squatted, staring at him with a baneful eye.

'Sheep-prints, see them? One, two—why, there are a lot. Quite a flock of them must have been down here to drink. Hurrah! Hugh you will get your horns to-day, old fellow, and then Ike Smelt will jolly well have to stop his sneering.'

'Humph! First catch your hare, which in this case is a sheep,' said Hugh; but he was on his feet now, looking carefully after the well-being of his rifle, which he guarded as jealously as a loving mother shields her baby. Then he bade Dick cease chattering, and the two started to climb the steep gorge, which stretched up from the little water-hole like a crack in the mountain-side.

Ever since he had come to live in New Mexico, it had been the ambition of Hugh Geldart to shoot a mountain sheep. He had been reckoned a mighty hunter at his



old home in back Ontario; but no one here under the shadow of the Organ Mountains seemed to think him anything out of the common. It was even plain that little credence was given to the stories young Dick told of what his half-brother had done in the past, when home was in the wilds beyond Cobalt.

Dick crept cautiously along behind Hugh, and in perfect silence the two pressed forward. They were high up in the gorge now. A fearsome place it was, and they made their way along a tiny track worn into the face of the rocks above the stream. It needed a cool head and a steady nerve to tread safely here. A fit of giddiness, a stumble, and they would have been pitched off the narrow ledge into the racing current below.

'Hist!' Hugh checked so suddenly that Dick, who was creeping along on all fours close behind him, was all but pitched off the track. It was very dark up here, and he had kept so close to his brother because he felt that, if he let Hugh out of sight, he would lose his way altogether.

Suddenly there was a loud snort. So close the noise sounded, and it was so unexpected too, that Dick let out a yell—he really could not help it.

Hugh with a swift movement rose to his feet, for he also had been creeping on all fours where the path wound round the angle of the rock. Then something hit him with the force of a battering-ram. He was knocked backward on to Dick, who was luckily still crawling, then down he went, striking the water fifteen feet below with a tremendous splash.

Dick grabbed at the revolver stuck in his belt, for there close in front of him, looking all the bigger and fiercer because of the gloom, was a huge sheep with enormous horns.

This was close quarters with a vengeance. Far too close to be comfortable, Dick decided. He had no such yearning as Hugh to be regarded as a mighty hunter.

It was just one moment, perhaps two seconds by the clock, that Dick and the big ram stared at each other; then, as the creature sprang full at him to trample over him in its mad bid for safety by flight, Dick let off his revolver anyhow, for there was no time to take aim.

The noise was ear-splitting. The report of the revolver was pitched from point to point of the rock walls. It echoed, it re-echoed until it sounded like a whole battalion of soldiers at rifle practice. Dick did not hear much of it after the first report. He had been pitched clean off the shelf, the revolver was sent spinning out of his hand, and down, down, down he went to the dark water far below.

Luckily he did not lose his head. When he rose to the surface he clutched at something, and held it. A very insecure something it was too, for it bobbed up and down as it swept along on the current; but it was something to cling to, and that was what mattered most at the moment.

Where was Hugh?

Dick had not much much time for speculation, he was swept along too fast. He was remembering that there was a ten-foot drop lower down. If he were sent spinning over that into the whirlpool below, there would not be much chance of his coming out alive.

Then he saw that the thing he was clinging to was one of the horns of a big sheep. So he and his enemy had been swept off the shelf together. Perhaps there were more sheep behind, and these in their mad rush to get out of the gorge had knocked their leader from the

path. There was an upstanding rock showing in the current a little ahead. Putting out all his strength, Dick succeeded in forcing the body of the sheep between this rock and the wall which bounded the stream. Upon this slight barrier he piled himself, and drew a long breath of relief.

'Help! help!' cried a voice, that was already faint with exhaustion.

That was surely Hugh, but where? Dick, who could not see well in the dark, called, 'Where are you?' then waited, straining his ears for a reply.

The force of the water drove the body of the sheep through the channel between the rock and the wall. Dick had to go with it, whether he would or no. He was swept round another angle. Surely he was getting very near to the fall now. It was lighter here, and to his delight he saw Hugh clinging fast to some rocks just ahead of him.

Could he help him? Again Dick put out all his power, and drove the body of the sheep in front of him. It caught among the rocks as he had meant it to do, and as one of the big horns had hitched round a rock, it held firmer this time. Scrambling on to it, Dick was able by stretching himself to reach Hugh, who seemed to be in a pretty bad case.

'I have got you. Rest a bit, and breathe easy,' he said, encouragingly, for Hugh was panting badly.

'It is the fall just round the next curve,' gasped Hugh. He was clinging now to the body of Dick's sheep, and his breathing was already easier, although his face was white and drawn, and his lips were blue. That blueness worried Dick, who knew that his brother's heart was not very sound.

'We need not go over it, if we are careful,' Dick answered. 'The path is above us. If you can scramble on to my shoulders, you will be able to reach it; when once you are up, you can reach down a hand to help me.'

'I'm giddy, and I haven't an ounce of strength left in me,' said Hugh, who had been badly battered in his progress down the stream. 'I guess I am about done.'

'No, you are not done; you have got to try a bit more, or I shall have to stay here, and be drowned, too,' Dick spoke in an urgent fashion. Hugh had got to be roused somehow, or certainly they could not get out of their present plight. The water was so horribly cold that Dick felt his muscles drawing into knots with cramp. Yah! it was horrible!

'I'll try,' said Hugh weakly, and then he climbed slowly up until his feet were on Dick's shoulders, with the whole of his weight as well.

It was a long and dreadful moment for Dick, whose right leg was in agonising tortures from cramp, and who was nearly crushed beneath the weight of Hugh's big frame. Then the strain suddenly ceased; with an upward spring Hugh had gained the path above, where for a moment he lay panting and unable to stir.

The sheep was slipping again, dragged onward by the force of the current.

'Reach down for me quick, Hugh, or I will surely be drowned!' called Dick, and he clung to the slippery rocks, wondering if his brother had swooned on the path above.

'All right, boy, catch hold,' said Hugh's voice just above his head, and, reaching up, Dick was just able to grasp the hand stretched down to him, and by its help scramble up to the path above.

'There goes our sheep,' he cried out in bitter regret,





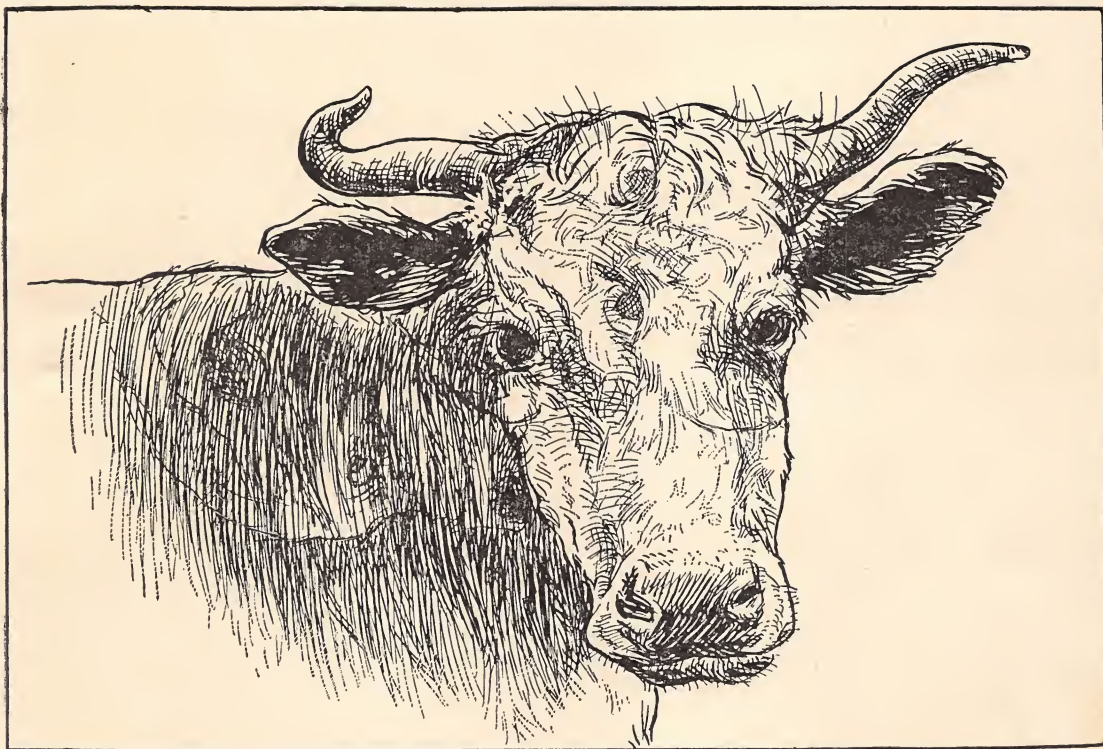
"Dick and the big ram stared at each other."

as the body of the sheep was lifted off the rocks, and swept onward over the fall.

'There goes your sheep, you mean,' said Hugh, as after a rest the two crept back, down the dangerous

track of the dark gorge to the sunshine of the mesa beyond. 'But we shall most likely be able to get hold of it when it is washed out of the whirlpool on to the rocks beyond! I should have been washed there





## A PICTURE PUZZLE.

The Cow with the Crumpled Horn: Find the dog that was tossed and the cat that was worried.

myself if it had not been for you, Dick, for I had reached the end of my strength, and my courage too.'

'You mean that you thought you had reached the end, but there is mostly a little bit more strength left behind, if only you try hard enough,' answered Dick.

They recovered the sheep from the edge of the whirlpool, and carried its head home in triumph. It was really Dick's sheep, for its left eye had been shot away by the bullet which he had fired at such close quarters.

JOHN COMFORT.

## A GARDEN OF SNAKES.

**C**OULD you imagine a more unattractive garden than a garden full of snakes?

There *is* such a place at Butanda, in Brazil. And it is attractive—very interesting in fact—to scientific men who desire to study the habits of venomous serpents, and the best methods of dealing with their bites. That, of course, is the purpose for which the reptiles are maintained.

This remarkable garden, or small park, is seven hundred acres in extent. It contains laboratories in which are produced serums for the prevention and cure of the effects of snake-bite.

Thus, repulsive as the idea of a snake-garden may seem, it is in reality a beneficent institution.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF  
A NAME.

**A**BOUT the end of the eighteenth century, there lived in Dublin a tobacconist named 'Halfpenny.' Now that is a quite good and respectable name, not one to be ashamed of. But the man 'got on,' and his silly children persuaded him in his latter years to change his name, which *they* considered undignified. The old man complied with their wish by simply dropping a letter or two. He died and was buried as *Mr. Halpen*. His children continued to prosper, and his eldest son, upon turning his back on the retail trade, made another change in the family name by dropping the *H*. Just about this time Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake* was published, and everything Gaelic became fashionable. Then, it is said, the man who, when a small boy, had run about the Dublin streets as *Kenny Halfpenny*, made one more alteration in his name, and blossomed forth as *Kenneth MacAlpin*.

## SOME QUEFR DISHES.

**I**T is not only in times of scarcity that very odd things have not only been used as food, but even considered delicacies. In Brazil and the West Indies the flesh of the large and very ugly lizards, known as Iguanas, or Guanas, is thought a great dainty. The



big reptiles, which are often four or five feet long, feed entirely upon vegetable food, including pine-apples and a fungus which grows at the roots of trees, to which their very delicate flavour is said to be due. They are very plentiful in the Bahamas, living in holes in the rocks and trees, where they are caught by specially trained dogs.

In former days dormice were thought a great delicacy; they were very costly, and were dressed with poppies and honey, which was so largely used to sweeten food before sugar was introduced into Europe. In China, as every one knows, not only dogs, but rats and mice are still eaten, and the gipsies sometimes make a savoury dish of a hedgehog, which they kill and bake—thorny coat and all—in a ball of stiff clay. When the beast is sufficiently cooked it is taken up and the clay broken off, when the skin and prickles come with it, and the 'hedge-pig' is cooked to a turn, and is said to be very good indeed! The sea-urchin, which also owes its name to the numerous spines on its shell, is sometimes cooked and eaten by fisher-folks in very poor districts, whence it is often known as 'the sea-egg,' but it is said not to be very palatable.

The Roman, or edible, snail of the Continent was, and is, thought a dish fit for epicures; but in some parts of Europe the common or garden snail is also eaten, and even in our own isles it used formerly to be made into a sort of syrup, which was supposed to be good for various ailments. In many parts of Southern Europe this mollusc is eaten by poor people, and, after all, it seems almost as reasonable to eat a snail as a whelk or periwinkle!

The Arabs of the Sahara find it so difficult to get food that they eat all sorts of things which we should not at all care to try. A very usual dish is 'dhourra,' made of sour camel's milk, thickened with flour. They also eat lizards, when they can find them, and the coming of the huge destructive swarms of locusts is regarded by them as a season of plenty and good living. There is very little for locusts to devour in the desert, so for once they are useful, as they are eaten themselves. In Arabia, Southern Russia, and in parts of South Africa, too, the natives relish them! Some say that the 'locusts' on which St. John the Baptist fed in the wilderness were the fruit of the 'locust-bean,' or carob-tree; others think that he really ate the formidable-looking insects of the name. They are cooked in various ways: sometimes they are fried, sometimes boiled; in other cases they are ground into powder, and made into a sort of cake; and sometimes they are smoked and dried like red herrings! The Bushmen of South Africa relish them as much as the Arabs do, and many of the South African tribes eat large caterpillars and various grubs, while some of the South American Indians feast eagerly on ants' eggs, and the Australian aborigines not only esteem opossums and parrots, but eat several sorts of butterflies, grubs, and beetles! The Chinese, who are careful to waste nothing which can be used as food, make a dish of silkworm cocoons, from which the silk has been wound off.

A large fat grub, which is found in the heart of the delicious *Oreodoxa*, or cabbage-palm of South America, is considered a great dainty, when fried with butter and salt, but they are said to be very disgusting in appearance. The big chirping *Cicadæ*, or 'frog-hoppers,' which Aristotle mentioned as a very delicious food,

are still much esteemed by the American Indians, and the natives of Guinea roast and eat the huge Goliath beetles of that coast. While many spiders are poisonous, some are eaten by savage tribes, and all sorts of reptiles, from alligators and tortoises down to the common viper, or adder, have been used as food. In the sixteenth century it would appear that the flesh of adders was much esteemed in Italy; one old writer declared that near Rome it was known as 'fish of the mountain.' Even in England, viper-broth, or jelly made of the flesh, was thought a remedy for various ailments, particularly for wasting diseases.

The eggs of most of the turtles and tortoises are thought very dainty fare, and form a large part of the menu of the inhabitants of the tropical lands where the queer creatures live. The turtles lay their eggs in the sand, burying them to a depth of three or four feet, but the natives mark the spots where they are hidden and come later on and take them.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

### PLAYMATES.

I HAUNT a small suburban road—  
But then you haunt it too;  
No place, I deem, so fair would see  
Unshared, dear Ruth, with you.

I'm only very commonplace—  
No dog of high degree—  
I've won no 'firsts' or 'specials,' and  
I boast no pedigree;

But finer things than silver cups  
I've captured—'tis the truth—  
Love is my prize, and in your eyes  
I find it, playmate Ruth.

I'm glad I'm not a Chinese dog.  
Whatever should I do  
Without a single scrap of tail  
To wag with love for you?

### JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Continued from page 195.)

MASTER BURKE listened without question or interruption; but his face grew grave and stern as the tale came to an end. 'Tis a hard task that you have undertaken, my lad,' he said at last, speaking slowly and sadly after a long pause. 'Methinks, if I did my duty, I should carry you home again without more ado.'

'Oh, sir, you can't do that! You would not be so cruel. I must not go home until I have found him. He is a captive—and there is no one else to go.' My voice trembled as I spoke, and my cheeks blazed hotter than ever with dismay and excitement; for, indeed, it seemed a terrible thing that now—after all the dangers and adventures through which I had safely passed—my plans should be frustrated by one who was a friend and not a foe.

'I must have time to think about this business, John Drummond,' Master James Burke said, soothing the



turmoil of my thoughts with his kindly, quiet voice, 'for you little know what that unhappy country, Flanders, is like in these sad times, or what perils will beset you on every side. We shall reach the port of Antwerp to-morrow, if a favourable wind springs up, and then will I tell you my decision. But consider the question for yourself, my son. Would it not be better to wait until you are older and wiser and stronger, and then succeed, rather than set about this quest in a childish, foolhardy fashion, and meet with nothing but failure and disaster?'

'Oh, sir, how can I wait and waste precious time, when my father is in such evil case?' I pleaded, the tears smarting in my eyes. 'There is no one but me to go, and he will surely perish before I am grown to be a man. And, after all, I am not so young—fourteen is a goodly age—and if I am not very tall or stalwart, so much the better. A child may often go unsuspected and unmolested where a man would be set upon and thrown into prison.'

The captain shook his head at my eagerness, but his eyes were friendly still—so it seemed to me, although his lips were set in obstinate lines.

'There is truth in what you say, boy,' he answered; 'but I must think not only of your father, but of your mother as well. Have you considered her in this matter, Jock, and wondered how she is bearing the sorrow and anxiety of your absence? One can be very cruel sometimes, remember that, even when we mean to do deeds of bravery and self-sacrifice. You owe a duty to your father, it is true, but you must not forget your mother, who should be protected and comforted in these long years of sorrow by her only son.'

'My mother has Mysie, sir,' I replied; 'and, methinks, even while she grieves for my going, she will rejoice that I have gone.'

Master Burke shook his head again, but I was resolved that nothing he could say or do should turn me from my purpose. Even while I listened to his words of counsel, new schemes were surging in my mind. I was wondering how it would be possible to escape from the *Bonnie Bess* as soon as ever she came safely into haven; or whether, even before that, I might not leap overboard, swim ashore, and thus reach the Low Countries undetected.

'I must have time for consideration,' once more the captain's voice broke in on my thoughts, 'and there is a wise and learned gentleman on board this vessel, Godfrey McBride by name, who perchance will be able to help advise, for he himself has business in Flanders and is bound for that country. Master McBride is somewhat of a leech, too, and has tended my wounds with skill and care. It was, indeed, a fortunate chance for me that he happened to be a passenger—albeit an unwilling one—on the *Santa Maria*.'

Master Godfrey McBride! The name was a new one to me, and I marvelled to think where he had been concealed during the voyage of the pirate ship. However, seeing that he appeared to be a sage and kindly man, I knew that I should be fortunate indeed to have him as a companion on my travels.

'Now show me those papers of yours, Jock,' Master Burke went on.

And then my heart-sank even into my shoes, for I remembered what until that moment I had, strangely enough, clean forgotten. My wallet was lost! It had been stolen from me with all its contents—the letter

and the picture and the broken medal, and the little store of money that I had brought from the 'Corbies' Nest.'

'Alack, sir!' I said, 'I was robbed on board the pirate ship, and those papers of mine are in the hands of a caitiff clerk, who was also taken captive by the sea-robbers, and who, to save his own worthless skin, betrayed this vessel of yours into their hands.'

And then I told Master Burke what had befallen—how Red Robin had lingered in hiding on the *Santa Maria* until the fire broke out, and how he had seen the traitor scrivener rifle the body of the scar-faced pirate.

I related, too, of how, on the night before these happenings, the clerk had been questioned in the camp of the sea-robbers on the moon-lit beach, and had given information about the *Bonnie Bess* and her cargo, naming even the hour at which she would sail.

'He said, moreover, that it was rumoured you had private treasure on board,' I added. 'And for that reason it was that the pirates treated you so cruelly, sir, and were enraged when you would not tell them where to find the secret hiding-place of your gold and jewels.'

Master Burke listened to my tale with keen attention; but, when I spoke of gold and jewels, it seemed to me that his grave lips widened into a smile for an instant, as if he found something that amused him in my words.

'My gold and jewels!' he repeatedly softly, and then a look of perplexity and anxiety came into his face.

'And this knavish clerk remained on the *Santa Maria*?' he asked. 'It is likely, then, that he perished in the flames when the vessel met her doom.'

'Yes—so Red Robin thinks,' I agreed ruefully. 'And, doubtless, my papers perished with him. 'Tis a cruel chance, sir, for how shall I find my way without that picture of the windmill to guide me, and will my father—when I do find him—believe that I am his son, now that the medal with which I thought to prove myself is lost?'

Master Burke smiled again, but absently, as if he had weightier matters than me and my small troubles to burden his mind. 'There are many windmills in the Low Countries,' he said. 'But we will see what can be done, and you may be very sure that all the help and advice that I can give is at your service, Jock. Never shall I forget how bravely you stood by me yesterday—and the debt shall be repaid. It may be, too, that Master McBride will give wise counsel—for, if young, he appears to be discreet. But you must go now, my boy. I hear his step outside. This evening I will speak with you again.'

Thus dismissed, I turned away to leave him, for as he had said, the pad of a footfall sounded in the alleyway outside. Then the door opened, and there, on the threshold, appeared the rascal clerk who had betrayed the *Bonnie Bess* and robbed me of my treasured wallet!

I stood for a moment, gaping, wide-eyed, and speechless with dismay; and then the scrivener, who was blinking and unable to see clearly in the dim light of the cabin, came forward, pushing past me, and I found myself outside in the yellow blaze of sunlight that streamed downward from the deck above.

'Come in. Come in, good Master McBride,' I heard the captain say, as the door closed.

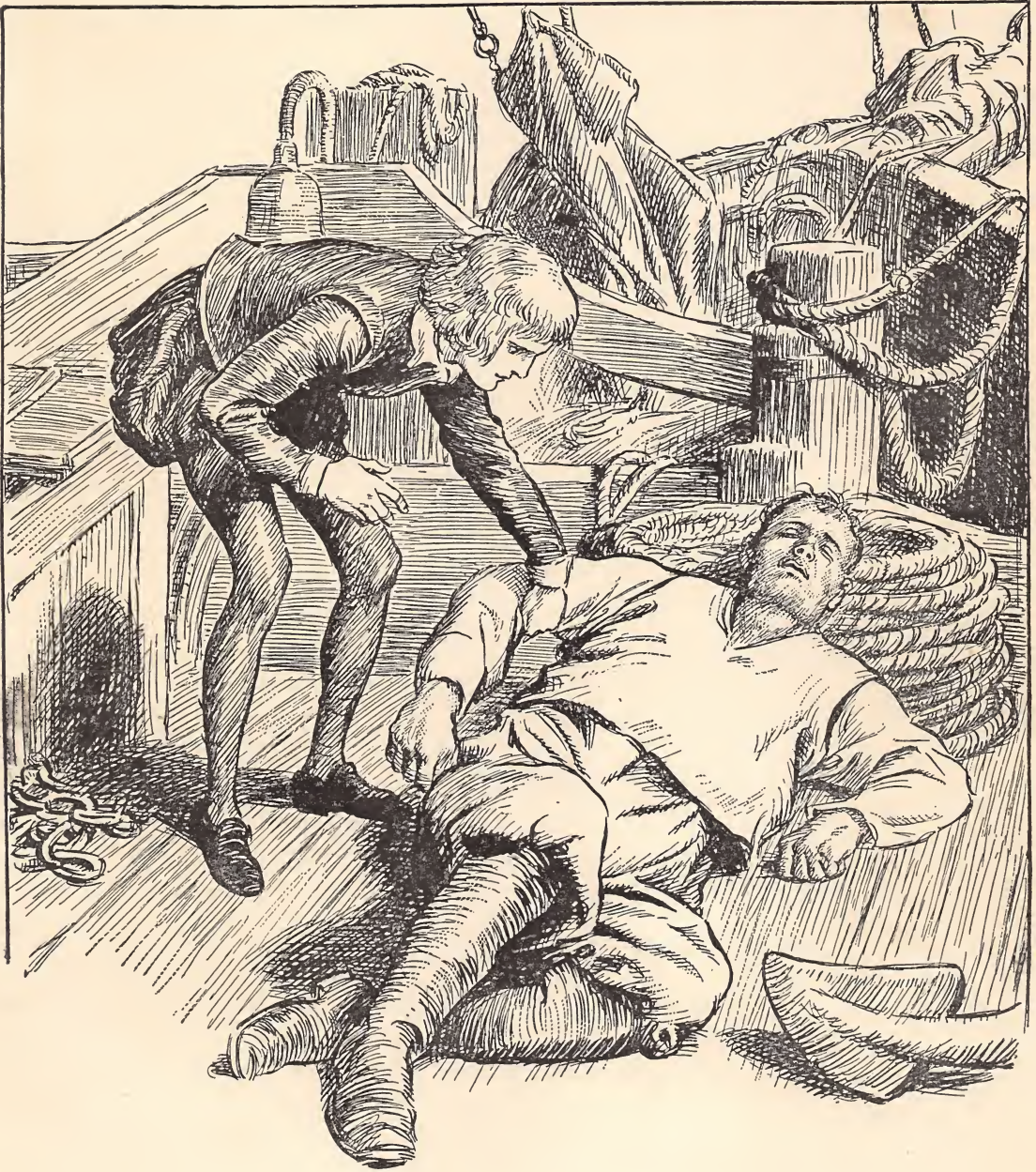
(Continued on page 210.)





“There, on the threshold, appeared the rascal clerk!”





"I seized his arm and shook it smartly."



## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

BY A. A. METHLEY,

Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &amp;c.

(Continued from page 207.)

## CHAPTER VIII.

'NEVER tell tales, never play the eavesdropper, and always speak the truth.' My mother had said these words to us children, many and many a time, and we had done our best to remember them, but now it seemed to me that I was in danger of disobeying all three commands at once—or, if I tried to observe one, the others must, of necessity, go to the wall.

I had already played the eavesdropper, on the moonlit sands by the pirates' camp, when I lay hid behind the rocks and listened unseen to their plottings, and now here was this matter of the traitor clerk! If I went to Master Burke and related to him all that I knew of the rogue's character and deeds, what should I be but a tale-bearer, and so di-honourable and worthy of the scorn of all honest gentlemen? While, should I hold my tongue and let the captain be deceived and, perchance, cheated as well by the villain, surely I should be acting a lie, even if I did not give actual utterance to it with my lips?

Truly my position was a difficult and a perplexing one, and there was no one at hand to give me advice and guidance, for Red Robin Stuart, staunch friend though he might be, was too reckless and hot-blooded to be relied upon for a cool judgment. Should he hear of the scrivener's presence on board the *Bonnie Bess* he would fly into a fierce rage—that I knew well—and would want to accuse him straightway of the theft of my wallet, or, maybe, to challenge him to a hand-to-hand combat.

Such rough-and-ready methods would be of but little avail now, for Master Walter McBaird, as he called himself—and it might or might not be his rightful name—was a crafty man, full of wiles and subtlety, and one whose wits would be more than a match for two simple lads like Red Robin and me.

He had already cajoled Master Burke with his serious face and his smooth false tongue, and would doubtless do his best to poison his mind against me. Perhaps he was already at work, for I felt sure that he had seen me as I came out of the dark cabin. How should Burke know whether I or his new friend, Master Walter McBaird were speaking the truth?

It was small wonder that my mind was full of gloomy thoughts as I went up to the deck again that morning, and my face must have been gloomy, too, for Robin Stuart burst into a peal of loud laughter at the sight of me.

'How now, Jock, my lad?' he cried, giving me a hearty clap on the shoulder, 'what a long, mournful visage! Truly 'tis fortunate that there's no milk with our porridge to-day, for you would turn it sour in the spoon with that weebegone look.'

Although it was little more than an hour since we had had our breakfast, Robin had a large bowl full of steaming oatmeal in his hand—never was there such a fellow for his food. He offered me a share of it, but I shook my head and wandered away to the bows of the ship, anxious for peace and quiet, so that I might think over what were best to be done.

The blue-eyed sailor was there, a-sprawl on a coil of rope and half asleep, and it was warm and pleasant in the sunshine. I seated myself on the curved fluke of a great anchor, and leaned forward, my chin resting on clasped hands.

By this time a light westerly breeze had sprung up and the *Bonnie Bess* was skimming merrily over the sparkling blue water, but this, instead of cheering my spirits, only made me the more troubled and melancholy, for what if we should arrive at our destination before I had had speech again with Master Burke. There was the matter of my wallet, without which the search for my lost father must needs be unsuccessful; and then what about the good captain himself? Walter McBaird knew of the concealed treasure—he it was who had spoken of it to the pirates—and certain was I that he would take steps to secure it for himself either by fair means or by foul. Poor Master Burke had already suffered grievously for the sake of his hidden gold, and it was terrible to think of him now—a sick man, injured and helpless—at the mercy of that black-hearted rogue.

Even now, while I sat idle on the sunny deck, there might be cruel mischief afoot.

I sprang to my feet as this thought flashed into my mind, for something must needs be done, and that quickly, but, before I had taken many steps, a more sober judgment brought me to a halt.

If I went down to the cabin now, while Master McBaird was in charge, I should certainly be refused an entry, or, even if I had the luck to get across the threshold, how could I explain my business with the traitor clerk himself at hand, listening to every word and ready to deny the accusations and to match his keen craft against my poor wits. Another messenger must be found and McBaird met with a cunning equal to his own. I stood motionless, biting my lip and cudgelling my brain, and then, suddenly, a loud snore from the blue-eyed sailor reminded me of his presence, and told me that here was a friend in need ready to hand.

This man, besides being honest and kindly disposed towards me, was no ordinary seafarer, but a sailor from the Queen's ship, and as such, if he craved speech with the captain of the *Bonnie Bess* could not lightly be denied audience.

'Wake up! Wake up!' There was no longer any hesitation nor delay, and bending over the man I seized his arm and shook it smartly. 'I have something to tell you, sir—something of importance. Wake up, I say! Wake up!'

Wake up! The fellow tumbled to his feet on the instant, ready and alert, as is the way with sailors, but he looked amazed and not a little annoyed, I can tell you, when he saw who it was that had broken thus rudely into his slumbers. 'What now? The young pirate up to his pranks again?' he said, looking very big and fierce, as he towered over me; but although his voice was gruff, there was still a kindly sparkle in the blue eyes, and, when I began my story, his rancour quickly died down and he listened carefully to what I had to say.

'There is treachery aboard this ship,' I said, speaking in a whisper, for the voice carries far in the open air, and it were well for the matter to be kept a secret. 'Things have come to my knowledge, and the captain must be warned so that he may take due precaution



against the evil that is afoot. I cannot go to him myself, sir, for the leech, who is in attendance, will keep me out; but he dare not refuse you, who are in Her Majesty's service. I pray you, haste to the cabin, then, and give this message to Master Burke. Say that Jock Drummond has discovered a certain matter, which is of grave import; beg him to give me a few minutes of private speech.'

The sailor pushed back his woollen cap, scratching his curly head thoughtfully, then he gave his broad shoulders a heavy shrug, 'It is a strange business,' he said, 'but you seem to be in earnest, boy, and I will do what you ask.' Then, with another shrug and a smile that showed a gleam of white teeth, he sauntered away across the deck and down the narrow stairway that led to the cabin. After about five minutes a rosy-faced lad of about my own age appeared, saying that the captain wished to speak to me, and that I was to go to him without delay.

Delay! There was little danger of that now, and the cabin-boy stared at me open-eyed and open-mouthed as I hurried away from him across the deck. Doubtless on a well-disciplined vessel like the *Bonnie Bess* a summons to the captain's presence meant usually a reprimand or a punishment, and the fellow was amazed at my eagerness. 'Good luck to you, friend,' he called after me, as I disappeared down the steep, dark stairs.

The blue-eyed sailor and Master Walter McBaird were both with the Captain, when, having knocked at the door, I pushed it open and crossed the threshold. The former was standing very stiff and upright, with something of the air of a sentinel in his mien and aspect, while the clerk held his place as doctor at the sick man's couch. His face was composed enough, and there was a smile on his lips—to outward seeming no one could have appeared more innocent and guileless; but I noticed that his cheeks were sickly pale and, as he glanced swiftly in my direction, there was a gleam of hatred in his eyes. Then the lids were lowered sedately, and he stooped to replace a covering that had slipped from the bed.

'It is unwise to burden yourself with troublesome matters, good sir, in your present feeble state,' he murmured, his voice sounding smooth and gentle; 'this youth will doubtless be willing to put off his business until a more convenient season.'

'What is it you have to say, John Drummond?' The captain lifted himself on his elbow, as he spoke. His eyes were fixed on mine, holding them with a steady glance, and although his voice was still weak and husky with suffering, there was in it a note of authority that could not be withstood or gainsaid. Truly he was a noble gentleman, and one born to command, who, even on a bed of sickness, could thus give his orders and keep the reins of government in his own hands.

'What is it you have to say? Speak!' he went on, and then, plucking up courage, I stepped forward, feeling very young and small and foolish, and stood alone in the middle of the cabin. 'That man whom you call Master Walter McBaird is a traitor and a renegade,' I said, and, stretching out my hand, I pointed a finger straight at the rascal clerk. 'He it is that I told you of—the villain who turned traitor to save his own skin, and who gave the day and the hour of this ship's sailing to the pirate leader.'

(Continued on page 222.)

## THE FURRYFEET FAMILY.

'OH, dear!' sighed Mrs. Furryfoot,  
'I'm very troubled, truly;  
I cannot keep my children neat,  
Their hair is so unruly.

'I cannot keep it smooth,' said she,  
'They've each a tuft behind—  
Perhaps some simple remedy  
While shopping I shall find.'

She called at Stoa's (the chemist's) to  
Inquire about some grease;  
Stoa said, 'Ma'am, I should counsel you  
To take a pot a-piece.'

She *did*; and larded well the hair  
The little rogues had roughed  
While she'd been out—she worked till there  
Was not a single tuft!

The merry tribe, who, as a rule,  
With each succeeding week  
More tousled grew, went off to school  
All trim and smooth and sleek.

And Mrs. Furryfoot—urbane  
And smilingly content—  
Cried, 'Boys, come home from school again  
As tidy as you went.'

Now, in the waning afternoon  
She saw a sorry sight;  
'(It very nearly made her swoon  
But, luckily, not quite).

Rag, Tag, and Bobtail, Fo and Fe—  
Their hair erect as bristles—  
Returning home to have their tea  
With tufts as stiff as thistles!

Poor little Bobtail hung his head—  
Young Fe began to stutter—  
'Fo licked my pate in school... he said  
It tasted just like butter!'

And, when the chorus had died down,  
It seemed they'd licked and licked  
Each other's glossy pates of brown  
Until the bristles pricked!

Mamma (the sad fact I must state)  
Soon soundly switched the lot;  
'It cost,' said she, 'that grease you ate,  
*Three barleycorns a pot!*'

LILIAN HOLMES.

## GOOD FOR SOMETHING.

THE people of Florida use the skin of the black-diamond rattlesnake as a barometer. When preserved and hung up, this skin indicates the approach of a storm by exuding beads of moisture. Sometimes this 'perspiration' appears several hours before the storms arrival. So even rattlesnakes (when dead, at any rate) are good for something!



## FISHING IN FAR-OFF LANDS.

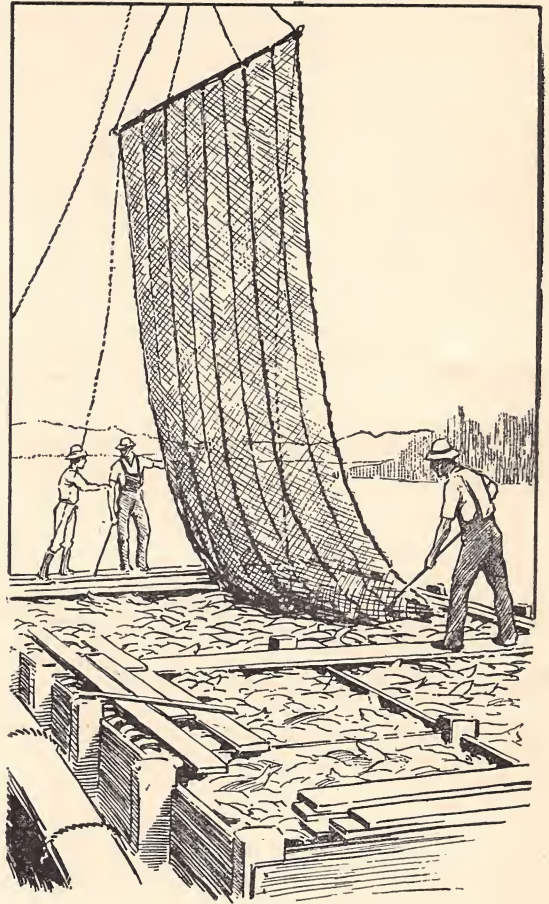
## IV.—SALMON FISHERIES.



HERE and in most European countries the sport of salmon-fishing in one or other of its forms is an attraction to visitors, but the industry represented by the tinned, or 'canned' salmon, with which we are all familiar, has its home almost entirely in Canada. Other countries, notably Norway and Sweden, indulge in it on a smaller scale, but the greater portion of the supply of this fish comes from the great fisheries and canneries of Alaska, British Columbia, and Newfoundland. Of these, the fisheries of British Columbia are the largest and most important, and the majority of them have their home up and down the Fraser River. These canneries afford employment to many hundreds of workers



Hauling in Nets in a Trap.



A Scow-load of Fraser River Salmon.

during the salmon season, and the banks of the river present a spectacle of tireless energy and labour while the salmon 'rush' is in progress.

The salmon season extends roughly from the spring to the autumn, and throughout that period the various types of the fish come up from the sea in amazing numbers, each species appearing at a stated time of the year and increasing or lessening the work of the fisheries and canneries according to its value on the market.

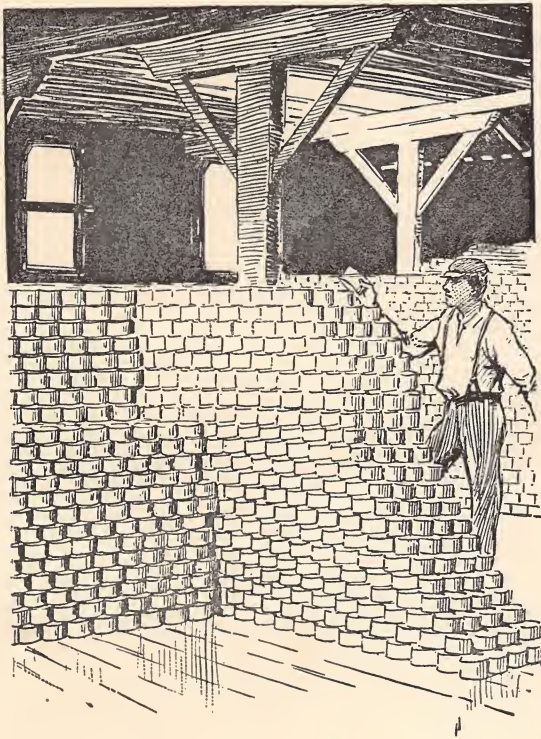
The 'rush' of the salmon from the sea, back up the rivers to the waters in which they were born, is perhaps the most interesting feature of the salmon-fishing industry. The salmon always returns to the waters of its birth to die, which usually occurs some four years after it originally left them.

When once the fish have decided to return up the river, they come in a ceaseless, headlong rush that overcomes all obstacles that may stand in the way. They make their way unerringly to the particular stream or river in which they were born, and disregard all others on the way. Once they have reached their own waters they never attempt to return to the sea, but, if they have escaped the fisheries, remain there until they die.



Throughout the season this rush continues without lessening, and the fisheries and canneries work at high pressure. The rivers, which for the remainder of the year are silent and lifeless, throb with energy and ceaseless labour, while the canneries accomplish sufficient work during a few short months to justify their idle existence during the rest of the year.

The best type of salmon for table purposes is the spring salmon, or 'quinnat' as it is called. This fish appears in the spring and continues to arrive until July, but as a rule does not appear in sufficient numbers to keep the canneries busy with that type alone. The reverse is the case with the species that follows, a kind known as the 'sockeye.' These come up from the sea in such astonishing quantities that the canneries can always depend upon a regular and steady supply from June to September. There are several other kinds of salmon which



A Store in a Salmon Cannery.

make their appearance in smaller numbers, but the canneries rely upon the sockeye for the greater part of their output.

The salmon-fishers of Canada work with the assistance of what are known as stake-nets and bag-nets. These are nets spread across the river and supported upon poles driven into the bottom. The bag-net is so arranged that the fish as they arrive are guided through a narrow opening into a wide circular enclosure surrounded with netting, from which they cannot escape. Thence they are gathered by the fishermen in their boats and conveyed direct to the canneries, from which they subsequently emerge in the form in which we know them.

Another method of catching the salmon as they arrive is by means of what is called a 'trap-site.' The salmon always run in regular definite courses, year after year, just as if they were following a beaten track. Here and there, these courses come close into the shore in places where it is possible to drive in piles and build traps of netting which cut off the fish by the thousand. One of these traps will do the work of a great number of fishermen with nets in deep water, and good trap-sites are accordingly valuable to their owners.

In British Columbia there are now some seventy or eighty salmon canneries, and of these about forty are to be found on the banks of the Fraser River. In the season as many as eighteen hundred to two thousand six hundred boats are employed on this work about the mouth of the Fraser.

The salmon fisheries of Canada are not, of course, confined to the Fraser River, but can be found in a lesser degree in several other rivers, such as the Naas and the Skeena.

In Alaska there is one very large fishery at Karluk Bay, on Kodiak Island. Properly managed, the Newfoundland fisheries could have taken their place amongst the greatest in the world, but the bad management and wasteful methods of former times have contrived to keep their output at a low level. Now, however, with the passing of the necessary laws and regulations, the industry is steadily reviving.

In Newfoundland, as in Alaska, the industry had been badly managed and wastefully conducted, with the result that it is not one of great importance to the country, though it has very great possibilities if energetically developed. Generally, in the Newfoundland fisheries, the nets are set in the bays and coves which are to be found in such great numbers all along the coast. The season here is shorter, lasting only some six or seven weeks. The most flourishing fisheries are those of Bonavista, Gander, and Exploits Bays.

### LUCY'S LETTER-BOX.

'I WISH we didn't live so far apart. I suppose we'll seldom meet during the holidays,' said Lucy Long to her great friend, Mysie Thomas, on the afternoon when Rivercote School broke up for Christmas.

Lucy's father was a game-keeper, and lived in a cottage in the woods near Rivercote Hall, while Mysie's parents had a small farm in the opposite direction from the village, which was about midway between the two houses.

'Yes; it's too bad,' said Mysie. 'Of course, if Father was going your way he would drive me over to see you, but he seldom has business in your direction, and I suppose your father is too busy to bring you to see us?'

'I'm afraid so; there are people staying at the Hall, and there are to be several big shooting parties during the holidays. 'I don't think Father could be away. If I knew what days you would be in the village I could come and meet you, but Mother won't let me write letters often—she says stamps cost too much now, and, besides, it's waste of time!'

'My mother says the same,' rejoined Mysie; 'besides, the boys would make fun of me if I was getting a lot of letters from you. We must just be satisfied till the holidays are over.'

'Mysie, I've thought of something! You know the



pollard-willow by the bridge, where our roads part?' cried Lucy. 'It has a big hole in the side, you can put your hand in, but it's hard to see inside it; if we put a letter in there as we pass, it would be quite safe—nobody would suspect it was there, and we can write to each other like that. I go to Rivercote most days, and I can pop in a note for you, and then next time you pass, you can just put in your hand and get it, and we can make plans to meet, for you go in often, too. That will save stamps, and it'll be great fun; but we must keep it a dead secret!'

'Oh! yes; or some one might run off with our letters for a joke. We'll call it "Lucy's Letter-box"—it must be named after you, for it was you who thought of it. Here we are at the bridge. I'll look if the hole is big enough to put a parcel in!' And, leaning over the parapet of the bridge, Mysie thrust her hand into the aperture, and cried gaily: 'Why, Lucy, it's a splendid post-box! The hole is bigger than I thought, and quite dry; it's half full of dead leaves, and I suppose, as the opening is at the side of the trunk, the rain can't get in. Mind you look there for something on Christmas Eve! You can go to the village then, can't you?'

'Oh! yes; thanks, Mysie,' said Lucy.

Then the children parted, and the very next afternoon Mysie, going into Rivercote on a message, found a note from her friend in 'Lucy's Letter-box.' It was written on the leaf of a copy-book, folded three-corner-wise, and tied with plaited grass. Lucy had not liked to ask her mother for an envelope, lest she should betray her wonderful secret.

She was so eager to go to the village on messages during the next few days that Mrs. Long said in surprise, 'Why, Lucy, you're getting very fond of Rivercote, and you used not to like going on errands there.'

'Oh! but I do now, Mother,' said Lucy, hastily. 'Please can I go in on Christmas Eve?'

'Why, of course, child, if you like. Let me see, that'll be the day after to-morrow. I'll get you to bring me some groceries, in case I run short during the Christmas holidays, and you can buy yourself some sweets and post a letter for me.'

'Very well, Mother, I shall like that!' said Lucy.

And on Christmas Eve she started directly after dinner, a cosy little figure in a red knitted coat and cap. Her mother gave her a letter, which she told her to be sure and post carefully, and quite a long list of errands, and the child went off gaily. On reaching the willow-tree, she put in her hand and found a parcel, but just as she was about to draw it out something stirred among the dry leaves at the bottom of the hole and next moment the child gave a shrill cry of pain, for something seized her hand with very sharp teeth, and held on firmly, so that she could not withdraw it or get out the parcel!

'Oh! oh! oh!' screamed Lucy, trying vainly to release her fingers; and she was turning quite white and faint with pain and terror, when an old shepherd, who had heard her cry, got over a fence from a neighbouring field, and came to her help, saying: 'Eh, little maid, what is the matter? Something has caught hold of your hand? It's probably a weasel that had gone to sleep in the old hollow willow, and you've wakened him from his nap! Whatever made you go a-putting of your fingers in there?' he added, as he thrust his big stick into the aperture, and dealt a sharp blow to Lucy's

assailant, who loosed his grip, sprang out of the tree, and escaped among the undergrowth on the river-bank before the old man or the child could stop it.

'Well, child, it was a weasel right enough, but you've got a nasty bite; best run along to the chemist in the village, and ask him to dress it for you. A weasel is a rare venomous beast—it don't do to neglect a bite from the varmint, that it don't,' said the shepherd. 'Here, give me your handkerchief, and I'll tie it up for the present,' he added, taking Lucy's handkerchief, and binding up the wound. 'Why, you have dropped a parcel into the tree—here it is!' he added, taking out the package, addressed in Mysie's handwriting to:

'Miss Long,

'Lucy's Letter-box,

'Old Willow-tree, Rivercote Bridge.'

'So you've been a-putting of letters and parcels in the old hollow tree!' exclaimed the shepherd. 'Well, I never did hear the like! What things children do think of, to be sure! You'll have to find another post-office now, my little maid—you won't want to go a-sharing of one with a weasel!'

'Oh, no, I won't, and thank you very much for being so kind,' said the child, much confused at her secret being discovered. She had quite forgotten to put in the little packet she had brought for Mysie, but she reflected that it was just as well. Her friend might get bitten too, if the weasel returned to his retreat in the willow-tree, and, in any case, now the shepherd knew of their letter-box he might tell other people who would meddle with their things; but how was she to warn Mysie of the break-down in their postal service?

To her great delight, however, when she came out of the chemist's, after having her fingers dressed, she saw the Thomas family in their market-cart driving into the village. Mysie sprang down, and hugged her friend, and Lucy told her sadly of what had happened.

'Oh, you poor little thing!' exclaimed Mysie. 'That is too bad—I do hope you won't have a very sore hand! You'll have to tell your father and mother, and I think perhaps I had better tell Mother too, hadn't I? It isn't a secret any longer, is it?'

'Oh, no, of course not—old John, the shepherd, knows all about it; he's sure to tell his wife and those tiresome grandchildren of his. I didn't put your parcel in, Mysie—here it is; and thank you so much for the nice sweets you got for me. I had just taken hold of the package when the weasel bit me.'

'It's a good thing he didn't care for sweets, or I suppose he'd have gobbled them all up. Look, the paper is torn and nibbled away!' said Mysie. 'Well, good-bye, Lucy. A very happy Christmas to you all, and Mother says you're to come and spend a few days with us next week.'

'Oh, thank you so much—that will be lovely! Good-bye—happy Christmas to you all!' said Lucy, as she went on to do her errands, still rather white and frightened. Mysie told her parents what had happened, and Farmer Thomas insisted on driving Lucy home, saying she was not fit to walk.

Mrs. Long was much astonished when she heard the story, and when the Thomases had gone, she said gently: 'Lucy, my dear, it was rather risky to put letters and parcels in such a place. It is really better not to have secrets and mysteries, you know, though there was no real harm in Lucy's Letter-box!'



## PET MARJORIE.

**P**ET MARJORIE'S life is probably the shortest to be recorded in these volumes, but she is one of the most charming characters.

With this sentence, Sir Leslie Stephen ends his article on Marjorie Fleming in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

This little girl was the friend of Doctor John Brown and Sir Walter Scott. She died at the age of eight, yet in the space of her very brief life she wrote a lot of journals and poems, including an epic on Mary Queen of Scots in two hundred lines.

The following letter to her cousin was Marjorie's first literary effort, made at the age of six:—

'MY DEAR ISA,—I now sit down to answer all your kind and beloved letters which you was so good as to write to me. This is the first time I ever wrote a letter in my Life. There are a great number of Girls in the Square, and they cry just like a pig when we are under the painful necessity of putting it to Death.

'Miss Potune, a lady of my acquaintance, praises me dreadfully. I repeated something out of Deen Swift, and she said I was fit for the stage, and you may think I was primmed up with majestick Pride, but upon my word I felt mysele turn a little birsay—birsay is a word that William composed which is as you may suppose a little enraged. That horrid fat Simpleton says that my Aunt is beautiful which is entirely impossible for that is not her nature.'

## THE BIG SPIDERS OF TRINIDAD.

**T**HERE dwell in Trinidad enormous spiders. Their bodies are as big round as a penny, and their eight legs, when spread out, make their circumference the size of a cheese-plate. For a long period, Mr. and Mrs. Spider will live faithfully together, occupying the corner of a ceiling or cupboard. There they remain during the daylight hours. Then, when night comes on, they go a-hunting for cockroaches. Spinning no web, they depend for success on their fleetness of foot. All over the house they run, and are seldom molested—for several reasons. It is considered unfortunate to kill a spider, and spiders of this kind are welcomed as destroyers of cockroaches. Besides, if people *did* try to catch them, they would find it hard to do so, for these swift-footed spiders would soon run away.

## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 202.)

'**Y**OU'VE been a long time, haven't you?' asked Lena carelessly.

'Oh, I've been talking to Marjory. Isn't it funny how you've frightened her so?' said Ethel, looking at the man; and then she wondered how she dared speak to him.

'Very,' he replied, 'and not complimentary, either.'

'No. She couldn't have been more frightened if you'd been a real burglar, could she?' What was she saying? Alarmed and astounded at her own audacity, Ethel sat down.

'I don't think she could,' replied the man quietly, and Ethel thought he smiled. 'But has she frightened you, too? You look a bit queer.'

'Me! Oh, no—oh, no!' said Ethel hurriedly.

'You do look funny, Ethel!' cried Lena. 'Why, Uncle, see! she's trembling. I know; you were frightened at coming down in the dark.' Lena laughed maliciously, and added: 'Don't boast again, Ethel.'

This was too bad, and almost angrily Ethel replied, 'Dark roads don't frighten me, and I never boast.'

'Hullo! No quarrelling, you know,' said the uncle. Lena laughed again.

'You've missed all Uncle's tales, Ethel,' she said, 'through being so long away. He says that there is such a surprise for us in the morning. Don't you, Uncle? But he won't tell me one little bit what it is.'

'Oh!' Ethel remarked. It was true, then. This man was a burglar, and the discovery of the robbery was to be the surprise. She looked at him, and saw him smile again. Undoubtedly he was enjoying his trick, quite sure that everybody believed in him. The surprise, however, would be his, not theirs.

'Don't you wonder what it's going to be?' asked Lena.

'No!' replied Ethel, curtly.

'You are funny to-night, Ethel. What is the matter?'

'Nothing,' said Ethel. 'I think I shall go to bed; it's getting late.'

'Oh, dear! I suppose it is; but we needn't be in a hurry, need we?' asked Lena. 'We shall be leaving Uncle alone, and remember, we shan't see him in the morning. He really means to go early.'

'Don't mind me,' the uncle said, yawning a little. 'I've been thinking of bed myself.'

'So early, Uncle!' cried Lena, surprised.

'Well, you see, my dear, to put an old proverb backwards, it is early to rise, early to bed.'

'Oh dear, it does seem too bad that you have to go at all to-morrow,' said Lena, with an arm round the man's neck.

Ethel waited. It made her feel queer to see Lena so near to him. 'Come along, Lena,' she said impatiently, and rose to hasten her. 'Shall you leave your presents here?'

'Yes,' said Lena; 'all except my darling little watch. I shall put that under my pillow.'

As she spoke, Mr. Lester drew out his watch and looked at the time. 'Hullo!' he cried; 'my watch has just stopped. Now what can have caused that?'

He wound it up, shook it, examined it, but apparently it would not go. 'There's a nice state of things! I shan't know when to get up, now, unless'—he looked at Lena—'unless you'll lend me your watch?'

'Why, of course I will,' replied Lena willingly, handing it to him.

It was on the tip of Ethel's tongue to say, 'Don't, Lena, he only wants to steal it,' but she refrained. With an effort she shook the man's hand and said good-night. Lena kissed him.

'Good-night,' he said to both the girls. 'I hope you will sleep soundly and not dream of burglars.'

Lena laughed as she went out of the room, and called back, 'It won't be burglars that I shall dream of, but to-morrow's surprise.'

(Continued on page 218.)





“‘Hullo!’ he cried, ‘my watch has just stopped.’”





"Nip sprang forward fiercely."



## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By Tertia Bennett, Author of 'Tiptail,' etc.

(Continued from page 215.)

### CHAPTER XIII.

MARJORY was already fast asleep, with Nip, half dozing, at the foot of the bed. Nip wagged his tail as the girls entered the room. They were soon undressed and in bed, and, it being long past the usual bed-time, Lena went to sleep almost instantly. Ethel lay awake staring into the dark. A small camp bedstead had been put up for her, and the three girls, though occupying separate beds, lay side by side, Ethel nearest the door.

It was a rule of Mr. Lester's that the girls slept with their bedroom door unlatched, and Ethel turned so that she might see the light in the landing. Nip crawled across on to her bed, and she drew him higher up that she might be able to touch him.

Presently Jane popped her head in to see if the girls were all right, and then Ethel heard her knock at the nursery door as she passed, and speak to the burglar. After that all was quiet, and in spite of herself Ethel dozed uneasily.

Nip roused her by a threatening growl. She immediately put one hand round his mouth to prevent him from barking, and dragged him into bed under the clothes. She listened intently and heard footsteps. The light from the landing went out and all was in darkness. The footsteps came nearer and stopped by her door. Ethel shook with fright, fearing lest the man might enter, but he passed on and she heard his door close with a bang.

She breathed again. Nip seemed to settle, enjoying the warmth of the bed. Ethel listened hard, but heard nothing further. She thought of a hundred things, and wondered if Mr. Drayton was outside with Tiger and the policeman, and if they felt frightened, too. At last, in spite of herself, she fell asleep.

It seemed as if she slept for hours and hours, and all the time she dreamt of burglars, watches, and pistols.

She awoke with a start, trembling. Nip had crawled out of bed and was sniffing with his nose against the chink of the door. He growled. Ethel called him quietly, but he took no notice. He tried to force the door open with his nose so as to get through, but fortunately the carpet was ruffled and prevented the door from opening.

What was Ethel to do? Had the burglar escaped while she was asleep? Everything seemed quiet except Nip, and Nip was very much disturbed. She called him again and he answered with a low whine. Jumping out of bed, she ran to him and picked him up, urging him to be quiet. He wagged his tail excitedly, and licked her face, whining a little.

Though shaking with fear, Ethel pushed the door open and peeped out. There was no sound of anything. She ventured into the dark landing, Nip in her arms and one hand tightly clasped round his mouth. If he made a noise, she would be discovered. She went nearer to Mr. Lester's room and distinctly heard some one moving about.

Terrified, she ran back and scrambled into bed, drawing her feet in hastily. She pulled the clothes over her head. Nip tried to poke a way out, but she held him tight, and her heart beat with a thump.

Marjory and Lena still slept.

Nip now lay quieter, seeming to recognise that no noise must be made, and in a while Ethel gradually lifted her head from under the clothes.

A door opened and closed and Ethel held her breath. There was a sound of soft footsteps. For one second a light flashed across the doorway and then all was dark again. A creak on the stairs convinced Ethel that the burglar was going. Now was her time to run into his room and see what he had done. He would have to unbolt, unbar, and unlock the front door. That would give her time to warn Mr. Drayton.

Ethel jumped out of bed and picked up Nip, who whined excitedly and struggled to escape. As she passed through the landing she could hear that the front door was being unfastened. Quick as lightning she ran into the opposite bedroom, forgetting that in the dark she would hardly be able to see if the robbery had been committed.

Trembling, she walked straight towards the wardrobe and uttered a sharp cry of pain as she came unexpectedly in contact with an open door. She dropped Nip, and put out her hands to feel. Yes, the wardrobe door was open, and also some of the drawers.

She had turned to run to the window and give the alarm when she heard some one approaching. It must be the burglar coming back again. Then he had not gone and she was caught. Paralysed, she stood for a second immovable; then with a desperate effort she sprang to the window, flung it open, and called, 'Father, Father! Help, help!'

A light shone in the room, and turning her head Ethel saw the burglar, his face livid with rage. 'You'll raise an alarm, will you?' he roared, pointing his revolver at Ethel. 'Another word and I shoot.'

Ethel crouched down under the window, her face as white as her nightgown. Nip, seeing the threatening attitude of the burglar, sprang forward fiercely and buried his teeth in the man's right hand. The pistol went off with a bang and fell to the floor.

Ethel knew no more.

(Continued on page 231.)

## THE ORIGIN OF 'CALICO.'

THE word 'calico' has a strange history. Many years ago, it is said, a king of the province of Malabar, in Hindustan, rewarded one of his underlings in a peculiar manner. For his distinguished service there was bestowed upon the prince all the land throughout which a cock at a certain temple could be heard crowing. That is why the small town which grew up in the centre of this region was called Calicoda, or 'the cock crowing.' By-and-by the name was shortened to Calicut, and the first cotton goods imported into England and labelled 'calico' came from this place.

## THE BLACKBERRY PICNIC.

MOTHER! The Reynoldses want us to go to a blackberry picnic at Heath Tor on Tuesday. May we go? It will be lovely up there, and they say there are such heaps of blackberries this year, and they are so large and sweet! We'll bring you back a big basketful, and then you can make jam for us to



take to school,' said Elsie Tremlin, running into the garden where her mother sat sewing, one hot day early in September. She was busy getting the children's clothes ready for school. Cecily and Lawrence followed close on their elder sister's heels, all much excited, for the Reynoldses' blackberry picnic was always quite an event at Shorecombe, the pretty little seaside town where both families lived.

'Yes, my dears, of course you can go. Mrs. Reynolds came round to see me about it this morning,' said Mrs. Tremlin. 'Elsie and Lawrence, you are to bicycle, and Cecily is to go in the trap with the little Reynoldses, their nurse, and the baskets. It will be delightful, I am sure, and I shall be very glad to get some good blackberries, but mind you are all good and obedient. Lawrence, you know you are apt to get too excited and wild if you are out for the day. Remember, you are to keep with the rest of the party, and not stray off alone over the moor, and do be careful of adders. You know they are rather numerous near Heath Tor and several people have been bitten by them lately.'

'Oh! I'm not afraid of adders,' said Lawrence grandly. 'I should kill the beastly things if I saw them; besides, I don't think they often attack people, do you?'

'Perhaps not, but I should prefer you to keep out of their way,' replied his mother. 'And remember, they are always to be found by Well Tor!'

'I dare say we shan't see them,' said Elsie. 'I only once came across an adder up there. I expect if there were any about, they would probably wriggle away when they heard us—a whole crowd of boys and girls will make a lot of noise, Mother, you know.'

'I haven't a doubt of it,' replied Mrs. Tremlin smiling, and then the children ran off to play in the garden.

The day of the blackberry picnic was a sunny, warm September morning, as a merry party left the town, some on bicycles, some in pony- or donkey-traps. The two smallest Reynoldses, their nurse, and Cecily packed into a roomy 'tub' with the luncheon baskets and pails, which were destined to be filled with blackberries.

They reached their destination before long, a beautiful point of the wide moor, crowned by a fantastically-shaped tor, round which Mrs. Reynolds had arranged to picnic. The boys and girls picked the ripe luscious blackberries, which grew there in profusion, until it was time for dinner, when they helped to lay the cloth, and did full justice to the good things provided. When the meal was at an end, their hostess suggested that they should rest for a while, and then climb a little higher on the moor, and gather blackberries till tea-time, after which they were to have some games, and all go home before dark.

They lay basking in the sunshine for a while, but presently, Lawrence, who was a very restless boy, jumped up, and said he would like to start at once to pick the fruit, adding that he and Elsie wanted to fill both their pails, as their mother was to make them a good supply of jam to take back to their respective schools.

'Cecily doesn't go to a boarding school, you know, she's too small, so she needn't come, if she would rather stay with the other kids,' he remarked grandly, while his great chum, Cyril Reynolds, announced his intention of coming too.

'Mind you don't fall,' said his mother warningly. 'It is so steep up by the crags round Well Tor.'

'Yes, but such splendid blackberries grow there,' said Cyril, 'and hardly any one ever comes to pick them. There are so few houses on this part of the moor, and it is too far for the poor children from Shorecombe to walk.'

So the two boys, followed by Elsie and Madge Reynolds, and their friend Kitty Burney, began to climb the steep ascent. As they toiled up, Elsie said, 'By the way, Lawrence, wasn't it up at Well Tor that an adder bit a boy the other day?'

'I dare say, but I don't care about that!' rejoined her brother.

They were silent till they reached the crags, at the foot of which great brambles trailed and twined, and soon they were busy filling their pails with the rich fruit, often pausing to pop a specially fine berry into their mouths.

Madge wandered down the slope to a rocky ledge a little way from the others who were presently startled by a frightened cry from her: 'Oh! look! An adder! I can't pass him! What am I to do?'

Peering down, the other children saw the little girl perched on the narrow ledge, while in front of her, barring her way down, was a large adder, his head erect, his poison-fangs showing.

'Don't stir, keep as quiet as you can,' shouted both boys, running to the rescue with their sticks; but the frightened child tried to dash past the snake, whose head darted forward swiftly, and the next instant Madge screamed, 'Oh, oh! he's bitten me! Shall I die?'

'Not a bit of it,' cried Lawrence, running up and killing the snake, while Cyril helped his terrified little sister down from the ledge; but as Lawrence turned round, he was attacked by another adder, probably the mate of the first one, and he too was bitten before he managed to kill it. Luckily, Cyril, who was a Boy Scout, knew something about First Aid, and, with the help of Elsie and Kitty, he bandaged up the wounds and hurried the sufferers down to the rest of the party. By this time the bites were much inflamed and swollen, and were very painful, and Mrs. Reynolds sent them off at once in the 'tub' to the doctor—a sorry ending to the picnic.

Lawrence had received a particularly severe bite, and he was laid up till almost the end of his holidays, missing all further outings, and conscious that he had not only run into danger himself, but had led his little friends into it as well, and had quite spoiled Mrs. Reynolds's picnic.

'You see, my boy, how silly it is not to take precautions when older people warn you,' said Mrs. Tremlin gravely, when the boy was a little better, and able to sit out in the garden. 'I told you that there were always adders round Well Tor, but you chose to pay no attention to me—this is the result.'

'I shan't be so silly again,' said Lawrence. 'I had no idea that the bite of an adder was so painful and dangerous. I hope poor little Madge hadn't as bad a time as I have had!'

'No, she had a much less severe bite, though her leg was much inflamed for a couple of days,' replied his mother. 'You did not get nearly as many blackberries either as you might have done but for this accident, still there are a few pots for you to take back to school!'

'Oh, thank you, Mother! I think I hardly deserve to have any,' said the boy penitently; but in spite of his remorse for his folly, and the unpleasant associa-





"In front of her was a large adder."

tions with the jam, he and his school-fellows did full justice to it, when he went back after the holidays, and when the next summer came round, and Mrs.

Reynolds gave her annual blackberry picnic, the children all took good care to avoid the adders' abode near Well Tor!

Maud E. Sargent.





A FRIEND IN NEED.





"Nadir Shah thrust his hand into the turban and drew out the coveted treasure."



## THE STRATAGEM OF NADIR SHAH.

NADIR SHAH, who lived in the time of our George the Second, was a wicked, cruel man. He had defeated the Mogul army, and the Emperor was in his power.

Nadir Shah wanted very much to get hold of that famous diamond known now as the 'Koh-i-noor,' which he knew to be in the Emperor's possession. He searched for it, but could not find it. Then one day a woman told him that the diamond was hidden within the folds of the Emperor's turban. Nadir Shah bided his time. He waited three months, until the day came when the Emperor and his court assembled in the hall of audience for the purpose of bidding their persecutor farewell.

'Henceforth we are brothers,' said the wily conqueror, as he bestowed upon his unhappy victim an unwelcome parting embrace. 'In token of our friendship, let us exchange turbans.'

The Emperor dared not refuse, and the exchange was made. Nadir Shah thrust his hand into the folds of the Emperor's turban, and drew out the coveted treasure. 'Koh-i-noor!' ('Mountain of Light') he exclaimed, and it has been called by that name ever since.

## THE DISOBEDIENT MOUSE.

'TIM, TIM, where have you been?

What a bad boy you are!

I told you the cellar was dangerous —  
I warned you not to go far.

'Tim, Tim, what have you done?

Why do you quake and quail?'

'Puss round a corner came scampering,  
And bit an inch off my tail!'

Lilian Holmes.

## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. Methley,

Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' etc.

(Continued from page 211.)

THERE was a dead silence in the cabin. My words seemed to fall into it like a stone into the depths of a well, and, for what seemed an age, no one moved or spoke. From above, as though from another world, came the gay song of the wind, the rush of the dancing waves, the hum of the taut ropes, and the laughter and voices of the sailor-men.

Then the captain turned sideways and confronted the clerk. 'What have you to say?' he demanded, using the same words that he had addressed to me a minute ago. 'You hear this accusation that is brought against you; answer it, if you can.'

'It is a lie, a foul lie! I am what I have told you — an honest man, skilled in medicine, who has business in the Low Countries, and am on my way thither. Why should you listen to this young vagabond? A worthless urchin, who was on board the pirate ship, and who, doubtless, is even now in league with the ruffians.'

He spoke with heat, and with what seemed to be virtuous wrath; but Master James Burke was not to be disturbed nor deceived.

'The boy was indeed on the Santa Maria, and let me remind you that you were there also yourself, Master McBaird,' he said coolly; 'but you shall have fair treatment, never fear. John Drummond has already told me of the doings of a certain clerk who was with the pirates, and now he declares that you and that person are one and the same. I may say that I had my suspicions of this after hearing his story, but the matter shall be proved. It shall not be a case of one man's word against another's — nor of a boy's word, neither. You deny the charge that has been brought against you, but, as good fortune has it, there is another witness to hand. Open the door, my friend,' he addressed the sailor, 'and call to the lad Jamie. The other witness shall be summoned without delay.'

The order was obeyed, the shout of the blue-eyed man echoing loudly along the alleyway, and so speedily did Jamie, the cabin-boy, appear in answer, that I could not but suspect that he had been lurking near at hand in hopes of finding out what was afoot. He came in, his round eyes starting from his head, in his inquisitive eagerness, but was not allowed to linger even for a moment. 'Go to the deck, lad,' the captain directed, 'and seek out a certain young man named Robin Stuart, who came to us last night with those rescued from the pirate ship. Bid him come to us here, and summon, too, a couple of the men — Dickon McKenzie and Kenneth Adair, if they are to hand. Hurry, boy, let there be no delay.'

Jamie raced away, and I was left, agasp with amazement and not a little dismayed, too, I can tell you, for I had hoped to keep Red Robin out of trouble on board the Bonnie Bess, and now it was hard to say how he would bear himself, and what tale he would choose to tell.

Of the three of us who had come from the Santa Maria I was honest enough, and Master McBaird had a glib story on his tongue-tip, but Robin was a veritable pirate, nobody could deny that, and I doubted whether he would even try to conceal the fact. More likely he would glory in his late profession and boast of the wild and warlike deeds that he had committed. It seemed to me Red Robin's coming as a witness might only make a bad business the worse.

'Stop, sir! Do not move from your place!' Suddenly Master Burke's weak voice sounded again, breaking in on my uneasy reverie, and then I saw that the clerk had been making furtive movements towards the door of the cabin, searching, as was evident, for a way of escape. He stopped, cowering against the wall, and, at the same instant, the blue-eyed sailor stepped forward and guarded the door, looking more a gaoler now than a sentinel.

McBaird glared at him with a face that was full of fear and of useless rage. He seemed like some savage animal caught in a trap, and ready to turn at bay and snap at the fingers of his captor.

Then outside the guarded door sounded the scuffle of feet and the mutter of whispering voices. The sailor moved aside and Red Robin, his flaming hair like a lantern fire against the darkness, appeared in the aperture. Behind him were a couple of stalwart seamen, and, beyond again, could be caught a glimpse of the chubby face and round inquisitive eyes of the



cabin-boy, Jamie. He did not see much, however, of what was going on, for, when the three new-comers had entered, Master Burke gave orders that the door of the cabin should be shut fast.

The little wooden room seemed now to be crowded with folk, and it became plain that the clerk was fast losing his courage and composure. His cheeks were the colour of parchment, and he glanced furtively from side to side.

Red Robin pulled a ruddy forelock at the sight of the captain, and stepping into the middle of the floor, took up his station at my side.

'Good-day, Master Stuart,' Burke said in welcome, and he smiled in so kindly a fashion that my spirits rose, for it was plain that he was well disposed towards my pirate friend, and had not forgotten the events of the day before: 'I have to thank you for helping to save my life yesterday, and now, an you will, there is another service that you can render me.' He paused for an instant and lifted himself with painful difficulty from his pillows, then went on again: 'Face yourself about, my friend, and tell me whether you have ever seen that man before—and where?'

It was dusk in that little cabin, even at mid-day, and the clerk was crouching against the wall behind where Robin and I stood. Now, as the captain spoke, and pointed with outstretched hand, Robin swung round on his heel and peered into the shadows. Then, as if by magic, his face changed, and the good-humoured smile with which he had greeted Master Burke died away, giving place to a savage rage that made my heart beat quickly.

'Have I seen him before? The hound! The cur! The villain!' he shouted, 'traitor and thief that he is. Let me get at him, the craven dog, let me get at him, and I will choke the breath out of his body as he stands.'

And then a loud cry of panic-terror rang out, for Robin, not waiting for permission, flung himself on to the clerk and seized his neck between his strong brown fingers. He shook him from side to side fiercely, as a terrier does a rat, and surely he would indeed have wrung the life out of him if Master James Burke had not intervened.

'Have done!' he cried, his will getting the better of his weakness; 'stop him, you men! I will not have murder done here!' And then, while I wrenched at Robin's arm with all my strength, the three sailors threw themselves forward and tore the boy and his victim apart. In less time than it has taken to relate what happened Robin and the clerk were separated, and the latter was gasping and moaning on the cabin floor, while the former, with the blue-eyed sailor's strong hand on his arm, muttered wild threats of future revenge, and fingered the great knife which he had taken from the scar-faced pirate, and which was stuck into his leather belt.

The rascal, Walter McBaird, soon struggled to his feet, for he was more frightened than hurt after all, and then I remembered my own interest in the business.

'My wallet, sir,' I cried, turning to the captain, 'my wallet that he stole;' and then an order was given that the prisoner should be searched forthwith.

The blue-eyed sailor undertook this task, the two other men holding the prisoner strongly the while, his arms pinioned behind his back, and, although he struggled fiercely, he was as harmless as a child in their strong hands.

Glad I was to see his helplessness, you may well believe, for as the rogue strove against the grasp of his captors, he threw such glances of black hatred towards me, who had been the cause of his undoing, as made the blood run cold in my veins.

Little I cared now, however, for his malice, seeing that he was a prisoner, and seeing, too, that my wallet was quickly discovered hidden on his person and given over once more into my keeping.

'Oh, thank you, good sirs, thank you,' I exclaimed, thrusting the recovered treasure into the front of my jerkin, and then the captain, who was now exhausted and deathly pale, bade the men take the thief away and lock him into some place of imprisonment.

'See to it that he is fast bound and that the bolts and bars be secure,' he said, and having thus spoken he turned towards me with a faint but friendly smile: 'And you, Jock, come hither, and give me some of the cordial that is here at my side'—he pointed with a feeble gesture towards a posset bowl on a low stool. 'Seeing that you have now rid me of my leech, it is but fitting that you should serve me in his place until such time as I can take you home again to Bonnie Scotland.'

Home! Bonnie Scotland! My heart seemed to sink into my shoes at the words, for truly it was a hard thing to hear that now, when my wallet was restored, and success once more in sight, I was to be carried back again to the 'Corbies' Nest' without even having set foot on the foreign shore.

'Oh, sir,' I cried, in eager protest, my voice tremble, and tears starting to my eyes, 'oh, sir, surely—', and then, with a swift movement, enjoining silence—for the sailors and their charge were still in the cabin—the captain touched a finger to his lips.

I stopped abruptly in the middle of my speech at that, and then, in obedience to another gesture, and with a hand that could not but tremble, poured out some of the cordial and held it to the sick man's mouth, raising him the while on his pillow.

'Be patient, Jock, be patient,' Master Burke whispered, between two sips of the reviving posset. 'I need your service to-day most urgently, but, perchance, in serving me it may be that you will gain your own desire as well.'

When the three sailors and the captive clerk were gone out of the cabin, Master Burke lay back on his pillows for a space, very still, with his eyes shut and his face so pale that I thought he was in a swoon, and wondered anxiously whether I ought to call assistance, or if, perchance, another taste of the cordial might bring him to his senses.

Before I had done more, however, than lift the posset bowl from the stool—it may have been the tinkle of the metal spoon that roused him—the sick man stirred again and the lids quivered upward from the weary, dauntless eyes.

'Let be, Jock,' he said, and on catching sight of my troubled face his lips widened into a faint smile, 'there is no need for such a fearful face. I am not dead, nor like to be yet awhile, although those pirate friends of yours did their best to batter and drown the life out of me. But we must not think of my ailments now. Time is passing, and, if this breeze hold, methinks we should be at the mouth of the Scheldt river by nightfall.'

(Continued on page 226.)





“Robin flung himself on to the clerk.”





"A dark, narrow cupboard was disclosed."



## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.**(Continued from page 223.)*

I LISTENED, wondering whether Master Burke would say aught of his intentions with regard to me, and ready with prayers and arguments; but he went on speaking, and soon I found that I and my paltry concerns were far from his thoughts and that his mind was intent on other and far more weighty matters.

'I have business with you, Jock, my lad,' he said, 'and before we discuss it further, you must give me your word of honour—nay, more than that, you must swear to me by all that you hold most sacred—to keep this that I am going to tell you a secret. Will you do this—for me, and then give yourself to a certain high service, that, disabled as I am, it is no longer possible for me to undertake myself?'

'I will, sir,' I replied, my voice sounding strangely husky and trembling, for the captain's solemn face and grave speech made me realise that this was indeed some weighty matter that was in hand. Then, having made me lock fast the cabin door—after first looking up and down the alley-way to be certain that there were no listeners at hand—he bade me come to his bedside and kneel down, that my ear might be close to his whispering lips.

'My voice is not over-strong yet,' he said, with a flicker of a smile at his own weakness, 'and, besides, this is an affair that calls for soft speech and great caution. I am grieved indeed, Jock, my son, to be obliged to lay so heavy a burden upon your shoulders—seeing that you are but a little lad yet—but who else is there here in whom I may confide? I had thought of that clerk at first, and had it not been for you and your warning, sore mischief might have been wrought. Are you ready, boy, to risk limb and freedom—nay, perchance, even life itself, for a great trust and a great cause?'

'Indeed, I am, sir, but my father—what of him?' I faltered, and then a strange light seemed to kindle in Master Burke's eyes and a tinge of red colour flushed into his wan cheeks. He looked like some wounded warrior, lying there; or a martyr—more than a simple seaman stricken down in the course of his peaceful duty by a dastardly enemy.

He began to speak again, and I bent over him, so that I might catch every word that was said.

'You must set all thoughts of your father aside, Jock, for the time at least—for there be some duties greater even than those that we owe to our dearest. This is one of them that you are now called upon to perform. A great trust has been placed in my hands, and I, being fallen by the way, must needs pass it on to you. And, if you undertake it, till the work is accomplished you must forget father and mother, too, and look not to right nor to left, but only straight ahead. Swear, my son, that you will be faithful to death, if need be; although I know full well that, even without an oath, you would never break your word of honour.'

'I swear,' I whispered, and I took the oath with a good heart, though, as yet, I knew nothing of the service which was required. I knew enough, however, of Master Burke himself to be certain that it would be an honourable service, and one which any gentleman might be proud to have laid upon him—and that sufficed.

The captain leaned back for a while, after my vow was taken, and then, when he had somewhat recovered strength and breath, he raised himself and began to speak again.

'You have heard tell of my hidden treasure, Jock,' he said, and I marvelled at the change of subject, 'the treasure that I was so ready to guard with my life, and which those ruffians could not find, albeit they ransacked the good ship *Bonnie Bess* from stem to stern.'

'Yes, sir,' I said, and once more was chilled with the thought that this man, who to all seeming was so brave and noble, should have been willing to pay so great a price for mere earthly riches.

'I will show you the secret hiding-place now, and the precious horde itself,' Master Burke went on, and it seemed to me that, for an instant, a little scornful smile tilted his lips, as if he could read my unworthy thoughts. 'Turn to that mirror on the wall yonder, Jock. You see that its frame has a bordering of fleur-de-lis, English roses, and Scotch thistles. Perchance it may have come from a queen's palace long ago—the palace where the poor misguided lady dwelt who called herself Queen of Scotland, and of France and of England as well.'

I thought of Red Robin, and all his high-flown talk of the unhappy captive monarch, Mary Stuart, as Master Burke said these words, and then he bade me find the tenth rose on the right-hand side, counting downward from the Scottish Lion that decked the top of the tarnished gilt frame.

'Have you got it? That's right.' He leaned forward, watching me; and then, guided by his directions, I pressed the rounded boss that formed the heart of the flower.

Scarce could I breathe for excitement, and my fingers were all clumsy thumbs in my nervous haste, but I managed to find the right spot at last, and then the whole mirror began to swing slowly sideways, like an opening door, and, behind, a dark, narrow cupboard was disclosed.

'Ah!' With a quick-drawn breath, I craned forward, expecting to see—I know not what—sparkling gems and gleaming golden coins; but, instead, there was nothing, nothing at all, except emptiness, and on one of the little shelves a roll of white parchment bound with ribbon and secured with a red seal.

'Well, Jock Drummond, what think you of my treasure?' The captain's voice made me turn quickly towards him, and then I saw that he was smiling with evident amusement at my surprise and discomfiture. 'There is not much glow and glitter, is there? And yet, believe me, that letter which you see is of more worth than many jewels or golden ducats, for it is written by the hand of Her Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth herself, and was entrusted to me for delivery to his Highness the Prince of Orange. Perhaps—who knows?—the whole fate of that unhappy country of his may be involved in that little roll of vellum. And it must be delivered into his hand, John Drummond, without fail and without delay. So help you God!'

I understood now, and realised to the full the worth and great importance of the captain's hidden treasure, and of the mission which I had vowed to perform. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, and William, Prince of Orange! Those mighty names seemed to set my brain in a whirl and my heart to such quick beating that it left me well-nigh breathless; for who was I, little Jock Drummond, to have a share in the welfare of nations, and a finger in such a great and awesome pie?



Truly it was a task to make a boy's courage falter, but I had given my word of honour, and should be disgraced for ever if I failed the good captain now, so I set my teeth, striving to regain at least some small measure of composure, and, at Master Burke's bidding, took the precious missive from its hiding-place, and put it safely away into my leather wallet. Then I sat down on the foot of the narrow bed, and listened to the tale of how, while he seemed but a humble merchant seaman, Burke was in reality in the Queen's service, and had many a time carried important documents and messages across the sea, between her Majesty and the great leader of the patriots of the Low Countries.

'I served for three years in the Scots Brigade,' he said, but being a seafaring man—by choice and by training—it was thought I could be of more use in this service,' and then he went on to explain how I should go ashore at Antwerp and wait there until opportunity offered for me to give the letter into the Prince's own hand. 'The city is quiet now,' he said, 'quiet at least for a town so turbulent; but his Highness has many enemies, and were it known that you had this missive in your keeping, your life would not be worth an hour's purchase. It grieves me sorely, Jock, that I should have to thrust you thus into danger, and I beg you to be cautious and discreet. How shall I answer for it to your mother if you should come to harm in this great venture?'

'My mother would be proud to have me undertake the business, sir,' I said, and I knew, although exactly why I cannot tell, that this was the truth. The tales that our mother had often told to Mysie and me, on winter's evenings, flashed back into my mind at that, and I thought of the noble knights of King Arthur's Round Table, and of the perilous quests they had ridden out upon for the sake of some fair lady whom they loved; I was more fortunate even than those warriors of old, for was I not enlisted in the service of the greatest lady of all, that 'Good Queen Bess' whom my English mother had ever taught me to fear and honour?

Master James Burke took my hand and held it fast in his. 'God bless you, John Drummond,' he said, 'and grant that you may meet with all success in this high adventure.'

#### CHAPTER IX.

'THERE be many wind-mills in Flanders.' Those words were in my mind when I stood on the deck of the *Bonnie Bess* next morning, and watched the low, flat shores of the Netherlands drift slowly past, as the vessel, with a west wind in her white canvas, moved eastward up the great River Scheldt.

Wind-mills! Truly there were wind-mills! Never should I have thought that there were so many in all the wide world! Big ones, and little ones, and broad short ones, all standing out black against the red sky of dawn, with their sails twirling briskly in the breeze.

At first, the sight of all those busy mills—for one of which I was in search—seemed to be a good omen, but as time went on, and the flat leagues unrolled themselves, and there were still more mills, and more and more, a certain bewilderment and dismay took possession of my mind.

Five of them I could see now; no, there was another—and another yet! Who could keep count? And how, in this great number and variety of mills, would it be possible for me to discover the one that I sought?

And, then, the memory of my present business flashed back into my mind, and pushed away all thoughts of wind-mills, and even of my dear lost father himself. 'Look neither to the right nor to the left, but only straight ahead,' Master Burke had said to me, and I had taken a solemn vow to carry out his behest.

Truly I must be faithful and steadfast and circumspect, when so great a trust had been given into my keeping, and then, as if in token of my word of honour and of my mission, there came into view right ahead, a glimpse wonderful and fairy-like, of a tall tower and of a gold cross on its summit that glittered brightly in the morning sun.

'So help me God!' I whispered to myself, with a feeling of awe at my heart.

'Tis the cathedral church of Antwerp,' said a voice at my side, and, looking up, I saw that the blue-eyed sailor had come behind me. I smiled in greeting, for the man had been a good friend during my short voyage on the *Bonnie Bess*. He was an honest fellow and a clever seafarer, and had been appointed—so the captain told me—to navigate the vessel into port, see that her cargo was safely unladen, and then sail her back again across the seas to Scotland.

At the moment, however, there was no work to be done, for a pilot had come aboard at the river-mouth, and was steering the *Bonnie Bess* through the shallows and sandbanks. The blue-eyed man stood by my side, therefore, and showed me the landmarks and different points of interest as we passed them by.

He told me, too, much about this same city of Antwerp, and of how, less than eighteen months ago, there had been a most savage massacre there; the fierce Spanish soldiery issuing out from their stronghold one cold November day, and slaying innocent burghers, men, women—yea, and little children as well. 'The town is at peace now,' he added. 'And the citizens have themselves torn down the great fortress, so that the like may never happen again. Also is Antwerp the headquarters of his Highness the Prince of Orange, and he is the wisest and most noble ruler in all Europe.'

'And will he be there now?' I asked, in a voice that I strove to make careless, and feeling very important and crafty the while. 'I should like well to get a sight of so good and gallant a prince.'

'Nay, that I cannot say, my boy,' was the sailor's answer. 'For his Highness goes ever to and fro through the cities of the Provinces. But, should you stay long in Antwerp, 'tis likely enough you will see him. A grand city it is, although I've heard that more than a thousand houses were burnt in the late turmoil, and that in the wealthiest quarter. But you are young, my son, to venture so far afield—and alone, too. What is your mother thinking of, to let you out of her care?'

'I go to join my father, sir, who has dwelt in the Low Countries these many years,' I said; and then, fearing to be questioned further, or asked the place of my father's sojourn, I moved away to where Red Robin stood alone on the deck at a little distance.

He was leaning against the wooden bulwark with a very sour look on his face, for the captain had given orders that he should not land in Antwerp, but was to be carried home again to Scotland, and there delivered into the hands of his proper guardians.

(Continued on page 237.)





## TWO PICTURE PUZZLES.

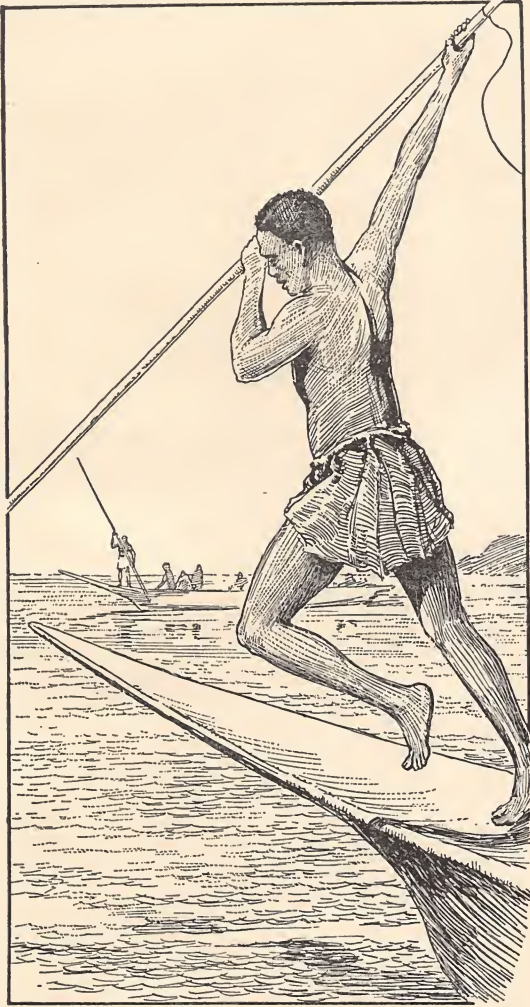
1. Find the elephant's brother and his keeper.
2. Find the farmer and his two sheep.



## FISHING IN FAR-OFF LANDS.

## VII.—TURTLE-CATCHING.

THE turtle, as a food, is not very well known in this country except in the form of soup at aldermanic banquets. But in many other countries turtle-meat is very popular, and as the shell and fat are also put to a variety of commercial uses, the methods by which it is obtained have a certain interest.



Harpooning a Turtle.

The tortoise, the turtle, and the terrapin are all members of the same family, though differing considerably in size and habits. It is with the sea or marine turtle that we have chiefly to deal, a species slow and ungainly on land but extremely agile in the water. Therefore, its capture usually takes place when it comes from the water to deposit its eggs in the sand of the sea-shore. The female turtle is a most methodical creature, and resorts year after year to the same place to lay her eggs, frequently travelling considerable distances to



'Turning' a Turtle.

reach it. This custom of hers renders easier the task of catching her, since it is possible to make all the necessary preparations for her reception.

Turtle fisheries of varying importance are to be found



Riding a Turtle.



in most of the warmer quarters of the world. One of the largest and most flourishing is that at Arguin Island, off the West Coast of Africa; this fishery belongs to France, and is worked by inhabitants of the Canary Islands. Turtles are also caught in large numbers in the Eastern Archipelago, from the east coast of Celebes to New Guinea; in the West Indies and Brazil; and up and down most tropical coast-lines. One of the largest species of freshwater turtle has its home in the waters of the Amazon. So numerous are they in this region that their meat and eggs have long formed the principal food supply of the Indian population of the district.

The methods of catching the turtle differ somewhat according to the country in which they are carried out. Some are caught at sea, some in nets staked out close to the shore, but the majority are trapped when they come ashore to lay their eggs. At sea, a harpoon is sometimes employed for the purpose, but great skill and strength are needed to force the weapon through the stout shell, so that this method is not widely used.

On the West African coast, where the edible turtle is found in abundance, the natives make use of circular hand-nets, in which the creatures are caught and carried to the shore. The native spear is also employed in the shallow water, but by far the greater number are secured when they emerge from the sea. The natives wait until their victims are high and dry upon the sand, and then suddenly seize them by the shell and turn them over on to their backs. In this position the turtle is naturally helpless, by reason of its wide-spreading shell, and can be taken away at leisure. This is the simplest way of catching them, and the one in universal use.

The Kanakas of Polynesia, who are almost as much at home in the water as they are on dry land, have a most successful method of attacking the turtle while it is in the sea. They dive beneath it, cross their hands, and grasp the creature's hind flippers, then jerk it quickly over on to its back, where it floats helpless. Then it is easily transferred to the canoe.

The natives of the coral islands contrive to obtain much amusement and not a little excitement by paddling out in their canoes until they come upon a turtle, when they spring quickly upon its back, grip the edges of its shell with both hands, and ride it to shore.

But perhaps the quaintest method of all is that in use among the Chinese, who are remarkably skilful in discovering original and inexpensive ways of fishing. There is found in large numbers in Chinese waters a fish called a 'remora,' and known more familiarly as the 'sucker.' The 'sucker' appears to have been endowed by Nature with an unconquerable laziness, which renders it disinclined to do any but the most necessary work. It has upon it a curious growth, which enables it to fasten itself firmly to the side of a ship, or to a piece of driftwood, or even occasionally to the back of a shark; anywhere, in fact, that promises plenty of food without the necessity of working for it.

The Chinese turtle-fisher, having observed this curious characteristic, fits a small iron ring to the tail of the 'sucker' and attaches thereto a slim, but strong and lengthy cord. The 'sucker' is then taken out, in water, in a canoe to the place most popular among the turtles. When a turtle is discovered basking, or otherwise taking life easily, the 'sucker,' with line attached, is dropped gently over the side. The 'sucker's' desire to attach itself to the side of the canoe, as being the thing

nearest to hand, is frustrated by means of a stick, and it is gently guided towards the turtle. It therefore settles down firmly upon the latter's back, and the fisherman has only to haul upon the line until both turtle and 'sucker' can be lifted into the boat. The useful remora, and this method of making use of it, are also found along the East African coast.

The method of using nets below the water for the purpose of turtle-catching is also very effective, as the turtle, entering the net and being unable to escape, dies of suffocation when it is unable to rise for air.

Apart from its meat and eggs, the turtle provides most useful substances in its shell, and the oil that is obtained from its fat. The value of tortoiseshell depends upon its blend of colours and upon the quality of polish which it is able to take and to retain. The result is the beautiful material with which we are all familiar, and which finds a home upon the backs of hair-brushes and in cigarette-cases and other useful and ornamental articles.

Genuine turtle soup, which is very much rarer than is usually imagined, is made from the gelatinous tissue which lines the turtle's shell. It is said, however, that the variety of soup which is generally accepted as derived from the turtle, is in reality produced from the conger eel, with a little assistance in the way of seasoning from the turtle to give the dish an air of reality.

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### THE BIRTH OF A DAISY.

I DREAMT I walked in daisied grass,  
And picked one dewy flower—  
One twinkling drop to be my own  
From all that daisy shower.

'How beautiful a thing you are,'  
I whispered, 'Daisy, dear;  
What fairy mother brought you forth  
And set you, smiling, here?'

The daisy whispered back to me—  
'And, pray, sir, who are you—  
Not satisfied with stealing me,  
Would'st steal a secret too?...

'Long, long ago a restless star  
Rebelled and ran away  
From all her little sister stars  
Who throng the Milky Way.

"The fruit of disobedience"  
(They told her) "is a fall—  
Do you not fear to leave us dear?"  
She answered, "Not at all;

"I'm off to seek my fortune—I  
May find it, who can tell?"  
And then—to prove her sisters' words—  
She fell and fell and fell!

'And learned, that punishment for stars  
Who walk in truant ways is—  
A fall to earth's green meadows to  
Be splintered into daisies!'

LILIAN HOLMES.



## THE FEAST OF DOLLS.

THIS festival takes place in Japan after the first full moon in March. All the family dolls, which have been shut up in a chest or a cabinet, are brought out of their wrappings, and the little Japanese girls are allowed to dress them up and play with them all day. Tea-parties are given in their honour, and the dolls and their little mistresses have a most enjoyable time together. But when the day is over, the dolls are carefully wrapped up again, and their beautiful clothes laid aside for a whole year, a commoner sort replacing the family dolls that are treated with so much honour.

## CLOUDS.

OH, mother! See! Such black, black clouds  
Are covering the sky;  
The sun has gone away; the flowers  
All hang their heads and cry.  
Oh, cruel clouds! We were so gay  
Until you sent the rain;  
The flowers will die—our dear old sun  
Will never shine again.  
Ah! there he peeps behind the clouds,  
His face one big broad smile!  
'You foolish child,' he seems to say,  
'I'm shining all the while!'

## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 218.)

## CHAPTER XIV.

HEARING Ethel's cry, Mr. Drayton waited a moment, expecting to see the burglar come out by the front door. For an instant there was deadly silence, and then the pistol-shot rang out loud and clear.

With a terrible cry Mr. Drayton sprang forward. 'Ward!' he cried to the policeman, 'there's something wrong. Quick!'

Crash, crash went the dining-room windows and Mr. Drayton climbed in, followed by Ward and Tiger. In another moment they were upstairs.

They were only just in time.

The burglar, unaware that he was waited for outside and still hoping to escape without rousing the house, had struck at Nip with his left hand, endeavouring to get free from his grip. But the tenacious little animal refused to be beaten off and only set his teeth firmer in the man's hand. Then, wondering he had not done it at once, the burglar tried to strangle him and placed his hand round the dog's neck, squeezing it as hard as he could. Nip whined feebly, and he had almost lost consciousness when Tiger came bounding in. The man fell to the floor with a thud as Tiger, at a word from his master, sprang at him, and Nip crawled to Mr. Drayton's feet and lay like one dead.

But Mr. Drayton had no thought for Nip just then. Catching sight of Ethel stretched out under the window, he strode quickly across the room and knelt down by her.

Was she hurt? Was she killed?

As he raised her head she opened her eyes and Mr. Drayton uttered a sigh of relief; but the next instant Ethel sank back again, helpless and unconscious.

'Hand me some water, Ward,' said Mr. Drayton hurriedly, 'and then go in search of Jane. I wonder the whole house isn't disturbed.'

Ward had with great satisfaction drawn a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, and was trying to coax Tiger away from the burglar so that he might place them on the man's wrists. But Tiger, with his fore-feet planted on the man's chest, stood firm and refused to move. He had been ordered to keep guard, and guard he would till his master called him off. The burglar could scarcely breathe for the weight of the dog's paws, but Tiger remained impassive and relentless. He eyed his victim watchfully, ready to seize his throat at the slightest movement, and when Ward coaxed and commanded, Tiger growled ominously, warning him off.

Mr. Drayton smiled grimly; he knew how useless it was for Ward to try coaxing Tiger, and turning round he said impatiently, 'Leave the man alone and pass me that water.' Ward obeyed.

'Now go and find Jane,' said Mr. Drayton, as he forced a little water between Ethel's lips.

Ward, wondering how he was to find the servants' room, took a candle and started on his errand, his heavy footsteps echoing strangely in the quiet house.

As he turned along the landing he heard some one say, 'Oh!' and then there was a slight scuffling noise. He held the candle high above his head and, peering through the darkness, saw in front of him the two girls—Marjory terrified beyond measure, and Lena, with a white face and scared eyes, trying to pacify her.

The report of the pistol had wakened Marjory and renewed all her previous alarm. 'Lena!' she cried, 'Lena! the gun's gone off again.' Lena sat up; she had heard it, too. She called to Ethel, but obtained no reply. Slipping from her bed she went to Ethel's, meaning to waken her, and was alarmed to find the bed empty.

'Marjory,' she said in a whisper, 'Ethel's not here,' and as she spoke there was a sound of falling glass and a rush of footsteps up the stairs.

Terrified, Lena scrambled back to bed, that, seeming to her the safest place.

Then, with wide eyes staring into the darkness, and scarcely daring to breathe, the girls listened. All was quiet, and now the very stillness seemed more alarming than the noise had been.

Lena was the first to speak. 'I am going to find Ethel,' she said resolutely.

'Lena! Lena!' cried Marjory, catching her breath, 'don't leave me!' Her cry was piteous, and Lena, frightened herself but feeling brave because Marjory was more frightened, said gently, 'Well, you come, too.' Marjory scrambled out of bed quickly, afraid lest Lena should go before she could reach her. Barefooted, they approached the door, pushed it open, and gained the landing just as the policeman came along. Ready to faint with fear, Marjory uttered a terrified 'Oh!' and clung to Lena. They shrank back together, but Lena, with her arms round Marjory, bravely looked to see who was coming. She recognised the uniform, and cried out gladly, 'Why, it's the policeman!' She knew that a policeman meant protection, and she would have sprung forward had not Marjory still held her back.

(Continued on page 234.)





"She knew that a policeman meant protection."





"Listening to Ethel's recital of her adventure."



## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 231.)

THE policeman spoke reassuringly to the girls. 'But what has happened?' asked Lena. 'Where is Ethel, and who fired a gun?' Marjory ventured a look at the policeman.

'Now, miss,' replied Ward, 'there's nothing you need be afraid of. It's just a burglar in the house, and me and Mr. Drayton and your little friend have caught him.'

'You! Mr. Drayton! Ethel!' repeated Lena, aghast. 'A burglar! Then Uncle was—— Where is Uncle?' she interrupted herself.

'Ah, miss,' said Ward, with a queer smile, 'that's it. It's him that is the burglar; but we have him safe enough, though I fear the little lady's a bit hurt. But here am I talking to you when I should be a-fetching Jane.' He started on again, but Lena called to him. It was difficult to realise what he meant, and yet—why was she here at this time of night talking to the policeman? Certainly something extraordinary had happened. She asked more questions and received more amazing replies, but at last she grasped the situation. Ethel was hurt and needed assistance. Lena volunteered to fetch Jane herself, and darted away into the darkness, leaving the policeman with Marjory.

She wakened Jane, and poured into her ear as clear a story as she could relate, while Jane hurriedly threw on some clothes. Then together they hastened back.

On the landing Ward had found a chair, and was now sitting with Marjory on his knee. Close by him stood Mr. Drayton, with Ethel, tall girl as she was, in his arms. The candle was placed on the floor.

Lena rushed forward. 'Oh, here you are! Are you hurt?' she cried to Ethel, while Jane broke in with, 'Oh, sir, what is the matter? What is the matter?'

Ethel had recovered somewhat after drinking a little water, and now Mr. Drayton wanted to put her to bed. As Lena spoke to her, she tried to smile reassuringly, but only succeeded in bursting into tears.

'Oh, she is hurt, then!' cried Lena, while Marjory looked on quietly and tearfully. It was strange to see Ethel crying.

Ethel shook her head, but was unable to speak.

'Come, this will never do,' said Mr. Drayton, playfully. 'Now, Lena, which is your bedroom? I can't carry a girl of this size about long.'

Lena felt surprised: Mr. Drayton was joking just as if nothing had happened. She took him into the bedroom, and Jane, carrying the candle, followed with Marjory, while Ward went back to the burglar.

Mr. Drayton placed Ethel on the bed, and Marjory and Lena climbed near her, while Jane lighted more candles.

'Where's Nip, Father?' asked Ethel in a trembling voice.

'Nip? Oh, Nip's in the other room,' replied Mr. Drayton, afraid to say that he might be dead.

'Is he?' said Jane. 'Look here.'

They all turned to see Nip come friskily in. Ward, on going back, had given him water and he had soon revived, and was now come in search of them.

'Well, I was afraid he was killed!' cried Mr. Drayton, and he described the condition in which he had found

the dog. The girls petted and caressed him, and he lay on the bed and licked their hands.

'But how did you know this man was a burglar, and not our uncle?' asked Lena. 'And how did he know that we expected our uncle?'

'Oh, that I can't tell you. I don't know, but I shall find out. However, you know enough for to-night. The best plan is for you all to go back to bed and sleep till morning. I must go home and tell Mrs. Drayton that we are all safe.'

'Oh, Father!' cried Ethel, 'shall you leave us?'

'Why not, my dear? There won't be any more burglars to-night. I'll leave Tiger, if you like.'

'Oh, yes,' the girls cried; 'we must have Tiger.'

'Very well. Now jump into bed, Marjory, and you, too, Lena, and don't talk longer than you can help, but go off to sleep. Jane will sit with you, and I'll come down again in the morning.'

Mr. Drayton left them.

A word to Tiger and the dog drew away from his prisoner. Ward instantly snapped on the handcuffs, and, helping the man to rise, marched him out of the room. Without a word the burglar allowed himself to be led away.

From their bedroom the girls heard the tramp, tramp of heavy feet, and recognised that the man was being taken off. They looked at each other in solemn awe, not daring to speak. The door burst open and Tiger bounded in. He was greeted with loud cries of delight.

Mr. Drayton, looking in on his way downstairs, saw Marjory and Lena sitting up in their beds, listening to Ethel's recital of her adventure. Jane sat with Nip on her lap, and Tiger lay near the door.

Satisfied, Mr. Drayton followed Ward.

(Continued on page 247.)

## THE LITTLE GARDENER.

NEEDLES and pins! Needles and pins!

When a boy gardens his trouble begins—  
Snails on the cabbages, grubs in the peas—  
What's to be done with such worries as these?

Needles and pins! Needles and pins!

Roll up your shirt-sleeves and gaiter your shins;  
Rise with the lark, for the earliest bird  
Is master of even a worm, I have heard.

LILIAN HOLMES.

## JEAN-PIERRE'S BIRTHDAY.

JEAN-PIERRE was nearly twelve years old, and for three of those years now he had been the 'man' of the family, for his father was away at the war, and his mother was out all day at work in the big factory five miles away, making shells for his father and the other soldiers to help to win the war. Jean-Pierre had two sisters and a little four-year-old brother, and he had to be father and mother to them all day after school was over. He washed their faces and hands, saw that they had enough to eat out of the cupboard which his mother so carefully arranged every evening after her five-mile walk home from work, cleaned their wooden shoes—the only kind to be had now that leather was so



dear—and played with them when he had time. For Jean-Pierre was a very busy little man indeed.

There were few men left in the village, except the old ones who could not go to the war, and they were all very busy too. There were plenty of women, but they all had something to do. The young ones worked in the big shell factory where Jean-Pierre's mother went every day, and the old ones worked in the fields and minded the babies who were too young to go to school. So Jean-Pierre could earn a few pence too by doing odd jobs for these busy neighbours.

He ran errands of all sorts, gathered wood in the forest for his mother's fire—for coal was not to be had, and the people in the village all burned wood or peat when they could get it—and in the evening, when his day's tasks were done, he got down the rod and line which his father had hung up over the mantel-shelf above the stove in the living-room of their little cottage, when he went 'under the flag,' as the neighbours called it. Jean-Pierre's father had been a ranger in the forest, and before he went away he had shown Jean-Pierre how to use the rod, and catch the fish which lived in the stream on the borders of the forest, not far from where it joined the great river.

One sad day Jean-Pierre's mother could not go to work. She had come home the evening before very tired and drowsy, and had gone to bed without any supper but a drink of water, and in the morning she felt so ill that Jean-Pierre had to run to a neighbour woman, who worked in the factory, and ask her to tell the overseer that his mother was too ill to go to work that day. And all day she had lain like that with her eyes closed, and Jean-Pierre had looked after the little ones and kept them out of the way.

In the evening, Jean-Pierre left the children with a neighbour, and got down his fishing-rod. His mother seemed to have fallen asleep, and he thought that if he brought her home a nice fresh fish, she might fancy it for her supper, and he would cook it for her over the wood fire. So he baited his hook, cast the line with its little leaden weight, and sat on the bank of the stream to await the pull of the fish.

But wait as he would, no fish came to pull. All sorts of ideas passed slowly through Jean-Pierre's mind as he watched the sinking of the sun and the fading over the edge of the forest of the reflections of the last coloured rays. What had the world been like before the war came? He could not remember very well, for he had not noticed things so much then. His father had been at home, and he had only been a little boy, who had to do as he was told and did not need to do any thinking. His father was there to do that, and his mother looked after the home and the children, and all seemed so quiet and secure. Now his father was gone, and though the war was a long way off, somehow it seemed to be in their home too, for it had changed everything so much. And in those long three years things had come into Jean-Pierre's life that had never been there before—news of death, of suffering, of evil, such as he had never heard of in the old days. Had not old Marthe Boncamp, who worked for the miller, lost one of her sons, a sergeant, and the other one, a corporal, had come home blind for life, and had been sent to work in a great town where he made baskets and chairs—he who had always been out racing about the forest and working happily in the fields. Had not Gaston, the under-ranger of the forest, who had often carried him, Jean-

Pierre, about on his shoulders, and had taught him to swim in the great river, lost both his arms and one leg, so that now he could not swim at all? Gaston had not come home, and Jean-Pierre did not want him to do so. It would be dreadful to see his old friend with nothing left but one leg, and what could he say to him that would not remind him of the time when he had as many legs and arms as Jean-Pierre himself? No, it seemed strange indeed to try to think of a time when there had been no war.

Jean-Pierre's thoughts turned nearer home now, and he pulled in his line with a jerk of the little leaden weight. Why did not the fish bite? He put on fresh bait and threw the line again. He must have been sitting there a long time, thinking about the war, for the moon was rising above the trees at the edge of the forest, and the moonlight was growing stronger than the twilight.

Jean-Pierre was just about to draw in his line and go sadly home. If only he could catch one fish to take to his mother, he would not mind so much, but there was no use trying any more. As he took the little leaden weight in his fingers, two large tears rolled down his cheeks.

Suddenly he heard a little high-pitched voice calling out: 'Look, Suzanne, at the little boy fishing. Let us go and see what he has caught!'

It was French, but not the kind of French the people round about Jean-Pierre's village spoke. And the little girl who came running along to the stream was unlike any one the little boy had ever seen before.

Jean-Pierre took off his cap and stared at the little girl. His first thought was that she could not be as hungry as he was, for as she ran she tossed away the greater part of a rich-looking cake she had been nibbling. His second thought was one of confused wonder as she came near and took the rod from his hands, with a pretty little air of command.

The little girl was evidently a rich child, for she was dressed all in white shining silk, and her little white kid shoes were tied with white ribbons. Her white silk cap was pushed on one side, and its gleaming tassel tossed about among her long, fair curls. As Jean-Pierre stood back regarding her shyly, he could only compare her to a beautiful silvery fish. To Jean-Pierre at that moment there was nothing in the world so pretty as a fish—the fish he had not caught.

'I want to fish too,' said the little girl. 'Show me what to do.'

Jean-Pierre cleaned his hook with a handful of grass and opened his tin of bait.

The little girl wrinkled her pretty little nose. 'Ugh! What are those? Grubs?'

'No, Mademoiselle, they are shrimps.'

'Oh, that's all right. I don't mind touching them. Let me put them on the hook myself.'

The two children threw the line together, and Jean-Pierre steadied the rod in the little stranger's hands, while the maid stood at a little distance, watching her young charge.

'Oh, oh!' screamed the little girl. 'I have one!'

Jean-Pierre helped her to play the line and draw it in. Sure enough, there was a beautiful gleaming fish, weighing at least three pounds, at the end of the line.

The little girl screamed and clapped her hands.

'It is mine: I will take it home to mother! Yes, yes, Suzanne, I must! Mother will be so glad to know



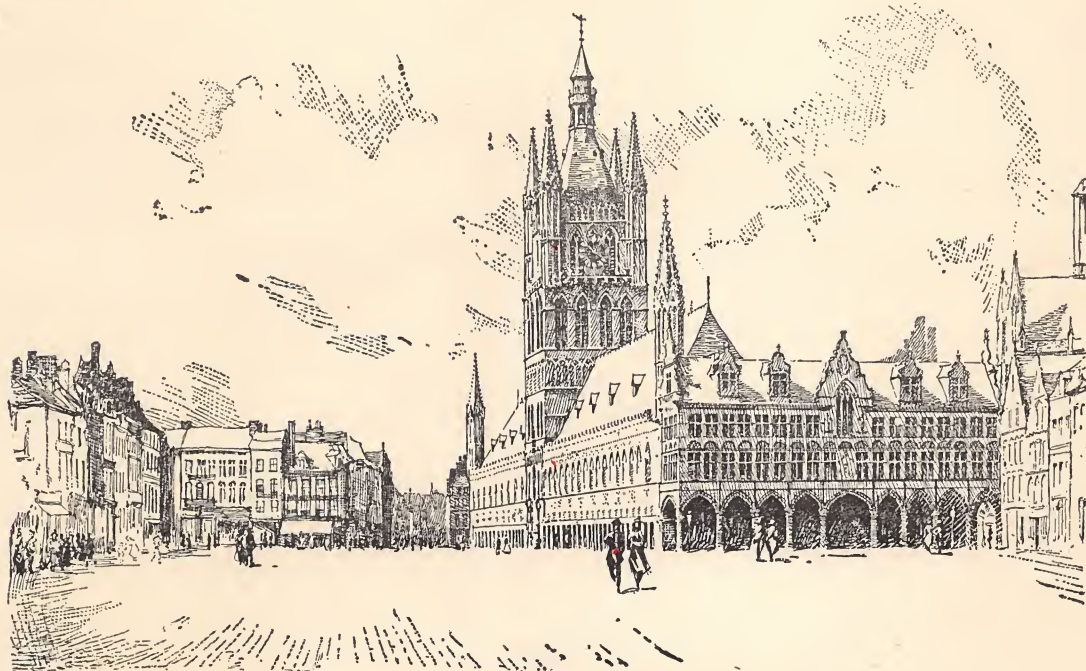


"Jean-Pierre steadied the rod."

I caught it all by myself. Well, of course, the little boy helped me. Thank you, little boy. I will tell Mother you helped me to catch this lovely fish.'

And not heeding the remonstrances of her maid, the spoilt child picked up the fish, put it in the turned-up skirt of her silk frock, and ran off in the direction of a





THE CLOTH HALL AT YPRES.

As it was before it was destroyed by bombardment during the Great War.

motor-car which Jean-Pierre could hear throbbing at the corner of the road.

Jean-Pierre went sadly home. If only he had caught that fish before the little girl came! And he had given her his last handful of bait. Well, there was no help for it, but it was hard.

His heart was very full and he sobbed a little, thinking that the rich little girl had all the luck—cakes to throw away, beautiful clothes, and then his fish, the only fish he could have caught that evening.

At the turn of the road the big motor-car with its lights passed him. As it passed he heard a scream from the little girl, and the car slowed down. The little girl looked out, beckoning to him.

‘What is your name, little boy, and where do you live?’

‘Jean-Pierre, Mademoiselle. I live in the village down the road.’

‘Have you any brothers and sisters?’

‘Two sisters and one little brother, Mademoiselle.’

‘Well, thank you for catching this fish with me. Perhaps I will come and fish with you again one evening soon. Good-night, Jean-Pierre.’

‘Good-night, Mademoiselle.’

But though Jean-Pierre admired the little girl very much, yet he hoped she would not want to come to fish with him often, if she was going to have all the luck.

The little boy was relieved when he got home to find

that his mother was asleep, and the neighbour, who had put the children to bed, said that she was better, and would be all right after a couple of days’ rest. So Jean-Pierre ate a piece of bread and went to bed too.

(Concluded on page 266.)

## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

BY A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of ‘Wanderers in the War,’ &c.*

(Continued from page 227.)

METHINKS that the good captain—although he did not inquire of Robin very closely—had a shrewd suspicion of the part the boy had played on board the *Santa Maria*, and it may have been that Robin himself was of the same opinion. At any rate, he did not argue nor dispute the verdict, and only his downcast face and surly silence showed his disappointment and displeasure.

For my part, I had implored Master Burke to let Robin have his liberty and be my companion when I went ashore; but the captain had shaken his head with such resolution that I likewise was reduced to silence.

‘Nay, nay, Jock, you were best alone,’ he said. ‘For this errand that I have, perforce, to put upon you is of



most high and serious import. 'Tis not a matter for boyish pranks, and Robin, methinks, would be more of a hindrance than a help to you in the venture. Besides, it is my bounden duty to carry him back with me, after all that hath befallen, and give him over to his own rightful guardians.'

With that, Master Burke had, as it were, put the business of Robin on one side, and had bade me listen intently while he gave me his last instructions and admonitions.

During the night watches, it appeared, while I, dog-tired after my excitements and exertions, had slept soundly on the floor of his cabin, the captain had written a letter with his own hand, and this he gave to me, with directions that I should take it at nightfall—but not before—to a certain house in a certain street in a certain quarter of the city of Antwerp.

In this house there dwelt a worthy and wealthy Flemish merchant, Master Dirk van Schepen by name, and he, being a friend of James Burke, would, for his sake, help me on my way and arrange for an audience with the Prince of Orange.

'I have not seen the good man for more than two years,' Master Burke said to me. 'Nor, indeed, have I been to Antwerp during that time; Flushing having been of late my port of call'. But he is honest and trustworthy, and can speak English, too, seeing that he has traded with London, and even resided there from time to time. When once you are safely in his care, things will be smooth; but be circumspect and discreet, for there are many traitors and spies in the city, and it is like enough that you will be watched and followed when you land. Stay in some quiet place, therefore, during the hours of daylight, or, better still, mix with the crowds in the streets. A crowd is ever a good hiding-place, and, when darkness comes, make your way unobserved to Master Van Schepen's house. By that time we shall have weighed anchor and be homeward bound, for we have little cargo on board this voyage, and it behoves me to get back quickly, so that I may consult a leech regarding my hurts, and also hand over the prisoner—that traitor clerk—unto the authorities.'

With that Master Burke had seen me put the letter to Van Schepen safely into my wallet, side by side with the still more precious missive that it already contained, and had bade me farewell, telling me not to seek him again, lest suspicion be aroused as to my errand, 'For,' he added, 'even on an English ship there may be miscreants and gossiping tongues. See to it, too, that you appear like an ordinary wayfarer when once you get ashore, and do not attract inquisitive eyes by staring and gaping too openly at the wonders and beauties of the finest city in the whole world.'

I promised to obey in all things, and pressed his hand at parting; but now, as I stood on deck beside my sulky, red-haired friend, I felt not a seasoned and indifferent traveller at all, but a small and lonely and rather timid schoolboy.

Antwerp did indeed look a great and marvellous place as we approached it, especially to one like me, who had never hitherto been away from his native land, nor had expected to find anything to equal that native land on a foreign shore. The wharves, and the church steeples, and the tall high-roofed houses, all filled me with awe; but I did my best to wear a bold face as I said my farewells to Robin, who only replied with surly

grunts, and explained to him that I was to go ashore in the pilot's boat, together with the blue-eyed sailor, who, in Master Burke's behalf, was attending to the unlading of the ship's cargo.

'Come, my lad, are you ready?' The last moment had really come, and then, after a handshake with Robin, I and the sailor clambered down a swinging rope-ladder into a small boat that heaved and swayed lightly on the ripple below. A few minutes later, after threading our way through a crowd of close-packed shipping, our boat grated at the quay-side, and another ladder brought us up on to the wide, sunlit expanse of the wharf. There the blue-eyed man left me, having his own business to attend to, and I was alone, a stranger and very desolate in a great, unknown world.

'Mix with the crowd.' That was what Master Burke had said, and now, eager in all things to do his bidding, I followed a company of stout market-women, who, with great clamour of voices and clatter of wooden shoes, were making their way across the cobble-stones. They had little carts with them drawn by rough-haired dogs, loaded heavily with piled green vegetables and clanking milk-cans.

We reached a fine square after a while, where many booths were set up, and where buying and selling was already in full swing. A new difficulty came upon me then, for the language spoken was as new to me as everything else, and I could neither understand what was said nor make myself understood. Dolt that I was, I had clean forgot that this would be so, and it added ten thousand-fold to my bewilderment. French I could speak after a fashion—for our mother, a fine scholar herself, had seen to it that Mysie and I kept to our tasks; but this Flemish sounded more like the jabber of wild apes than a tongue fit to be spoken by Christian men and women.

Howsoever, the folk seemed to be kind-hearted enough, in spite of their uncouth speech and aspect; for one good dame gave me a crust of bread, noticing my hungry look, and another bestowed a drink of milk in a wooden cup.

After this meal I wandered off, fearing to rouse attention if I lingered over-long in one place, and went along narrow streets, full of strange sights and sounds, and most foul smells, until at last I reached the open space that faced the Cathedral Church.

I can tell you that, in spite of Master Burke's warning, I was sore put to it then not to gape and stare, for anything more beautiful than the tall steeple of that church had I never seen. It looked like some wonderful Court lady, ready dressed for a feast, and standing, slender and erect, with all her loveliness displayed, amid a throng of more homely dames. The sun was shining brightly that morning on the grey, wrought stones, and the tracery, through which the blue sky could be seen, was delicate and fine as the French lace-work on my mother's best kerchief.

Inside the cathedral was even more wonderful still, with its towering pillars, high like forest trees, and the light through the painted windows falling in a tangle of colour, red and blue, and green and gold, on the smooth paving-stones. I wandered about, sitting down to rest at times, and I think must have fallen asleep, for I was roused at last by the ringing of most sweet bells high overhead, and opened my eyes to find that it was already long past noon, and that the sun was streaming through the western windows.



I rubbed my eyes and yawned, for I was still weary with my wanderings. I was hungry, too, having had nothing to eat, except the milk and bread of the market-women, since my last hearty meal on board the *Bonnie Bess*.

It still wanted many hours to nightfall, when I could go to Master Van Schepen's house; but food might be obtained before then. 'I wonder if they will understand French in this city,' I said to myself, and then, drawing the wallet from within my jerkin-breast, opened it in search of the money that should have been there.

Then, I can tell you, I gaped in good earnest, for there was no money, not a single coin, and I realised with a pang of dismay, that it must have been stolen, either by the villainous clerk or by the scar-faced pirate who had been the first thief. Yes, it was all gone. I felt in every corner of the pouch in useless search—and now I was penniless—as well as friendless and well-nigh speechless in a foreign land.

The tears welled up into my eyes; but I forced them back, for a boy of fourteen must not be a cry-baby, especially when a man's errand has been put into his charge. Besides, after all, my plight was not so serious, for, once darkness came, I could go to Master Van Schepen, and he doubtless would give me food and shelter until such time as the delivery of the Queen's letter were accomplished. Later, too, mayhap, he would lend me money for the journey in search of my father, and let it be paid back, with due interest, when I, and my father too, were home again in the 'Corbies' Nest.'

'What does a little starvation matter,' I said to myself stoutly, 'when there will be a good meal at nightfall?' and, with that, I tightened my leather belt and went out once more into the streets.

'Antwerp is a grand city,' so had my sailor friend said to me that morning, and indeed he had spoken nothing but the truth, for all the houses seemed to be palaces, all the churches great cathedrals, and all the citizens kings and queens—or, at the least, noble lords and ladies.

I grew footsore after awhile, it must be confessed, for the paving-stones of Antwerp are very hard and rounded, and my hunger increased mightily, yet I could not but enjoy all the new sights and sounds, and when twilight came—the sun having set in flames of gold and crimson behind the masts of shipping and the steep, peaked roofs—and torches and lanterns flickered hither and thither, it was more than ever like a picture of fairyland.

When it was nearly dark, but still clear enough for me to find my way, I started off with a good heart in quest of Master Dirk Van Schepen's abode.

'Start you out from the great Cathedral church,' Master Burke had said, 'and go left, past the iron-wrought well of Sir Quintin Matsys;' then so many streets were to be passed until a gateway was reached, surmounted by a winged dragon, and, after that, it was only the houses that had to be counted.

A long street, with fine mansions built in the Spanish style. There it was that the rich merchant lived, and the fifth house had a green painted door, while over a window of the sixth was the carved likeness of a cherub's head.

The seventh house was Master Van Schepen's. Truly it did not appear as if a mistake could be made.

The narrow roads seemed very long and full of

shadows when the great church and its open square was left behind, for darkness came on apace between those tall, peak-roofed houses, but I watched for each landmark and found the dragon fountain without much difficulty.

After that, my journey being well-nigh at an end, I began to feel bashful and a little timorous to boot, wondering how I should greet the good merchant, and what he would say when he found what a small and ignorant messenger had come in Master Burke's stead.

'One! Two!' It would not do now to give way to foolish tremors, and Master Burke's letter would be my commendation. 'Three! Four!' Ah, here was the building with the green doorway! There would be only two houses more. 'Six!' And then I stopped short, with horror gripping at my heart and a cry of dismay on my lips, for there was no seventh house! There was no house at all where Master Dirk Van Schepen's abode should have been! Only a dark, cavernous gap yawned wide between the other mansions, and there were some scattered ruins and scorched stones, bridged over with huge blackened rafters.

It seemed too terrible to be true, at first, but I counted the houses again and found that no blunder had been made. One, two, three, four—and then the green door and the window with the cherub head. The flames had come close to that poor angel, scarring one side of its sweet, rounded face, but there it was still, to show that this was indeed where Master Van Schepen's house should have been standing.

And it was not here. It was gone—burnt—destroyed—and the merchant himself, with his family, had departed, who could say whither?

The fire had taken place some time ago, that was evident, and I remembered how Master Burke had said that it was two years since his last voyage to Antwerp, and how the blue-eyed sailor had told me of the dreadful happenings of the Spanish Fury only eight months since, when thousands of helpless folk had been murdered, and when no less than a thousand buildings had been destroyed with fire in the most prosperous quarter of the city.

This was one of those ill-fated dwellings, and now, as I peered up and down the long, stately street, I saw what I had not noticed before in the fading light, that there were many other black gaps between the houses, and that, a little further on, the way was blocked by a headlong pile of ruins.

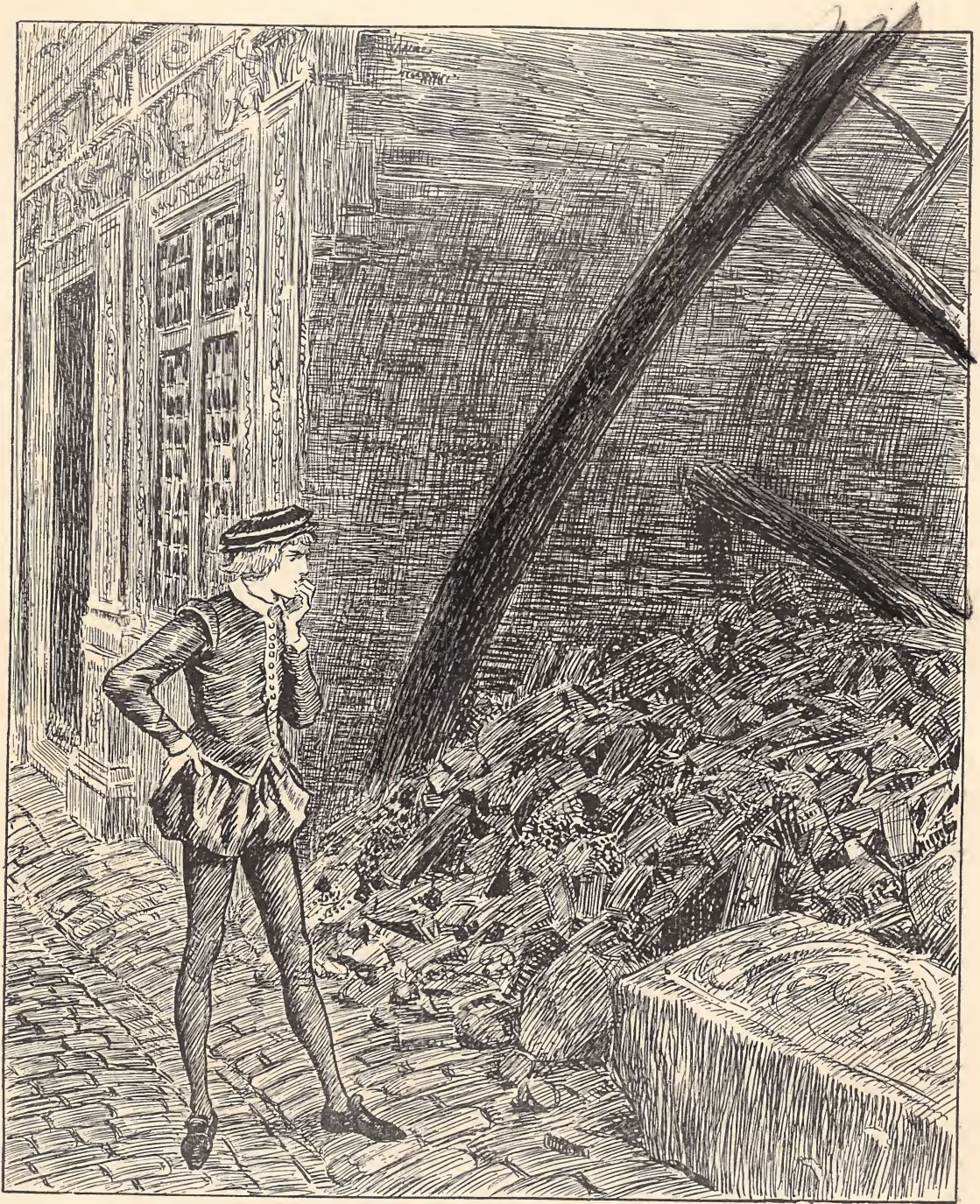
Poor Antwerp! She had, indeed, passed through sorrowful times, and I wondered—as many have wondered before, and will, doubtless, through the ages—at the courage and endurance of these hardy Flemish folk, who could hold their heads so high and battle so bravely for freedom, after many long, weary years of tyranny and woe.

For my own part, this one blow of a hard fate set my courage at the ebb, for I knew not what to do next nor where to turn for succour and advice. The *Bonnie Bess* had already gone, dropping down the river on the evening tide, and now I had not a friend in this whole great city.

I sat down wearily on a block of carved and blackened stone that had once been set in the frontage of the poor merchant's house, and buried my face in my hands.

(Continued on page 242.)





"There was no house where the seventh should have been."





“‘Here s fortune to you, laddie,’ they shouted. ‘Jock of the Scots Brigade!’”



## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.**(Continued from page 239.)*

HOW long I stayed there, busy with my own gloomy thoughts, I cannot say, but the darkness thickened, until even the roofs of the great houses seemed to be but part of the black, vast sky. Few passers-by came that way, and only faint gleams of light twinkled through the cracks of shuttered windows. Once or twice, as the time went on, I heard the sweet chiming music of the cathedral bells.

And then, suddenly, the tramp of approaching footsteps sounded along the street, and the clamour of loud, roystering voices. I started up, bewildered and dazzled by the flash of a lantern in my eyes, and at the same moment was buffeted and thrown heavily to the ground.

'Hullo! What have we here? Who's this? A child! Art hurt, little one? But how came you here? Getting beneath the feet of an honest Scot, who may—or may not—have had a drop too much of good Flemish beer. Where are you, bairn? Hi, there, Douglas! come hither with that lantern.'

I scrambled to my feet, rubbing a bruised arm, for a man—and a big, burly fellow he was, too—had tripped over me as I sat on my stone outside Master Van Schepen's ruined house, and had sent me sprawling on to the hard cobbles of the roadway. He stood staring at me now, with a wide grin on his broad, ruddy face; and I stared too, both at him and his companions, wondering whether this were some strange, homely dream, or whether I had really heard the new-comer speak in my own mother-tongue.

The next moment all doubts were set at rest, for again the fellow addressed me, and he spoke in good English, with, moreover, the finest Scots accent that I had ever heard in all my life.

'Come, laddie, are you hurt? Speak up,' he said. 'But how should you understand a Christian's speech, seeing you are but a poor little Dutchman. Try him with his own lingo, one of you fellows, and here, give him this, though it be one of my last good pieces of English money, for his pains.'

Another man stepped forward now and spoke to me in the foreign speech, but I had found my tongue again by this time, and hastened to explain that I was no Fleming, but as true a Scot as any one of them.

'I only landed from Scotland this very day, good sirs,' I said. 'And came here to deliver a letter to Master Van Schepen, but he is gone—and his house is gone too, as you see—and, moreover, my money has been stolen. If you would give a little food and, mayhap, a ducat or two as a loan to a fellow-countryman, he would be for ever your humble and obedient servant.'

I tried to speak with proper dignity, and as a grown man would, being mindful of the royal letter in my charge, but the Scots—there were five of them, and all big, burly fellows—only roared with laughter at my airs and graces. One of them mimicked my sedate voice in a shrill pipe, and another—he who had knocked me over—swept off his bonnet with mock deference, and bowed so low that its eagle feather touched the stones.

'Your humble and obedient servant, good sir,' he

cried; but a third man, one who was more sober of aspect than the rest, and who was, moreover, the tallest and strongest, came to my rescue.

He put his hand on my shoulder in a kindly fashion, and rebuked his comrades for their foolishness. 'Have done, Gavin,' he said; 'first you knock the bairn down, and then you must need scoff and gibe.'

'No harm was meant, Fergus McBain,' said the other, and, in spite of his ill manners, his face was so merry that I could not but like him. 'We are but rough soldiers,' he went on, turning to me, 'men of the Scots Brigade, in the pay of the United Provinces—if such you can call it, when 'tis but seldom that we get any pay at all. I am Gavin MacKenzie, and long shanks there is Fergus McBain. These others are Charles Bride and Jamsie Campbell, and yon fellow, he with the hook-nose, we call 'Black Douglas,' seeing that his hair is lint white. What his true name may be, we know not. 'Tis likely he has forgotten it himself.'

'I am Jock Drummond,' I said, 'and glad indeed to meet you here, seeing that my father, John Drummond, of the "Corbies' Nest," in Fifeshire, was a soldier, too, in the same company.'

'John Drummond, methinks I know that name,' put in he who had been called Jamsie Campbell, but when I questioned him eagerly, telling how my father had been held captive these many years, and praying for tidings, he shook his sandy head doubtfully.

'Nay,' he said, 'I cannot have known him myself, laddie, seeing I have been but seventeen months in the Low Countries, but yet the name is familiar. You should ask Hamish McCrae, he doubtless will remember, being a veteran of more than fifteen years, and a man who never forgets a face nor a name; nor, for the matter of that, a grudge either.'

'Oh, where is he? Can I speak to him?' I looked round, but it was plain that there was no veteran among the boyish crowd with whom I was surrounded. 'I beg you to take me to him, for the love of heaven,' I continued, and then, to my sore disappointment, they said that this same aged Hamish was in the camp at Ghent, a place which, it appeared, was many leagues from the city of Antwerp.

'But we are going there to-morrow at dawn, laddie,' Gavin McKenzie said. 'And you shall ride with us and seek out old Hamish for yourself. In the meantime, what say you to a good meal and a sound sleep? There is a tavern near by, where both may be had, and we were on the march for it when we chanced to fall upon you by the way. Come, Jock Drummond, I don't need you for a humble and obedient servant, but I should be proud to have you for an honoured guest.'

I thanked him gratefully, not caring, in my grievous hunger, whether he were laughing at me or no, and soon we were in the tavern, a homely place, with a roaring fire and good meat and drink in abundance.

When supper was over, and justice had been done to the food, which, although strange to my taste, seemed, nevertheless, wholesome and appetising, Gavin took a silver coin out of his pouch and spun it on the table in front of me. 'You have had your meal, Jock, my lad,' he said, 'and here is a ducat, but it shall not be a loan for all that. How say you, men?' he turned to his comrades; 'we all have money in our wallets to-day—for a wonder. Let us each give a share to young Jock Drummond, seeing that he is a fellow-Scot and the son of a trusty soldier in the old Brigade.'



'Nay, sirs, nay—I cannot take it! I cannot, indeed.' My voice sounded husky and my cheeks flamed hot as the four other Scots all fell in with Gavin's scheme and the chinking silver rose in a little pile on the dark oak board in front of us, and then, as I made my protests, a new idea flashed into the young man's head, and, springing to his feet, he swung me up in his strong arms on to the table and set me there, with the silver coins that had been so generously bestowed upon me at my feet.

'I have it,' he cried in his ringing voice. 'If Jock Drummond is too proud to take a gift from his fellows, he shall accept this money as a wage. He is a soldier's son, and why shouldn't he be a soldier himself—even if it be a few years yet before he can draw a sword or strike a sound blow for Faith and Freedom? Here, my lad, this is your pay, and what matter whether it comes out of the coffers of Queen Bess of England, or King James of Scotland, or Prince William of Nassau—or even out of the pockets of your own comrades. Fill up your cups, men, and let us drink to the health and fortune of our new recruit, Jock of the Scots Brigade!'

They all leapt to their feet then, with cups lifted, joining in the toast, stamping with their booted feet on the stone flags and making such an uproar that the stolid Flemish landlord, who had been dozing over the fire, woke up with a start and stared open-eyed and open-mouthed at his noisy guests.

'Here's fortune to you, laddie,' they shouted. 'Jock of the Scots Brigade!'

#### CHAPTER X.

My five Scottish friends started off at dawn the next morning on their way to Ghent, and I watched them go with what cheer I could muster; striving to keep a smile on my face, and assuring Gavin McKenzie that I would follow them as soon as an important piece of business, which I had promised to see to in Antwerp, should be arranged.

'Tis a private affair, and one that concerns others—not myself,' I hastened to explain, when Gavin showed a disposition to inquire further into the matter, and with that he ceased his questionings, and promised me a warm welcome in the camp of the Scots when I should find myself able to leave Antwerp.

In spite of my smiles and confident words, however, my heart was very sad and heavy when those gay companions had departed, for although they had given me a fine supper and I had slept soundly in the tavern kitchen, on an oak bench with Gavin's plaid rolled beneath my head for a pillar, now that I was alone, I realised again the troubles and difficulties to be faced.

True it is that I was well supplied with food for the time being, having just finished a hearty breakfast, and having good store of meat and bread—enough for a day's needs—in my pouch; and I had money, too, but, beyond that, my fortunes were still at a low ebb, and the thought of my portentous mission, as yet unfilled, sat weightily on my mind.

And on that lovely morning my ill-fortune seemed more than ever hard and cruel, because of what I had learnt about the veteran Scots soldier, Hamish McCrae, for here at last, it might well be, was a clue to my poor father's whereabouts. Supposing the old man could tell me in what place he had been taken captive, who had last seen him, or even the name of the prison in

which he lay? Any such tidings, even if it were meagre and uncertain, would be of use, and would give me, at least, a starting-place from which to begin my search.

As it was the chance was lost, perhaps for ever. Gavin having told me that he and his companions were leaving Ghent shortly on a southward march, and I knowing well that it might be days, or weeks, before I found an opportunity to deliver Queen Elizabeth's letter to the Prince of Orange.

A bitter anger rose within my heart as I thought over all these things, and I asked myself why I should trouble about Prince or Queen, when my mother was pining for tidings at home in the 'Corbies' Nest,' and when my father was suffering—perhaps dying—in cruel captivity.

And then, suddenly, Master Burke's weak voice seemed to sound once again in my ears, and I saw, as in a vision, his pale, steadfast face with the light of a great purpose aflame in his eyes.

'There are some duties that are greater than those we owe to our nearest and dearest,' he had said, 'and this is one of them: until your task be accomplished you must e'en forget father and mother and look neither to right nor to left—but straight ahead. Swear, my son, that you will be faithful—if need be, to death.'

I could not fail Master Burke now, nor forsake the trust that had been given into my keeping, and, besides, there was my word of honour—the solemn oath that I had taken—to hold me in the straight path.

'Needs must, when the devil drives'; that was another of our old nurse's maxims—and not a very apt one for the present business—but I said it over to myself with a rueful smile as, my mind made up again, I turned away from the hospitable tavern where the night had been spent.

It was still very early, and for a long time I wandered aimlessly about the streets as I had done the day before, watching the citizens buying and selling at the booths and the country-folk coming in with their carts of vegetables and eggs and yellow butter.

There was a fish-market in one quarter, where many strange and varied fishes were to be seen, while in the cathedral square, round Master Quintin Matsys' well, gloves of fine Spanish leather, gay sword-knots, and such-like gear were for sale.

At about seven o'clock, after having loitered and meandered—than which there is nothing more wearisome—for several hours, a sharp shower of rain drove me to seek shelter, and I found it in the arched doorway of an ancient church, not far from the fish-market.

It was a bare, doleful place, that church, in very sooth, for the image-breakers had been at work there, shattering the painted glass of the windows, damaging the sculptured figures, and tearing the pictures down from the walls.

Sad it was to see such cruel havoc, although one knew that the destruction had been done in zeal and good faith. Even here, however, it was plain that some small attempt had lately been made at adornment, for a posy of gillie-flowers was set on the bare wooden table beneath the empty window, and the stone pavement was thickly strewn with sweet-smelling herbs.

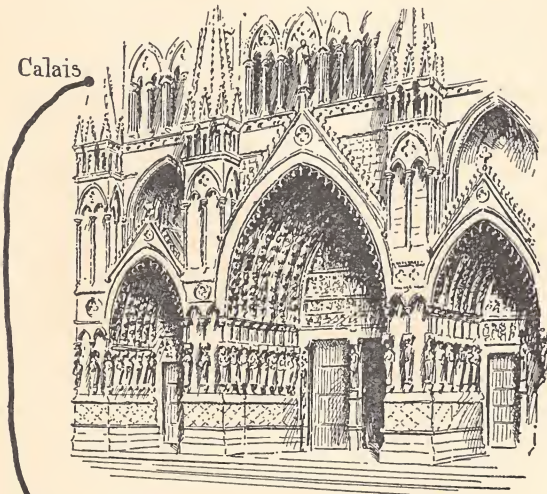
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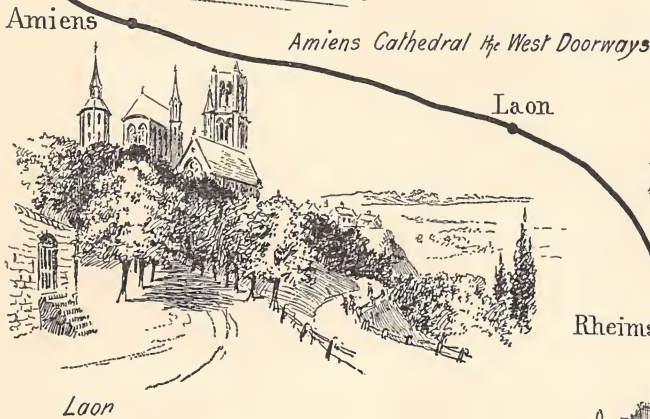
## THE HIGHWAYS OF THE WORLD.

## VI.—CALAIS TO VENICE (1).

CALAIS to Venice—that shall be our journey to-day, a journey that will take us across Europe,



Calais



Laon

and will show us some of the most beautiful scenery and the most interesting towns in the whole world. It will show us more than that, even, at this time when the thrilling memories of the Great War are still fresh in our minds, for we shall see the great battle-fields and the desolate devastated regions of the Western Front as we travel through Northern France, and later, in Italy, will go through the districts that were threatened with invasion only a few years ago, and where, for many long weary months, the sound of the guns could be heard day and night.

And it is not only of modern warfare that we shall be reminded on this make-believe excursion of ours, for these lands have been the scenes of many fierce conflicts and many disasters, ever since the times long ago when Attila and his Huns swept over the civilised world, and when the long-bearded barbarians poured through the

passes of the Alps to invade and ravage the fertile plains of North Italy.

We shall perhaps be able to realise, as we have never done before, what those old days of pillage and bloodshed were like, for, in France, there are still to be seen burnt and ruined homes, churches that have been shattered by shell-fire, leafless woods, and orchards where the fruit-trees have been wilfully cut down and destroyed.

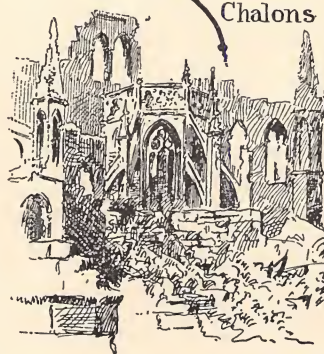
These are terrible pictures, but, as we are only 'make-believe' travellers, after all, we may shut our eyes after a time to the destruction and desolation, and try to see this country as it used to be, 'before the war,' and as it will be again when the farms and cottages have been rebuilt, the long lines of trenches filled up, and the grass and flowers have had time to grow and blossom once more.

And now our train is waiting, so we must start off on our journey, passing swiftly through Calais and Boulogne, places that we have seen before, and travelling straight on until Amiens is reached. There, instead of turning southward to Paris, we go west to Laon and Rheims.

Amiens is on the Somme, Laon on the Oise, and



Rheims



Part of Ruins.  
Rheims Cathedral.

Burning of  
Rheims Cathedral.  
Sept. 1914.

Vitry

From Calais to Vitry—





Rheims on the Aisne—the names of the rivers, as well as those of the towns, remind us of the struggle that has so lately come to an end. We seem to be travelling across a great war-map—between the ranks of opposing armies—as our train carries us westward, through districts that changed hands again and again, and where thousands of French and British soldiers fought and died.

Laon, the first important place that we reach after leaving Amiens, was captured by the Germans early in the war, and remained in their hands for four years. It is an ancient town, that was once the residence of the French kings, and a fortress set to guard the valley of the Oise from northern invaders.

The history of Laon has been a turbulent one, and this was not its first experience of captivity, for it was occupied by the English for nearly twenty years in the fifteenth century, by the Allies during the campaign with Napoleon, and by the Germans in the war of 1870-1871.

and on through Switzerland to the St. Gothard Tunnel.



From Laon we go on to Rheims, and here the realities and terrors of warfare are brought very near to us, for, although the city was only in the possession of the Germans for a few days in 1914, it was bombarded again and again, and now the houses are in ruins, the archbishop's palace has been destroyed, and the great cathedral, said to have been the most beautiful Gothic building in the whole world, has been injured beyond repair.

It is sad indeed to see the destruction and to think of all that has been lost, but now, as we reach Rheims, we must try and forget its misfortunes for a time, and picture the city as it was a few years ago, and as it had been for centuries, when the statues on the west front of the cathedral stood in their places, and when the painted glass of the wonderful rose window glowed like jewels—crimson and blue and gold in the bright sunshine.

The church of Our Lady at Rheims was the Westminster Abbey of France in the olden times, and many strange and wonderful scenes have taken place within its walls.

It was here—or rather in a still more ancient church that once stood on the same spot—that King Clovis was baptized, together with three thousand of his followers, one Christmas Day far back in the fifth century, and here kings and queens have been crowned and great councils have been held all through the long ages of history.

One magnificent pageant after another seems to pass before us as we stand among the ruins of Rheims to-day, and, shutting our eyes to the ravages of modern warfare, imagine that we are back again in the old, picturesque, mediæval times, when the Kings of France came here for their coronations, and when French and English fought as foes instead of friends on the battle-fields of Picardy and Champagne.

It is Trinity Sunday, perhaps, in the year 1364, when, as the chronicler, Froissart, describes, King John—soon to be Edward the Black Prince's prisoner-of-war—was crowned in the great church, and there were feasts and solemnities for five days; or we will turn over a few more pages of history, and come to the summer day in the year 1429, when the English have been driven out of Rheims by the mysterious power of the Maid of Orleans, and Charles VII. rides into the city for his coronation.

We can picture the people thronging into the streets on that sunny July day, but it is not only the King that they have come to see, and long after they will tell their children wonderful stories of how Jeanne D'Arc, the little seventeen-year-old girl who had delivered France, rode at the head of the splendid procession, a slender black-haired maid on a white charger, with her magic sword at her side, and her knights and her heralds and her pages, while snow-white butterflies fluttered round the sacred banner with its border of gold *Fleur-de-lys* that was borne in front of her.

The King is crowned, with the Maid standing at his side, and the English are defeated, and Jeanne is burnt as a witch in the market-place at Rouen. She was forsaken by her friends then, but later, as years roll by, they learn to honour her as a patriot and revere her as a saint. Her statue is set up in front of the great cathedral at Rheims, and it stands there unscathed during the German bombardment of the city, a fearless, girlish figure, mounted on a war-horse, with a new

standard—the red, white, and blue of Republican France—held aloft in her hand.

We must leave Rheims now, and go west and south, through the vineyards of the champagne country, until the river Marne is reached, and there, at Châlons, we come to another battle-field, where one of the greatest and most decisive conflicts of old times was fought and won.

It was in the year 451 that the Franks and Visigoths and Romans gathered their armies together to withstand the fierce Huns, who under their powerful chief, Attila, the 'Scourge of God' as he called himself, had swept westward out of Asia, and had conquered and overwhelmed one country after another.

Those were terrible days, for people were ignorant and superstitious, and it seemed as if civilisation and religion would be alike vanquished and destroyed. The dreaded barbarians, with their tawny skins, hideous faces and matted hair, were more like demons than men, and their savage cruelties and dauntless courage made them a terror to the whole world.

Everything seemed to hang in the balance, while Attila and his hordes marched westward across France, and then, on the Marne, this great battle was fought, and the skill and weapons of the civilised soldiers proved more than a match for numbers and brute force. The Huns were defeated utterly, more than three hundred thousand of them being slain, and it is said that the river was swollen with their blood.

History repeats itself. That is an old saying, but a very true one, and we can all of us remember another battle of the Marne—a battle fought when, once again, freedom and civilisation seemed to be in danger, and when, once again, a great invading army was defeated and thrown back.

From Châlons we travel on towards the French frontier; but even now, although the battle-fields are left behind, we cannot get away from memories of the War, for we reach Belfort, one of the great border fortresses, and then, having passed through the beautiful valleys of the Vosges mountains, cross a corner of the province of Alsace, on our way to Switzerland.

Switzerland! We begin to look out of our railway-carriage windows now, for snow mountains and glaciers, and blue lakes; but, for a time after leaving Bâle, it must be confessed that the scenery is disappointing, for we see nothing but green fields and hills that hardly seem higher or more imposing than those at home. Matters soon improve, however, and Lucerne is reached. We find ourselves in the wonderful Switzerland of our dreams. Here is the lake, gleaming in the sunshine; the river, with its quaint covered bridges; the mountain sloping steeply down to the water, and, far away in the distance, the gleam of white snow-clad peaks. Those are our goal to-day, for we are bound for the St. Gothard, so instead of waiting to spend even a few days in beautiful Lucerne, we go on, past Arth-Goldau, where a terrible landslip took place a century ago, to Altdorf, with its memories—or legends—of the great Swiss hero and patriot, William Tell.

We all know the story of how Tell, having refused to do homage to the hat of the Austrian Governor, Gessler, which had been set up in the market-place at Altdorf, was ordered to shoot an apple from the head of his little son, and how, having accomplished this feat, he kept a second arrow for the tyrant, Gessler himself, and it is disappointing to be told by modern authorities that the



tale is only tradition, and that it is very doubtful whether such a person as Tell ever existed. Truth, however, is often stranger than fiction, every one knows that, and we can keep our own belief in the bold archer if we like. Certain it is that this little mountain village of Altdorf will always be connected with his name, and we can picture him drawing his bow, amid the breathless silence of the spectators, and escaping afterwards, with the second arrow, reserved for Gessler, in his quiver.

Our train goes on and on, up the valley of the Reuss, and we must forget romance and turn to reality for a time, for this St. Gothard Railway, with its marvellous loops and galleries and tunnels, is one of the most wonderful feats of modern engineering, and it carries us right through the Alps into the valleys and sunshine of Italy beyond. The great tunnel itself is nine and a quarter miles long, and cost more than two million pounds to construct. It cost many lives, too, for the work was dangerous, and numbers of men were killed by the explosions that were necessary for the blasting of rocks, and by the falling in of great masses of earth.

The tunnel was begun in 1872, directly after the Franco-Prussian War, and forms a great highway between Germany and Italy. Since it was completed, forty years ago, other routes through the Alps have been made, and there is now the Simplon railway, with an even longer tunnel, running under the mountain over which Napoleon the Great once marched his invading armies.

## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 234.)

IT was broad daylight when the girls woke, and for the moment they could not remember what had happened, though each felt that she had passed an unusual night.

The presence of Tiger and Nip recalled it to them, and as they dressed they talked, occasionally stopping to make much of the dogs.

'I still think it was a lovely birthday, in spite of that horrid man,' said Lena.

Marjory looked at her. 'You didn't think him horrid yesterday,' she said.

'No, of course not. I thought he was ever so nice. But one would naturally think one's uncle was nice.'

'I didn't,' said Marjory, 'and I suppose I thought he was our uncle. You liked him because he told you you were pretty.'

'He didn't,' retorted Lena, hotly.

Ethel laughed. 'Well, if he did, Lena,' she said, 'that was nothing. Everybody knows you are pretty.'

'He looked a gentleman,' protested Lena.

'You always go by looks,' Marjory replied. 'That's twice you've been wrong since Mother went away.'

'Well, Miss Jackson——' began Lena.

'Oh, bother Miss Jackson!' cried Ethel. 'Let's go and have our breakfast. Father will be here soon to tell us more about the burglar. I do wonder how he knew you had an uncle.'

'So do I,' Lena replied. 'I can scarcely believe now that he wasn't our uncle. Everything seems just the same, somehow.'

They went downstairs together, Nip friskily leading the way and Tiger lumbering down after them.

Jane met them in the hall, surprised to find them up and dressed. She had omitted to call them on account of the disturbed night, but now she hastened in with breakfast, at the same time saying that there was a letter for them.

'A letter!' Marjory cried. 'Perhaps it is from Mother.'

'Oh, no, Marjory,' said Lena; 'we had one only yesterday.'

But Marjory, always hopeful, had run to the table where the letter lay near Lena's plate. 'It is! It is!' she cried. 'See, Lena, the funny stamp and Mother's writing! Oh, she's coming home, I'm sure.'

Lena hastened to open the envelope. It was certainly quite unusual for them to have a letter two days together; perhaps Mother was returning.

'Quick, Lena!' urged Marjory.

'Oh, Marjory, do be quiet a minute,' said Lena.

'But she's coming, isn't she?' Marjory asked, watching Lena's face.

'Yes, she is. Listen, and I'll read it,' but Marjory was jumping round the table, hugging Tiger and Nip in her delight at the news.

'Perhaps,' Lena read, 'after yesterday's letter this won't be a very great surprise. We are coming home because Father is anxious to be back in case Uncle Tom arrives. I am glad to be returning, for it seems a long, long time since I saw you. We are starting almost at once, so expect us on Tuesday, and send the carriage to meet the four o'clock train.'

'To-day is Tuesday,' said Marjory. 'Does Mother mean to-day or next Tuesday?'

'Why, to-day; of course she does,' replied Ethel, laughing at Marjory's excitement.

This was good news, and the girls were still chatting eagerly about it as they lingered over their breakfast, when Mr. Drayton came in. 'Well, I know all,' he said as he sat down.

'Why, who told you?' asked Marjory, thinking only of Mrs. Lester's return.

'The burglar himself, of course.'

'What, about Mother?' said Marjory.

'Mother?' said Mr. Drayton, a little puzzled. 'No, not about Mother; about himself.'

'But Mother is coming home,' said Marjory. 'To-day.'

'What! Is she?' remarked Mr. Drayton. 'This is sudden!'

Lena showed him the letter.

'Oh! Humph! Well,' he said at last, 'I suppose you've no interest left for the burglar, then?'

'Oh, yes, we have, Mr. Drayton,' said Lena. 'It's Marjory that is so excited. We want to hear very much—don't we, Ethel?'

Ethel nodded her reply and commenced stroking Tiger.

'Well,' said Mr. Drayton, 'as I said before, I know all, and it is just as simple as A B C.'

He paused a moment; the girls waited expectantly, and Marjory climbed on to Mr. Drayton's knee. Lena still sat at the table.

(Continued on page 250.)





“‘You liked him because he told you you were pretty.’”





"The man, a professional burglar, simply listened."



## THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

By TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Continued from page 247.)

'I MUST tell you first,' continued Mr. Drayton, 'that the burglar is very sorry that he frightened you all, especially Ethel. He had no intention of shooting, and declares that Nip caused the pistol to go off.'

'But why did he come?' asked Lena. 'How did he know?'

'Why, he heard two ladies talking in a railway carriage. One was a governess, and she was talking about her pupils, whose names were Marjory and Lena.'

'Miss Jackson!' cried the girls together.

'Miss Jackson, evidently,' said Mr. Drayton. 'She disclosed all the family secrets, said that Mr. and Mrs. Lester were away travelling, and that an uncle was expected any day. The man, a professional burglar, simply listened. He learnt the name of the village and the name of the house, and heard that Lena was easy to manage if only she were flattered sufficiently.'

'So the man,' Mr. Drayton went on, not heeding Lena's flushed face, 'put two and two together, and came. He did not know about the birthday; nor did he send the watch.'

'But why did he come like that? Why didn't he break in at night if he wanted to steal?' asked Ethel.

'Because, he says, sometimes he likes a clean job: one where he can enter by the door and leave by it, instead of sneaking in at windows. And there was a certain amount of pleasure in the risk. Anybody, he says, can enter a house at night. He was much amused at the way Lena disclosed where the silver was kept: it saved him a lot of trouble. Well, all's well that ends well, isn't it, Marjory, eh?' said Mr. Drayton. 'We needn't be so solemn now it is all over. Look at Lena there.'

Lena was thinking how foolish she had been. She had talked about the jewellery only because she was proud that her mother possessed it. And then there was Miss Jackson. Had she really only been fluttering? She bent down to hide her hot face, and picked up Nip. 'I think,' she said at last, 'Nip and Tiger must each wear a medal.'

'What a splendid idea!' cried Marjory. 'And we'll fasten them to their collars with nice coloured ribbon. Some off your chocolate-box, Lena.'

'But where can we get medals?' asked Ethel.

'I'll get them,' said Mr. Drayton, very willingly. 'There's sure to be something that will do at the Post Office. I'll run across now.'

He seemed only to have been gone a few minutes when Jane entered, carrying in her hand a telegram.

'See, Miss Lena!' she said.

'What! A telegram!' cried Lena. 'But it is for Father.'

'Yes; but you'd better open it, Miss. It may be important.'

Lena opened it and read: 'Expect me this evening.—Tom.'

'Tom?' she said. 'Who is Tom?'

'Why, Uncle Tom, of course!' cried Marjory, and Ethel laughed at Lena's dulness.

The girls looked at each other. Was he really coming? They could scarcely believe it, though nothing seemed surprising now.

'I wonder who will come first—Mother or Uncle?' said Marjory. 'Oh, I do hope he will be nice!'

'Who'll be nice?' asked Mr. Drayton, who at that moment returned with the medals, and caught Marjory's remark.

'Why, our real uncle,' replied Marjory. 'He's coming,' she added. 'He's really coming this time.'

'How do you know?' asked Mr. Drayton.

'We've had a telegram,' said Lena, and showed it to Mr. Drayton.

He read it, raising his eyebrows in surprise. 'Well,' he said, 'it never rains but it pours.'

'It is funny,' said Ethel. 'This time yesterday I didn't even know you had an uncle, and now he is mixed up in everything. I am quite anxious to see him.'

'So are we,' said Marjory. 'I am glad the burglar wasn't him. I want him to be as nice—as nice as you, Mr. Drayton.'

'Really, really! Now *you* are flattering,' replied Mr. Drayton. 'Come, let us fix these medals, and then, Ethel, you and I will be off, and leave these two to gloat over their surprises.'

'Oh! please let Ethel stay,' begged Marjory, 'to see Mother and Father—and Uncle.'

'And the dogs, too. Let them stay,' said Lena. 'Father will want to see them when he hears about the burglar.'

'They can stay, if you like,' replied Mr. Drayton. 'I think,' he added thoughtfully, 'I shall go to the station myself to meet your father. Then I can give him a correct account of the burglary before old Platt gives an incorrect account.'

'But you won't know Father,' said Lena.

Mr. Drayton smiled. 'Of course I shall. I can tell him by his luggage, by the trap, by Platt,' he replied.

'So you can,' said Lena.

Ethel laughed again. 'You are dull to-day, Lena,' she said. 'What is the matter?'

But Lena made no reply. Instead, she helped Mr. Drayton to fix the medals on the two dogs. Then she hurried away.

(Concluded on page 262.)

## A SMUGGLER'S HIDING-PLACE.

IN stories about smugglers we read of the curious hiding-places where they stored their goods. Most frequently they used caves with secret entrances; sometimes the goods were hidden in wells.

At Selmeston, in Sussex, a hundred years ago, there was actually in the village churchyard a tombstone that led to an underground vault used by smugglers. It was flat and very long and broad. There was an inscription covering the whole of the stone, setting forth that the departed had been highly valued and deeply respected, a model husband and a kind father. But, to tell the truth, there was nobody buried there at all. Underneath was a hiding-place where the smugglers used to store large quantities of wine and brandy.

In the centre of a capital 'O' in the inscription was a knob, almost invisible unless you knew where to look for it. When this knob was turned the stone rose on hinges, until it was no longer horizontal, but upright. A number of steps led down into a huge vault, which was capable of holding large stores of smuggled goods. As they were landed between Seaford and Beachy Head, it was easy for them to be brought to Selmeston churchyard.



## GIPSY MICE.

THREE little mice bought a caravan;  
 Each of the trio, a pot or a pan,  
 A cup or a platter, contributed—  
 A chair or a table, a couch or a bed;  
 Then twist they bought that was guaranteed strong,  
 And harnessed three beetles to pull them along.

‘Before our departure,’ said one careful mouse,  
 ‘I’ll buy a big padlock to lock up our house.’  
 ‘I think,’ said another, ‘I’ll get a new chart  
 Of the neighbouring country, before we start.’  
 At such preparations they worked with a will—  
 And, as far as I know, they are travelling still.

LILIAN HOLMES.

## THE LITTLE BOOK OF WISE SAYINGS.

A Legend.

ONCE upon a time, many years ago, there lived an old miller who had three sons. He was getting very old and was unable to work the mill properly; in consequence they were becoming very poor. So one morning he called his sons into the courtyard of the mill and told them that he could no longer keep them, but that he would give them all that he could and they must henceforth work for themselves.

To his eldest son he gave the mill and its contents, that he might earn a living by grinding corn.

To his second son he gave what money he had saved, that he might put it to usury and so earn more.

But when he came to his third and youngest son, he had nothing left to give save his blessing and an old book of wise sayings to help him on his way.

Very soon after he had thus provided for his sons the old miller died. The eldest son took possession of the mill and, because he was a greedy man and wanted all for himself, he drove his brothers forth at once to make their way in the world. But however hard he worked, he could only make just enough to pay his way.

The second son took his father's money and fared forth to make more; but he was a mean man, and was so frightened of losing what he had, that he too only made just enough to live on by his transactions.

The third son, when he saw how poorly his brothers fared, became very miserable, for he thought, ‘If they can only manage to exist with their possessions, how can I hope to make my way with only an old man's blessing to help me?’ Then he remembered the little book of wise sayings and, opening it, he read, ‘Those who seem last are oftentimes the first.’

At this he took heart and set forth towards the city, taking with him the memory of a father's blessing and the small book of wise sayings. He journeyed all day, and at nightfall came to a wood through which passed a broad stream. There seemed to be no way across, and after a fruitless search for a shallow place or bridge he began to despair. Then he remembered his little book and, opening it, read, ‘He who would win through must plunge deeply.’ So he determined to wade in and try his luck. On entering the water he discovered that it was not nearly so deep as it looked and that he could easily gain the other side. As darkness gathered he came to a small cottage and determined to seek shelter for the night. In answer to his knock a very old woman came to the door, but when she learned that he

had no money she refused to shelter him. He was just going to turn away disconsolately and seek shelter among the trees when he again remembered his little book and, opening it, read, ‘Happy is he who works for his bread.’ So he retraced his steps and offered to work for the old woman if she would shelter him for the night. To this she consented, and so he remained with her until the following morning, when he once more set forth for the city, followed by many warnings from the old woman concerning the robbers of the woods.

He travelled all day, and at nightfall again sought shelter, but this time there was no cottage in sight, and after a fruitless search he determined to climb into the bowl of a tree and there sleep in safety. No sooner had he entered the tree than he heard voices and steps approaching. Fearing that it might be the robbers he kept very still and crouched down in his tree. Presently the voices came nearer and the footsteps stopped. Peeping out cautiously he saw three very evil-looking men. From their conversation he learnt that they were robber chiefs and that they intended to make a desperate raid, to plunder and spoil the city. After a while two of them turned back and the other went on to their den to make arrangements with the rest of the gang. The miller's son was just wondering what to do when he again remembered the little book. This time he read, ‘He who would win much must risk much.’ So he decided to follow the robber and discover his den. He followed silently through the dark wood, fearing greatly lest some other robber would see and capture him. At last they came to a large cave with a very dark entrance: into this the robber disappeared, but when the miller's son would have followed he discovered another huge robber lying in the doorway, evidently on guard. But this man was dozing, and on the ground near by lay his belt, containing several knives and daggers.

To this the miller's son crept softly and, taking one of the daggers, silently withdrew. He then retreated as quickly as he could towards the tree where he had been in hiding, cutting a notch on every sixth tree as he went. He travelled all night towards the city, and in the morning spied it from the top of a hill; by mid-day he had reached the gates.

Within the city he found great distress: the people had heard of the intended raid, and the King and his nobles were very troubled, as they had no means of defence.

They had suffered much already at the hands of these robbers.

All about the streets were little groups of people anxiously discussing what to do. The miller's son asked for an immediate audience of the King, but the royal servants only laughed at him, he looked so poor and travel-stained. Then in desperation he went into the market-square and proclaimed abroad that he knew of the robbers' cave and would go and attack them if fifty men would follow him. At first nobody listened to him, and then it chanced that one of the nobles overheard, and being very afraid because he had great wealth, he believed the miller's son and persuaded the King to give him fifty men.

Once more the little book was consulted and the saying read, ‘He who would catch a thief must employ the same methods as that thief.’

And so the miller's son set forth followed by fifty men. He found his way back by the notches he had





“The miller’s son, taking one of the daggers, silently withdrew.”

cut, and came upon the robbers’ den at night. The robbers, busy with their preparations, were taken by surprise and easily routed, whereupon the miller’s son returned triumphant to the city.

The King was so grateful to him that he was given a place of high honour at Court, and the most beautiful of the princesses became his bride.

LESLEY STRUAN.





"The poor lady stepped back on to a bucket of water."

#### THE UNLUCKY LADY.

SOME people have a strong objection to pass under a ladder. Certainly, in doing so, one *might* have the misfortune to get some drippings of paint on one's

hat or dress. But the objection in most cases is founded on a silly superstition. One may be quite as unlucky in avoiding the ladder as in passing beneath it.

An amusing instance of this occurred the other day



in a busy street of a Midland city. As two children were in the act of walking under a ladder, their mother hastily drew them back. 'You must not go there,' she said, 'it's unlucky!' Even as she spoke, the poor lady stepped back on to a bucket of water left on the footpath by a window-cleaner, and down she went!

Kindly people went to the rescue, and tried to dry her dress with their pocket-handkerchiefs; but, though sincerely sorry for her, those who had overheard her warning to her children could not restrain a smile.

### JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Continued from page 243.)

I SAT down to rest my stiff, aching limbs, but growing hungry after a while, and knowing that it is unseemly to eat in a church, got up and went outside to look for another abiding-place.

It was still raining heavily, but a long search was not needed. Quite close at hand—although hidden in part by an outstanding buttress—there was another door, from which a steep, narrow stair led downward.

I ventured into the place, for, the door being ajar, it seemed that no harm would be done, and soon found myself in a crypt that ran, it was evident, beneath the church. Sitting down on the lowest stair of the flight, I took out some food and began to eat with a good appetite.

That cellar was a darksome place, although a little light streamed down from the open door above, and it was some minutes before my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom. Then I saw that there were arches and pillars, a groined roof, and numbers of wooden casks piled together on the stone paving.

'It must be used now for a storehouse,' I said to myself, and as the rain had by now increased to a downpour, and a torrent of water was streaming like a cataract down the steps, I moved myself, and perching upon one of the barrels, with dangling feet, finished my meal dry-shod and in peace.

It was an hour or more before the storm even began to abate, but I did not care, for that crypt was warm and comfortable enough, and I needed time to think over my position and decide upon what had best be done. Everything had seemed very black and hopeless the night before; but now, with calmer consideration, it came to me that, mayhap, Master Van Schepen had not perished in the flames of his house, but was dwelling in some other mansion in the city.

If this were the case, surely it would be possible to discover his whereabouts, especially as I had the letter addressed to him in my wallet. I made up my mind to return to the street of the burnt house without delay, and to inquire of the neighbours, who, it was likely, would be acquainted with what had happened.

When at last the clouds dispersed and a gleam of bright sunlight streamed down on to the wet pavement of the crypt, I set out for the street where Master Van Schepen's abode had been, but discovered that the finding of it was no easy matter. I had come thence to the tavern in thick darkness, guided by the Scots, and now could not by any means retrace my steps. After many vain wanderings and false starts, it became plain that

the only thing to be done was to go to the cathedral and from there follow all Master James Burke's directions. So many streets, so many turnings, so many corners, and then so many houses. When I reached once more the gateway of the winged dragon, I should know that my destination was near at hand.

'I must get back to the cathedral church.' It was easily said but not so easily done, for, to my surprise, the streets were now thronged with such vast numbers of people that even slow progress was a difficult matter. They were all clad in gay garments, too, and in many places banners had been hung out and arches raised across the roads. It was evident that this was the day of some high festival or celebration.

The sun had come out by now with full strength, making the wet roofs and cobble-stones glitter like gold, and the sky was blue behind the tall towers and stepped house-fronts. Flags on high poles fluttered on every side, and a great standard of gay orange colour streamed in the breeze from the top of the cathedral steeple.

Soon it became apparent to me that a procession was expected; for in certain streets the crowds were thicker and the adornments more lavish, and in these streets, too, I saw that clean sand had been strewn on the roadway, and that over this was flung great stores of herbs and flowers, and green leaves.

Who could it be that the city of Antwerp was thus decked out to welcome? I asked myself the question many and many a time, and made up my mind, with a rueful shrug at my own ignorance, that, when I had children of my own, they should learn to speak Flemish and many another foreign tongue, and not only their own native speech, and a few smattering words of the French language.

At about noon, or, mayhap, a little earlier, for the time passed swiftly when there was so much to be seen and so much stir abroad, the streets were cleared of stragglers, and the pioneers of the cavalcade came into sight. I had managed to get on a high step in a doorway, a vantage-post where I had a good view over the heads of the bystanders, and never in all my life have I seen so fine a show. First there were bands of archers and musketeers, and horsemen mounted on fiery steeds; then came the chief citizens, very grand to see in their furred scarlet robes, torch-bearers with flaming brands, although it was broad daylight, and masqueraders in motley garb, bearing in their midst huge giant figures, garbed as knights in armour, or saints, or Turks; a Roman warrior there was, with shield and sword and helmet, and a monstrous great horse, who had four little riders on his back.

When all these strange things had passed by, the folk began to shout more lustily than ever, and to fling down flowers from windows and roofs and balconies. With a jingle of harness, another company of horsemen clattered past, and the sunlight gleamed on steel spear-heads and on the bright gold of sword-hilts.

Truly it was a brave display, and I shouted with the rest, although I knew not in whose honour; and then, in the midst of the great procession, and riding alone, as its chief figure, came a man, richly dressed—albeit in plain fashion—and stately, like a king, on his tall, grey horse. His face was exceeding handsome, dark as a Spaniard's, with black hair and beard, and brown piercing eyes, that seemed to look you through and through. His forehead was broad and high, as could be seen when



he doffed his plumed hat from time to time to acknowledge the greetings of the crowding, cheering townsfolk, and he showed a glint of white teeth in a kindly smile. Never in all my life have I beheld so gallant a soldier, so fine a gentleman, nor so majestic a leader, and it seemed small wonder that the people yelled themselves hoarse, as they flung down their flowers, and clambered up buttresses and door-posts, and even on to the high peaked roofs to get a better view.

'Who is he? Who is he?' I cried, craning forward eagerly between flourished arms and waving caps, and forgetting in my excitement that I was a stranger in a foreign land. To my amazement, however—although, indeed, I hardly noticed it at the time—the answer came in English speech, and turning quickly, I saw that an old man, of reverent and scholarly aspect, was pressed close behind me in the narrow doorway.

'Who is he? Why, who are you, boy, not to know that? Why, who should he be, but "Father William" himself, come back to his loyal people, who throng to welcome him, seeing what great things he has done, and how he hath now subdued even the city of Amsterdam to his will. Ah, and good tidings that is, so that even I must rejoice to-day, though I be no Fleming, but British-born—albeit I have lived in the Low Countries these many years. Now is the black shame of the defeat in Gemblours wood wiped out, and the star of his Highness is once more risen in the sky. They say he goes to-day to give thanks in the church of—of—Faith! the name has slipped from my memory, but it is near by the fish-market, where three roads meet.'

'His Highness! Father William! But who? Who—' I stared blankly at the speaker, who smiled, good-humouredly enough, but with something of scorn at my denseness. 'His Highness William, Prince of Orange, called "The Silent" by some, and truly the Father of his people, and the Deliverer of this most unhappy and unfortunate land.'

The Prince of Orange! I did not wait to hear anything more, but started to push my way with all the force I could muster through the close-packed throng. 'Let me pass, good sirs, I pray you let me pass; for Heaven's sake, make room,' I begged, but it was too late, for already the Prince had gone by, and the crowd was closing thickly behind him on the flower-littered road.

And then a strange thing happened, for in the instant, before the folk pressed forward, and while the street was still clear and empty, I had a fleeting glimpse of the spectators on the opposite side, and there, to my sheer bewilderment, was a face I knew: a thin face, yellow and malicious, with narrowed eyes and the lips twisted in a cruel sneer.

It was gone swiftly, hidden by the brawny shoulders of a stout citizen, and I told myself, with a quick-drawn breath of dismay, that, in the hurry and confusion, I had been deceived.

Master Walter McBaird, the traitor clerk, was safely under hatches on board the *Bonnie Bess*, and could not be here watching a pageant in the Antwerp streets. It was foolishness—a mere trick of the fancy; and, meanwhile, his Highness the Prince of Orange had passed by, almost within my reach, and the Queen of England's letter was still undelivered.

I let the crowd push me back against the houses, and stood awhile to consider, blaming myself that I had lost

sight of the Englishman in the doorway, who might perchance have been able to help me. His words were still fresh in my mind, however, and they gave me some comfort, for the church whither his Highness was bound to make Thanksgiving must be that very same desolate place where I had taken refuge only a few hours ago. Now the significance of the strewn herbs and the bunch of flowers was plain, for, doubtless, preparations had been made for the Prince's reception. He was on his way there now, wending in slow procession through the chief streets, but the fish-market-place was not far away, and running by a short cut, I could reach it in a few minutes. There must be no delay now, no mistake and no accident. Surely, when I came to the church, opportunity would offer, so that I could fulfil my errand and give the precious letter into his Highness's own hand.

I set off at a smart rate, venturing into the open roadway where the crowd was less dense than on the narrow path beneath the houses, and dodging between waggons and under the necks of mounted horses. The street with its round wet cobble-stones was slippery, and the scattered leaves and flowers made it more treacherous still; but I raced on regardless, and did not stop or slacken my pace, even when it seemed to me that I heard following footsteps and that some one shouted my name in a loud, breathless voice.

Who could know me in this foreign city? And who would follow me, unless it were some one who sought to stop me, thinking, maybe, that I was a thief or vagabond making off with stolen booty?

'Turn not to the right nor to the left, but go straight ahead.' Master Burke's words seemed to ring in my ears with a new meaning now as I ran headlong, and then, suddenly, the pursuer overtook me, and the grip of a strong, rough hand on my shoulder brought me to a standstill.

I swung round to face my captor, and who should it be but my old friend and schoolfellow, Red Robin Stuart! 'Robin!' I gasped.

'Jock!' he panted. And then, as we were both too breathless and exhausted to say anything more, we stood there in the middle of the street, laughing and choking, and shaking each other's hands again and again—much to the amazement and amusement of a buxom Flemish peasant woman and her two fat little girls, who waited staring at us with round eyes and wide, beaming smiles.

'Well, laddie, a fine chase it is you've led me, to be sure,' said Robin, at last. 'First I had to hunt for you all through this maze of a city—and harder paving stones I never came across in all my born days—and then when I did find you, gaping at those giants—which truly were a fine sight—you must needs turn tail and scamper away from me like a scared rabbit.'

'But—but—how came you here, Robin? I don't understand. Did you escape? Did you swim ashore from the *Bonnie Bess* as you threatened to do yesterday morning?'

'Nay, for that captain there got the better of me in that, as he did in everything else, putting me on my word of honour, forsooth! A dirty trick to play on an honest pirate. Not that I have ought to say against the captain, mind you—seeing that he it was who set me free in the end, bidding me find you and warn you, without fail, of what had happened.'

(Continued on page 258.)





"I swung round to face my captor."





"The second conspirator was setting a spark from the open flame."



# JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

BY A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Continued from page 255.)

**B**UT what has happened, Robin? You haven't told me yet,' I put in, and then Robin threw back his head and laughed loudly.

'What has happened? It seems that I'm beginning with the end of the tale instead of the beginning. Why, that caitiff clerk, the prisoner, who was so safely under lock and key, has escaped, and is up to Heaven only knows what foul mischief in this same city of Antwerp. He bribed a sailor-man, and scuttled away, as rat would do from sinking ship, before the *Bonnie Bess* sailed. Then Master James Burke sent for me, and gave me my liberty, bidding me find you at whatever cost, and tell you what had come to pass. If you will be patient a minute, I will give you his exact words.'

I stood listening with a great dread at my heart. So the villain was at large again, and I had really seen him not half an hour ago.

"Warn young Jock Drummond of all that has chanced," that was what the captain said,' Robin went on, "and tell him that Walter McBaird is his deadly enemy, and will do him an injury if he can. Say that he will seek also to harm those others whom Jock and I both serve." There, that is the message! Make of it what you can. "Those others, whom you and he both serve," but doubtless you have the key to the puzzle.'

I had, and now realised it to be more than ever urgent that the letter should be delivered, for, perchance, the traitor McBaird knew of my errand and was seeking to frustrate its accomplishment.

I glanced round uneasily, feeling as if haunted by some evil presence, and then, to my joy, saw that the church where the Prince would come for his Thanksgiving was within a stone's throw of where we stood.

It was necessary to get there, and wait until his Highness came. But how could this be managed without telling Robin of my business and intention?

I stood perplexed, wondering how to get rid of my comrade for the time being, and then, suddenly, the splash of a heavy raindrop on my face showed a way out of the difficulty.

'It's going to rain,' I cried, and, indeed, the black clouds which had gathered overhead gave promise of another downpour. 'Come with me! I know a place where we shall have fine shelter.'

'Why, Jock! are you a milkop, then? Afraid to melt in an April shower?' Robin cried, with a shout of mocking laughter; but I cared nothing for his raileries, and, seizing his hand, dragged him across the open space where three roads met and towards the crypt door. He made no further demur, for the darksome stairway seemed to promise adventure, and in a few minutes we were among the casks where I had taken refuge that morning. We would stay there until, by the commotion overhead, it became plain that the Prince and his retinue had arrived. I would make some excuse to Robin, and, sallying forth, waylay his Highness in the doorway of the church and hand the letter to him without delay.

Everything seemed suddenly to have become simple and certain of success, now that I had a friend at hand—and one so much to my liking—with whom adventures and excitements and dangers might be shared.

Even the matter of the traitor clerk and his escape appeared to be of little moment.

'Did you ever in all your life, Jock, behold so fine a man as this same Prince of Orange?' said Robin, breaking in on my thoughts with what seemed to be most apt words. 'Surely a fellow would be fortunate indeed who might take service under such a brave and splendid leader.'

'Why, Robin, methought you were the liege man of Queen Mary of Scotland!' I exclaimed; but it soon became plain that having seen his Highness as he rode in the procession, amid the shouting populace, fickle Robin Stuart now had thought and admiration for him alone. So loud, indeed, were his praises that I could not but feel sad for the sake of that poor captive lady to whom his devotion had so lately been given. As I was to find out in the future, however, it was always so with Robin. 'Out of sight, out of mind,' as Molly would say, although, in sooth, he had never even laid eyes on Mary Queen of Scots, and the new star always surpassed the old in magnitude and glory.

'I should be proud to fight and to die for such as he. Long live William, Prince of Orange!' cried Red Robin, whipping off his cap and waving it in the air, and then the cask on which he sat rolled sideways, and sent him flying to the ground.

I laughed heartily at the sorry figure he cut, but Robin was angry, and, picking himself up, gave the innocent barrel so vicious a kick that one of the staves was driven in, and its contents, a coarse, black powder, trickled out in a thin stream.

Robin laughed, too, recovering his temper quickly, for he was always a good-natured fellow, although very swift to fly into a rage—and then, looking down, he caught sight of the broken cask. 'Hullo! what have we here?' he said, in a changed voice, and, peering at him in the dim light, I saw that his face had suddenly become sober. He gathered up a little of the powder, and let it slide through his fingers.

'You'd best not meddle with the stuff,' I said, touching his arm. 'The honest Fleming merchants who own this storehouse will be angered if we interfere with their property.'

'What is the place above?' he asked, without paying any heed to my warning, 'some guildhall or like public place? Or is it only a private citizen's dwelling? I wonder, is mischief afoot? 'Tis strange to keep such perilous stuff as this in an open cellar.'

I stared at him, and then, even as the daylight flickered down into that gloomy crypt, so began the truth to filter into my mind.

'Gunpowder!' I exclaimed, but hardly had the awesome syllable passed my lips when Robin gripped my shoulder and pulled me down behind the close-ranked barrels.

'Some one comes!' he whispered. 'Stay quiet! Not a word! Not a sound! For your life!'

I obeyed, although hardly yet realising what the business meant, and, watching, saw that it was even as he said. A figure blocked the door, slipping stealthily in without pushing it wide, and crept slowly and care-



fully down the steep, uneven stair. He was cloaked, with a wide hat pulled low over his eyes, and in his hand he carried a closed lantern, through the cracks of which a yellow light showed fitfully.

Hardly had this man come halfway down the steps, when another appeared behind him. He also was cloaked, but it seemed to me that there was something familiar in his gait and bearing.

Having passed under the arch, this second comer closed the door behind him, and then, save for the dim gleams from the lantern, all was black darkness.

For a few minutes there was silence, broken only by the soft movements of the two men, and by mine and Robin's careful breathing, which, however, in our own ears sounded so loud and panting that it seemed as if each gasp must needs reveal our presence.

Then the lantern door was opened wide, and in the dazzle of light that streamed from it, two crouched figures were distinctly seen. Their black shadows, with peaked hats and hanging cloaks, were thrown, goblin-like and grotesque, on to the arched roof overhead.

'We must hasten, comrade, there is but little time to spare, and I, for one, don't mean to pay for this business with my life,' the taller of the men muttered in a gruff voice, and so saying he lifted himself and moved aside. Then plain it was to see what this 'business' of his had been. A line of twisted tow was laid, with one end unravelled beneath a powder cask. To the other end the second conspirator was in the very act of setting a spark from the open lantern flame.

The man's head was bent low, his fingers at work with cunning skill, and the next instant, his dastardly work accomplished, he sprang to his feet intent only on flight and the saving of his own skin. In the bright glare, as he turned, his face was clearly revealed, and lo! the villain who had laid the train to explode those powder-casks, and who thus sought the death of his Highness the Prince, was none other than the clerk, Walter McBaird.

'Quick, friend, quick! They arrive! I can hear the tumult without!' urged the other plotter, who was already halfway up the stair. 'There is not a moment to be lost, if you—' and then his voice broke into a scream of panic terror, for Robin sprang upon him out of the darkness, and seizing him by the foot brought him with a smart thud to the ground. At the same instant I trampled out the crawling fire that had already crept a yard or more along the line of tow. This done, we both with one accord set upon McBaird, shouting for help the while at the tops of our voices.

The traitor fought with more strength and fury than would have seemed possible with one so lean and demure of aspect, and it was as much as we could do to hold him; but before long—although, in truth, it seemed an age—our cries were heard above the sounds of marching feet and trampling hoofs and cheering voices, and four or five stout men-at-arms came tumbling down the narrow stairway. The crypt seemed then to be crowded with amazed and horrified folk, and in the excitement and confusion, not only the clerk, but Robin and I as well, were made prisoner. As for the other rogue, he disappeared, whether getting clear away unobserved into the open air, or hiding for the time in some dark corner of the cellar, I know not to this day.

For a few minutes the wild struggle between captors and captives continued, and then, suddenly, McBaird

ceased altogether to resist and stood yielded to his assailants, looking as harmless as if he had never showed fight, and, indeed—so old Molly would have said—as if butter would not melt in his mouth. He spoke to the men-at-arms calmly, in their own tongue, with his thin lips widened into a smile, and pointing with outstretched finger at Robin and me.

What it was that the villain said, of course we could not tell, but the new-comers paid him due attention and loosed their grip of his shoulder. At the same time, Robin and I were held more tightly than ever, and the Flemings glared at us so fiercely that, if looks could have killed, we should both have been dead boys. It almost seemed as if the blowing-up with gunpowder of Prince William of Orange were some merry holiday prank which Master Walter McBaird had devised, and as if these honest citizens were enraged with us for that we had interfered and interrupted the show.

'He is telling them his own lying tale,' whispered Robin to me, and I knew that he was right. The position was growing desperate, for how were we, ignorant of the Flemish language and friendless in a strange city, to make these folk understand the truth?

And meanwhile, from overhead, could now be heard the sounds of psalm-singing and the shuffle of feet, so it was plain that the service of thanksgiving was in full swing; those who were taking part in it, however, knowing nothing of the dread disaster that had so nearly overtaken them at their prayers, or of the new cause that they had for the giving of thanks and praise. It was not until the ceremony had come to an end, and the whole company dispersed, that we were taken up the stairs and led away closely guarded.

It was fine again by now, a warm sunny afternoon; but the bright sunshine and the gaily decked streets only seemed to mock at our sad condition. I wondered if this were to be the end of my journey, and if my last adventure were to be a felon's death.

'Cheer up, Jock, my friend!' Robin's voice broke in on these gloomy meditations. 'We are not dead men yet, and must needs be examined and tried before we are put to death. Belike there will be some one among our judges able to speak a Christian tongue, and then it may well be that a new complexion will be put on this business.'

I plucked up courage on hearing this speech; for truly it seemed as if there might be a silver lining even to this black cloud, and in a little while our weary tramp came to an end. We were brought to a stately building, not far from the cathedral church, and taken into a great hall, where a number of the chief men of the city were gathered together. Very fine and noble they looked in their furs and scarlet, and with gold chains round their necks; but Walter McBaird seemed to be not a whit abashed, and, when questioned, told his false tale as glibly and as serenely as he had done a while ago in the crypt among the casks of gunpowder, with which he had sought to murder the great ruler of this country.

When he had finished his story, the hearers glancing at Robin and me the while with wonder and loathing in their faces, it came to our turn, and a tall, dignified gentleman rose up in his place, and leaning forward over the table behind which he was standing, addressed us in fiery, eloquent words—not a single one of which we could



comprehend. We stared at each other foolishly, not knowing what to say or do, and then suddenly an idea flashed into my bewildered mind. 'Here, sir,' I said, 'look at this!'

And drawing the wallet from my breast, I took from it the letter addressed to Master Dark Van Schepen, and held it out across the table.

'Meister Van Schepen! Meister Van Schepen!' The name was spoken aloud by the man who took the letter from me and repeated in many voices, 'Meister Van Schepen!' and then, to my joy, a lean, grey-haired man of most venerable aspect came forward, took Master Burke's epistle in his hand, and tore it open.

As he read his face changed as if by magic. He spoke swiftly to the other citizens, and turning, addressed me in English and with a most kindly smile. 'My boy,' he said, 'some blunder has been made, although how I cannot yet understand. Tell me, I pray you, exactly what has occurred and how you and this other youth, your companion, came to be in the crypt of yonder church.'

I told my tale then from the beginning, explaining everything that had happened, and, as I spoke, Walter McBaird's face changed to sickly white, so that I was reminded of what had taken place in Master Burke's cabin only two days ago, when, once before, his villainy was unmasked. And then he glanced round swiftly seeking for a way of escape, but again it was too late, and, at a stern command from Meister Van Schepen, he was held and bound.

The good merchant then turned to me once more. 'This man accused you of the crime of which he is himself guilty,' he said, 'saying how he found you and your comrade in the crypt in the very act of setting fire to a train which would have resulted in the destruction of all of us here—and of another, whose life is of more value than any other in all the land. We have to thank you, John Drummond, and you, too, young sir'—he held out his hand to Robin—'for the averting of a most dire catastrophe.'

He shook our hands warmly, and the other gentlemen came round us too, clapping our shoulders, and speaking to us in many languages—Flemish, French, and even a smattering of our own English.

If Robin and I had been princes born we could not have been more highly honoured, and then, when all had had their say, Van Schepen addressed himself to me again: 'I must have a word with you in private, John Drummond,' he said, 'about this business with my old and valued friend, Master James Burke. Truly sorry am I to hear of his mishap, but I hope that you, and your friend here, too, will stay with me as my guests while you remain in this city of Antwerp. I cannot, it is true, welcome you to as worthy a house as would have been the case two year ago, but everything I have is at your service. Methinks, too, that his Highness the Prince of Orange will wish to thank you for your brave deed to-day. An' it please you, young sir, I will take you to his presence this evening.'

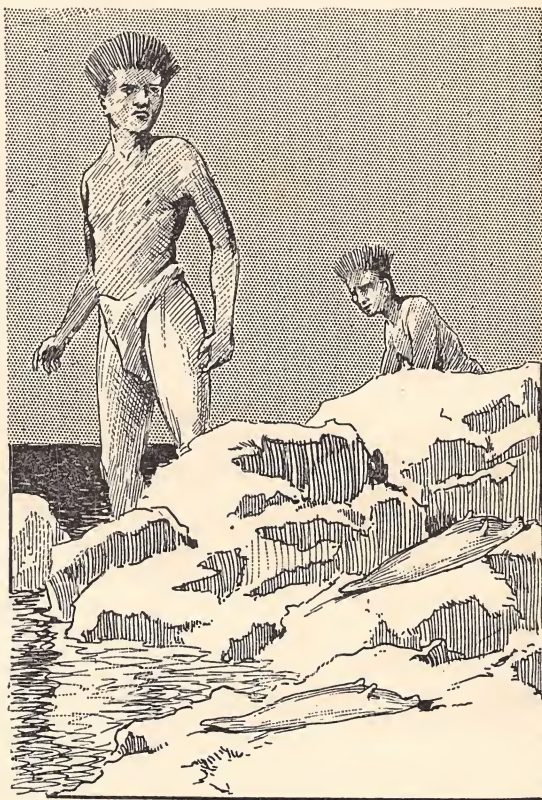
And then I drew a long breath of relief and gratitude, for I knew that my mission would soon be accomplished now and the Queen's letter delivered. Then should I be at liberty to set about my own business.

(Continued on page 270.)

## FISHING IN FAR-OFF LANDS.

V.—BÊCHE-DE-MER.

AN industry which is practically unknown in this country is that which is connected with the bêche-de-mer, or sea-slug, fisheries. Yet many thousands of fishermen of various nationalities are engaged upon this work, while the results of their labours are very highly esteemed as an article of food by many thousands more.



Catching Bêche-de-Mer.

The bêche-de-mer is usually referred to as a fish, but is in reality a slug pure and simple which feeds upon the flowers and vegetables that are to be found upon the floor of the sea. Four varieties of sea-slug are covered by the general term bêche-de-mer, (or, to quote yet another name for it in certain districts, 'trepang,') namely, the pink fish, the black fish, the red fish, and the tit fish.

Of these, the pink fish is found in the largest quantities round about the islands and coasts of the East Indies and the Indian Archipelago, while the other species live among the islands of the South Seas, on the coasts of the Philippine Islands, New Guinea, Indo-China, and Borneo. In these seas the bêche-de-mer fishing is worked by Malays, who dispose of their catches in the markets of Singapore and Hong Kong.

The most valuable of these various species of sea-slug is the tit fish. In its general appearance and shape it is



very similar to the ordinary common or garden English slug, but is very much larger, being some fifteen inches long, and six inches broad. Its home is in the sand or among the rocks along the coasts, and it is there that the fishermen come in search of it when the tide has gone out and the rocks are left exposed.



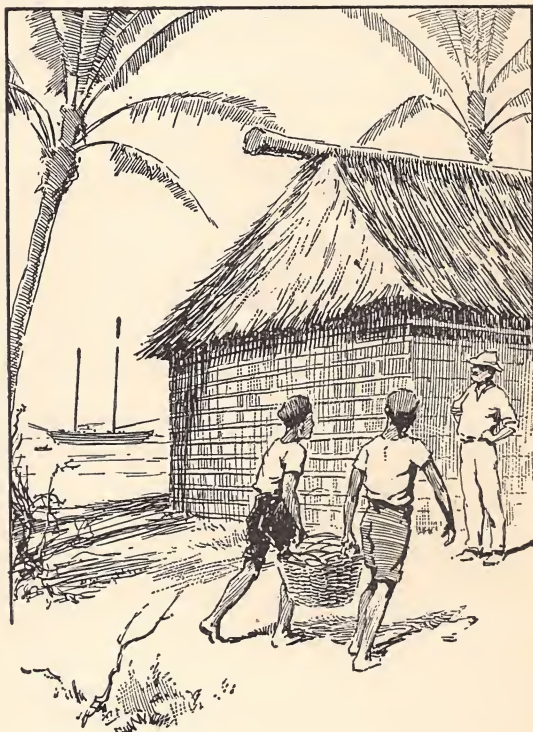
A Papuan boat on a Bêche-de-Mer expedition.

The bêche-de-mer fishery is managed from small sailing vessels, usually of about fifty tons, equipped, owned and manned by Europeans from a variety of countries. The actual collecting of the slugs, however, is carried out by native workers, as no white man could endure the heat and the strain of long work under the fierce sun.

These native fishermen are landed from the sailing-boats after the tide has retreated, and wade about among the pools and rocks, seeking out and collecting the bêche-de-mer. As they are gathered the fish are thrown upon the rocks to await the arrival of the boats on their return with the tide; the catch is then quickly taken aboard and borne to some neighbouring island, where, in large coppers erected for the purpose, it is boiled in salt water. The fish are then split open, cleaned, smoked, and dried, a process which causes them to shrink in size to an astonishing degree. They are then securely packed and carried by boat to the most convenient port for their distribution among the mer-

chants, mostly from China, who have come to buy them. Though at first sight it would not appear so, the work of the native fishermen is frequently extremely dangerous on account of the many strange and powerful fish and shell-fish that lie in wait among the deep pools. Water snakes of different kinds, octopus, and even sharks, are often the cause of disaster to the unwary. There are also giant specimens of the shell-fish tribe, such as the great clam, which lie beneath the surface of the water with their shells half open. Any man who finds his arm caught in this living trap will almost certainly have it broken, and, more often than not, lose it altogether.

These fishing-boats normally carry a crew of about half-a-dozen white men, in addition to the native fishers, who may number anything from fifteen to twenty. The natives work willingly enough for what would seem to us absurdly small wages, and which are often paid in kind, in the form of beads, cloth, hatchets, &c. Because of this cheapness of labour and the high price which the best bêche-de-mer will fetch in the open market, the trade is a very profitable one for the white men who organize it.



A Bêche-de-Mer Station.

The 'red fish' differs from the others of its kind in the fact that it is able, by means of a kind of small, blunt foot which it possesses, to move about fairly rapidly over the rocks. It is of a slightly different shape to the others, as it resembles a large caterpillar. It is not, however, so valuable as the tit fish or the black fish.



Round about the Malay peninsula, New Guinea, and Borneo, where the fisheries are more or less all in the hands of Malays, the men engaged in the industry live by it, and do practically no other form of work. Many thousands of them find employment in this manner, and it is so remunerative to them that they have little need of any other method of adding to their incomes.

The reason why so little is known in this country regarding the *bêche-de-mer* industry is that by far the great majority of the produce finds its way into China, although Southern America also absorbs a certain amount.

But the Chinese, who have ideas which seem strange to us on the subject of foods, think very highly of *bêche-de-mer*, and always offer a ready and profitable market to the fishermen.

Apart from its value as a delicacy, the fish is supposed to have a certain value as medicine, and is much sought after for that reason, although, by reason of its high cost, it is beyond the reach of all but the wealthy and aristocratic Chinese families.

*Bêche-de-mer* and birds' nests, two highly esteemed articles of diet among the Chinese, will not, one may imagine, ever prove equally popular with us.

### THE WITHERED LEAF.

Founded on Fact.

DOROTHY BOWMAN had been very ill. She was really better now, the doctor said, but she refused to believe it. The first time she had been allowed to sit up by the window she had observed a withered leaf on a tall tree—only one; all the other leaves were fresh and green.

'As soon as that leaf falls,' said Dorothy, 'I shall die.' It was only a sick child's fancy, but the doctor told her mother that it might have serious consequences. If she made up her mind that she was to die when the leaf fell, she probably *would* do so—so strong is the influence of mind upon body.

Donald, the old gardener, was much distressed, for Dorothy and he were fast friends. But he was not one to sit still and let the grass grow under his feet. He said to himself, '*That leaf shall not fall.*'

There was no time to lose. At any moment the leaf might flutter down. But 'where there's a will there's a way.'

Donald soon thought out a plan for keeping the shrivelled leaf in its place. Very early in the morning, as soon as it was light enough for him to see what he was doing, he carried a ladder to the tree, climbed it, and with some sort of strong sticky stuff attached the withered leaf firmly to the branch.

The ruse was successful. For some time Dorothy watched that leaf closely; but as she grew stronger (being fed up with all sorts of nourishing things, and taken away to the seaside) she forgot her morbid fancy, or only recalled it to laugh at her own foolishness and to extol the goodness of Donald.

E. D.

### JACK, TOMMY AND RAY.

I'M so proud of my brothers, Jack, Tommy and Ray, The kindest and bravest of brothers are they! So clever and valiant, so gallant and true, If you saw them I know you'd be proud of them too!

There's Tommy, the soldier, along he will stride,  
His gun on his shoulder, a sword by his side,  
A-blowing his trumpet or sounding his drum—  
Toot, tootle, too, toot! or Rum-tum-a-tum-tum!

Then Jack, who's a sailor, as bold as can be  
(It is true he has never yet sailed on the sea),  
But he carries his boat to the pond every day,  
And eagerly watches it sail on its way.

Baby Ray is an airman, and though he's so small,  
And never been up in an airship at all,  
Yet naught in the world gives him greater delight  
Than blowing bright bubbles and watching their flight!

KATHERINE E. SHERRIFF.

### WHERE THEY DIFFERED.

THE works of a poet and historian, who was then just coming into world-wide fame, were being discussed by the members of a club of authors and artists.

'Yes, he and I row in the same boat,' said one of the young authors, who could not restrain his vanity.

'But not with the same skulls' another replied sarcastically.

### THE MYSTERIOUS UNCLE.

BY TERTIA BENNETT, *Author of 'Tiptail,' &c.*

(Concluded from page 250.)

CHAPTER XV.

ALL day Lena remained more or less thoughtful, or, as Ethel put it, dull. Marjory said she did not seem a bit glad that Mother and Father were coming home.

'Yes, I am glad,' protested Lena. 'Come along, let us see if Mother's room is ready.'

The three of them went upstairs, and Ethel began talking again of the burglar.

'It looks now,' she said, referring to the bedroom, 'as if nothing had happened, and only last night everything was upside down.'

'It was all that silly Miss Jackson,' said Marjory. 'I should think Mother won't want her any more.'

'She didn't do it on purpose, Marjory,' Lena argued.

'I wish Mrs. Lester wouldn't have her back again,' put in Ethel. 'Perhaps you would come to school with me then, Lena?'

Lena was quiet. She had been thinking about Miss Jackson and school.

'And leave me all alone?' cried Marjory.

'You come, too,' suggested Ethel.

Marjory shook her head. 'No,' she said slowly. 'I wouldn't leave my mother for anything. I couldn't.'

'Well, Marjory,' said Lena at last, 'you are always saying that I won't play or do anything nice, so you wouldn't miss me much.'

'Yes I should,' protested Marjory, eagerly. 'I should miss you dreadfully. It was only when Miss Jackson was here that I said those things. Why, you are heaps different again since we knew Ethel. I don't want you to go away a bit, but I believe Ethel is persuading you, and if you want, I know you'll go.'



'Well, you'd have Mother all to yourself,' said Lena. 'And my mother, too,' put in Ethel, 'for I'm sure she means to live here.'

But Marjory was not much comforted.

At last the clock struck four, and everything was forgotten in the joyful thought of seeing Mother and Father.

Although it was dark, Marjory stood at the window, her head under the blind. At last the carriage lamps came twinkling in sight, growing larger and larger.

'Here they are!' shouted Marjory, and flew to the door. Lena was as quick, and in a moment they were hugging and kissing their mother and father. Ethel was introduced; every one spoke at once, and before anything intelligible could be said they were all sitting down to tea. The telegram was shown and Mr. Lester, laughing across at his wife, said, 'Well, we are only just home in time, you see. He may come any minute.' Mrs. Lester, radiant and happy, smiled from behind the teapot.

Many questions were asked about the burglar, though Mr. Lester said he had heard all about him from Mr. Drayton. They praised Ethel and patted the dogs, who showed off their medals proudly.

'I think Ethel ought to have a medal, too,' said Marjory.

'So do I, my dear,' replied Mr. Lester, pulling his moustache. 'We must think what we can do.'

'Oh, Mr. Lester!' protested Ethel, but she was very pleased.

They chatted away till at last they were interrupted by the ringing of the front-door bell.

'Uncle Tom!' cried Marjory and Lena excitedly. They were rushing to the door to peep out into the hall when the door opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Drayton entered. Ethel burst out laughing; it seemed as if this uncle was never coming.

'Well, it's only Mr. Drayton,' said Marjory, a little regretfully.

'Only me, eh?' remarked Mr. Drayton. 'We seem to have caused some disappointment, my dear,' he said to his wife, as he brought Mrs. Drayton forward and introduced her to Mr. and Mrs. Lester.

'Oh, no, Mr. Drayton,' replied Lena. 'We are not disappointed, but we really did think it was Uncle, this time.'

'And so it is, dear,' said Mrs. Drayton. 'Mr. Drayton is your uncle.'

The three girls stared in astonishment.

'Tom,' continued Mrs. Drayton, 'how long are you going to keep this up? Explain to them.'

'It needs no explanation,' said Mr. Lester, laughing.

'But, Father,' cried Marjory, 'is Mr. Drayton our Uncle?'

'I am, my dear,' replied Mr. Drayton, 'and have been for some considerable time. Mrs. Drayton is your Aunt, and Ethel there is Mrs. Drayton's daughter, closely enough related to be your cousin.'

Ethel stared in amazement; Lena was quiet, remembering the days when she considered herself above speaking to the Draytons.

'And we never guessed,' said Marjory, solemnly.

'No wonder, Father,' exclaimed Ethel, 'you knew that man was a burglar.'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Drayton. 'No wonder.'

'Well, it does seem queer,' Lena remarked, 'but I suppose it is true?'

'Quite true,' said Mr. Lester, who had enjoyed watching the girls' astonishment. 'Nobody knew except your uncle and aunt. And your uncle came all the way to the station to warn us not to let the cat out of the bag. He must enjoy his game to the end.'

'Then,' said Marjory, thoughtfully, 'if Ethel is our cousin that makes it more certain than ever.'

'Makes what more certain, dear?' asked Mrs. Lester.

'Lena's going to school,' Marjory replied.

'What are you talking about, child?' Mr. Lester asked, lifting Marjory on to his knee.

'Oh, I've been trying to persuade Lena to go to Italy with me,' explained Ethel.

'How about Miss Jackson?' Mrs. Lester asked, smiling. She remembered Lena's affection for Miss Jackson.

'Need she come back, Mother?' Lena put the question diffidently.

'No, of course she needn't,' Mr. Drayton remarked, brusquely. 'The girls would be company for each other.'

'But we cannot spare our Lena,' said Mr. Lester.

'Oh, yes, you can, Father!' Lena urged. 'It won't be for ever. Do let me go.'

Mr. Lester shook his head.

Lena went over and talked quietly with Ethel for a moment; then together the two of them approached Mr. Lester.

'Father,' Lena began, hesitatingly, 'you said you must consider what you could do for Ethel—because of the burglar, you know.'

She stopped, and Ethel put in hurriedly, 'Well, will you please let Lena go to Italy with me?'

Mr. Lester could not help laughing, but he replied, 'Really, I couldn't agree to such a step without consideration. What do you say, Mother? They are positively taking us by storm. I really cannot agree yet,' but Lena detected agreement in his voice.

'Oh, yes, you can, Father!' she urged. 'It won't be for very long, and when I return I shall be almost grown-up.'

'Oh, Lena, Lena!' sighed Mrs. Lester; 'you always wished to be grown-up.'

'Yes, I know, Mother,' replied Lena; 'but this will be a different kind of grown-up.'

Mrs. Lester looked at Lena. There was a difference in her, she thought. Surely the voice was gentler, the manner less haughty; but she kept her thoughts to herself, and, turning to Mrs. Drayton, she said, 'And I must thank you for looking after my little girls.'

Mrs. Drayton smiled affectionately. 'I have been the richer,' she replied. 'It has been like having three daughters instead of only one.'

'And now it seems as if we shall have only one daughter instead of two,' said Mr. Lester.

'Then I may go!' cried Lena, who had got Mr. Drayton to help to argue the question with her father.

'I said you would go if you wanted to,' remarked Marjory sagely. 'Never mind. I shall have Father and Mother—and Auntie.'

'And me,' put in Mr. Drayton.

Marjory nodded. 'And Uncle,' she added. 'And you are sure, Ethel, that you'll come back for the holidays?'

'Rather!' replied Ethel. 'That is half the fun!'

TERTIA BENNETT.

THE END.





"Lena remained more or less thoughtful, or, as Ethel put it, dull."





"It was full of cardboard boxes, and each box contained something different."



## JEAN-PIERRE'S BIRTHDAY.

*(Concluded from page 237.)*

A WEEK went by, but Jean-Pierre had not seen anything more of the rich little girl. His mother was not strong enough yet to go back to the shell-factory, and there was more need of fish than ever, for they had very little else to eat. Some of the neighbours would now and then give them potatoes or home-made bread in exchange for some of the fish caught by Jean-Pierre, and they just managed to live, but no more.

Next day would be Jean-Pierre's birthday, but he knew very well he would not have any presents. Who would give them to him? His mother had nothing to spare, his little sisters had no money, the neighbours had all their own wants to attend to.

So Jean-Pierre took his rod and line, and thought: 'Perhaps, if I have luck, I may catch a good lot of fish; that will be a sort of birthday present.'

More than an hour passed, but not a fish came to bite at Jean-Pierre's hook. He felt cold and numbed, sitting so still, so, after putting on fresh bait, he fastened the end of the rod to a bush near the stream, and went for a walk to warm himself.

Poor little Jean-Pierre! To-morrow he would be thirteen, and he felt such a little boy, in spite of all his family cares. If only he could have a good time, like rich men's little boys, or like the pretty little girl who had taken his fish and forgotten him so soon! He did not forget her; but then he was not a rich man's child with cakes to throw away and a new amusement every day.

Jean-Pierre had wandered quite a long way off from the stream, and he stopped, thinking he heard the hum of a motor-car. Yes, it was coming along the road, and it stopped for a bit and then went on again. Well, there were many motors coming along that road now, for so many people came to the big hotel in the town by the river. He must go back and see if a fish had come when he was not there. It might get away again, perhaps.

When Jean-Pierre came near the spot where he had fastened his rod to a bush, he started in surprise, and his heart began to beat quickly. No doubt whatever about it. He could hear the sweet but high-pitched little voice arguing in French with the maid. Jean-Pierre felt shy, so shy that he came very near taking to his heels and making off for the village. But the thought of his rod and line restrained him, so he went slowly round the bend of the stream.

As he came in sight, the little girl in the white silk dress—a new one, with little fluttering bows of ribbon all over it—danced with impatience and clapped her hands.

'Make haste, Jean-Pierre—there is a fish on your hook!'

Jean-Pierre did not forget his manners in his surprise.

'Oh, Mademoiselle, would you not like to catch it yourself? It is yours, you know, if you care to catch it.'

The little girl screamed with laughter, and danced round Jean-Pierre, clapping her hands. 'No, no, Jean-Pierre; you must catch it yourself. Oh, make haste! I do want to see you catch that fish!'

Jean-Pierre unfastened the end of the rod from the bush, and prepared to play the fish. But his line was pulled straight, and the weight at the end of it hung

still. Perhaps it was already played out and exhausted. Wonderingly, Jean-Pierre drew in the line.

As a silvery gleam appeared on the surface of the water, the little girl came close to Jean-Pierre and helped him to draw up the fish. There was need for her to do so, for Jean-Pierre came near dropping rod, line, and everything.

The little boy had caught many kinds of fish, but never one like this. It was of glittering metal, about a foot long, shaped like a carp, and with scales, gills, big eyes, and fins, just like a real fish. And it was heavy, so heavy that the little girl took the rod out of his hands while Jean-Pierre lifted the gorgeous fish on to the bank.

Its mouth was closed by a padlock, and this had been attached to his hook with a piece of gilt wire. As Jean-Pierre laid the wonderful thing on the bank and looked down at it, the little girl put a tiny box into his hand.

'Here is the key, but you must not open it till you get home. Mother said I might give it to you instead of the fish I took from you the other evening. She said I ought not to take your fish without giving you something for it, so I brought you another fish. Didn't I make it bite nicely, Jean-Pierre?'

'But—but Mademoiselle—'

Jean-Pierre did not know what to say, so he just stammered and said nothing; but the little girl had plenty to say, so he only needed to listen.

'How old are you, Jean-Pierre?'

'I shall be thirteen to-morrow, Mademoiselle.'

'Oh, how funny! To-morrow is my birthday too, but I shall only be ten. My papa asked me what I would like for a birthday present, so I said I would like a fish—just this fish. And I asked him to give it to me to-day, because we are going away to-morrow. My papa has to go back to America, and we are all going too—Suzanne and all. So I came to-night because I said I would come and fish with you. Did you think I would come?'

'I—I thought you had forgotten me, Mademoiselle.'

'I am a little American girl, Jean-Pierre, and we don't forget. I have not forgotten that you have a little brother and two sisters. Give me the basket, Suzanne.'

The maid brought up a square wicker basket, with a lid.

'You must not open the fish until you get home, because it is for you. But you can see what is in the basket, because it is for your little brothers and sisters. See, now, I will show you everything.'

The little girl knelt down on the bank and began to unpack the basket. It was full of cardboard boxes and each box contained something different.

The boxes in the top row were the smallest, and were not all of the same shape. Some were square, some oblong. The little girl uncovered them quickly and showed Jean-Pierre what they held.

Two dolls—one dressed in blue silk and one in red silk—with clothes made to take off, and with a fine trousseau for each in the box. Jean-Pierre looked at these with admiration but without much interest, for his sisters would understand them better than he did.

'They can choose which they like, you see, and exchange them afterwards if they like, Jean-Pierre,' said the little girl. 'And some of the other things



are for them too, and the rest for the little brother.'

Toy boats, aeroplanes, motor-cars, toy animals of all kinds in a Noah's Ark; a box of toy soldiers dressed as Jean-Pierre's father had been dressed when he went under the flag; a race game, and a fish-pond game. The little girl showed all these with rapid explanations, and then covered all the boxes and put them aside.

The second row of boxes were all of the same size and shape, and only the things in the boxes were different. Chocolates, preserved fruits, bonbons of all sorts, such as Jean-Pierre had never seen. And in the third row were two very large square boxes, in one of which was a cake covered with almonds, and in the other a brown, glossy, ginger cake.

The little girl replaced all the boxes in the basket in proper order. Jean-Pierre felt that he ought to help her, but he did not dare to touch such lovely things.

'Now, Jean-Pierre, you know what they are to have, and you can see that they divide them properly, won't you?'

'Oh, Mademoiselle, you are too good! I am sure my little brother and my sisters will be surprised. I thank you for them. But—but, Mademoiselle, I cannot take the beautiful fish, for it is your own birthday present.'

'You must take it, Jean-Pierre, because I say so.' The little girl was so decided that Jean-Pierre felt more abashed than ever.

'Look here, Jean-Pierre,' she explained. 'Mother scolded me for taking your fish away from you, when you had only the one, and I could not give it back to you, because I had sent it to the kitchen to be cooked for Papa's dinner. So I asked Papa to give me this other fish, just as it is, for my birthday present, only so that I might give it to you for the first fish. Do you see now why you must take it?'

The little girl told her maid to take the fish and the basket into a parcel, well tied up with paper and string. When this was done, she said, 'Can you carry it home, Jean-Pierre?'

'Oh, yes, Mademoiselle; if I put a loop of string under my arms, I can carry it on my back, and the fishing-rod in my hand.'

'Well, good-bye, Jean-Pierre. Don't forget your little American friend, who has no little sisters and brothers of her own, and is often very lonely.'

Jean-Pierre stood with his cap in his hand until the hum of the big motor-car had died away. Then he walked home very slowly, for his burden was heavy, though his heart was light.

And when he unlocked the padlock and opened the mouth of the glittering fish, he caught hold of his mother's hand with a gasp of wonder. For the fish was full of bright coins, real francs, such as his mother brought home from the factory every week when she was paid her wages. But these franc pieces were all new, and glittered like silver. There were three hundred of them.

In the hollow tail of the fish, right at the end, was a little folded note. The writing was large and round, and Jean-Pierre read it aloud to his mother and the wondering children:—

'DEAR JEAN-PIERRE,—You cannot have this fish for your dinner, but I want you to keep it in memory of

your little American friend, whose birthday it will be to-morrow. I love France and have been very happy here, so don't forget me, though I cannot come and fish with you now. Kind regards to the little sisters and brother, from—ELSIE.'

### THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

I'LL tell you the way to be happy and gay  
And really enjoy life's fun:

Be prompt to obey, and to leave your play

If Mother should say, 'My son,

Come quick to me here,

For I want you, dear,

On an errand for me to run!

Or, 'Put down your toy

And help me, my boy,

In this work that I want to get done!'

### A LOYAL BENEFACTOR.

ALMOST every town of any importance owes a great deal to its benefactors, to those men who have given large sums of money for the purchase of parks, or for the erection of public buildings like libraries and art galleries, though we must not forget that the man who works hard for an object of this kind often accomplishes as much, and is as deserving of as much praise, as the man who pays for them.

In days gone by, when town life was much simpler than it now is, there were not so many ways of doing public good. Still, it is often surprising in what various ways a man could help his town even two or three hundred years ago. John Harrison, who was born in 1579 and died in 1656, was a noted benefactor to the town of Leeds, where a statue to his memory has been erected in Victoria Square. Finding that the parish church was often inconveniently crowded, he built and endowed a new church, St. John's, in 1631, and the parish church having since been re-built, this is now the oldest church in the city. He also built a hospital, or what we should now call alms-houses, for the use of widows who had fallen into poverty. He re-built the Grammar School, and also erected a market cross. He distributed clothing and provisions to the poor, and in other ways gave evidence of his charity and good-will, and he also filled the office of mayor of the town.

Two interesting incidents are related of him. One of them shows how the boy was father to the man. When he was seven years of age, he was walking through the village of Chapel Allerton, near Leeds, when he saw a wretchedly poor boy who had neither coat nor shoes. Little John Harrison's heart was touched with pity, and he then and there took off his own coat, and threw it over the shoulders of the poor boy.

The other incident occurred about sixty years later, when Harrison was approaching seventy years of age. The Civil War was in progress, and Charles the First, who had surrendered himself to the Scots and been delivered by them to the English, was a prisoner on his way to Holmby House in Northamptonshire. He passed through Leeds, and lodged in a house known as Red Hall, because, it is said, it was the first house in Leeds which was built of brick. Harrison was a Royalist, and when he learned that the king was staying in Red Hall,





"He handed the tankard to his master."

which was not far from his own residence, he obtained permission from the officers of the guard to carry to the king a tankard of excellent beer. When he got into the royal presence, and he and the king were alone, he handed the tankard to his master. The latter found it very

heavy, and on raising the lid discovered that the tankard was filled with gold coins, which he hid in his clothing as quickly as possible, after which he returned the empty tankard with hearty thanks to his generous and loyal subject.





"He broke off suddenly, and pointed across the canal. 'Why, there he is,' he said."

#### THE MISSING TAPESTRY.

**J**ACK HALWELL, wearing an expression of profound melancholy, sat on the bank of the canal that runs through the little Dutch fishing town of Dernhuyl, and gazed gloomily across the water. To the remarks of his friend and faithful ally, Dirk Van Raalte, who lay beside him, he returned only monosyllabic, even snappy, replies—for Jack felt very depressed.

An orphan, and for the greater part of the year in the charge of an elderly aunt who lived in Yorkshire, he was now, according to his custom, spending his summer holiday with his friend Dirk, whose father had been Mr. Halwell's closest friend. His depression was due to the fact that, although he was not yet sixteen, he was to have but one more term at school, after which his uncle proposed to take him into his office, the money



left for his education by his father having come to an end. In the opinion of his uncle, who had never been to school at all, sixteen was the perfect age for launching out upon a career of commerce. Jack, however, seeing before him an end to these long and pleasant weeks in Dernhuys, thought otherwise. He felt convinced that his uncle would never allow him again to wear either the easy, comfortable Scout's kit or the equally jolly Dutch clothes—baggy trousers and wooden shoes—that he frequently affected at times like these.

'It's rotten,' he said, 'as far as I can see, because it may be years before I get a long-enough holiday to come over here again. No more fishing with you and Jan——' He broke off suddenly and pointed across the canal. 'Why, there he is,' he said, and sent forth a long and piercing whistle. The fisherman on the other side of the canal looked up and waved a long arm.

Dirk rose to his feet. 'Come on,' he said, 'let's go over to him.'

The two lads crossed the little bridge near by and made their way down the other bank of the canal to where Jan stood waiting for them with a large and welcoming grin. As they came up the fisherman spoke rapidly to Dirk, for Jack's knowledge of the language was not strong enough to stand the strain of ordinary conversation, though Dirk, as a result of his childhood spent almost entirely in England, was equally at home with either Dutch or English.

Presently Dirk turned again to his friend. 'He asked if we had any news about the tapestry,' he said.

Jack shook his head. The tapestry in question was a wonderful old piece of Flemish workmanship, belonging to Mr. Van Raalte, which had disappeared unaccountably from the latter's library a month before. No trace was forthcoming as to where it had gone or by whom it had been taken, despite the reward offered by Mr. Van Raalte for its recovery. The tapestry was, by reason of its age and great beauty, of considerable value, and its theft had greatly excited the little town, the more so as Mr. Van Raalte was greatly beloved by all the fishermen and townsfolk. Jack and Dirk had spent much time in exploring likely and unlikely spots for some clue to the mystery, but without any success, and were beginning to feel a little disheartened as to its ever being recovered. Jack also found its disappearance somewhat outweighed in his mind by the colourless prospect of his own future. He said as much to Dirk as they left the canal-side and made their way back to the house.

'Never mind,' said Dirk, cheerfully, 'something may turn up yet, and you've got another fortnight here, anyway. We'll get Jan and Hals to let us have their boat this afternoon and see if we can catch anything.' And the matter dropped.

(Continued on page 279.)

## STRAWBERRIES AND CREAM.

'ANDERSEN'S CELLAR' is known to every Dane. Those who have visited Copenhagen in summer-time will never forget the feast they had there—for about sixpence. This is how one of our English newspapers has described it:—

'Piles of strawberries, quart jugs of cream partly whipped, great basins of sugar, and nothing else, all down the long table in the cool basement to which the visitor descends from the hot street.'

Does not this description make your mouth water?

## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.

(Continued from page 260.)

### CHAPTER XI.

THAT same afternoon the Queen's letter was safely delivered, for Master Van Scheepen was an honest and trustworthy man, and he carried out Captain Burke's instructions faithfully.

Truly it was a great occasion for me—who had never in my wildest dreams thought to have private speech with a prince—and it must be confessed that I felt bashful enough as I followed the good merchant through the streets of Antwerp on our way to the royal mansion.

A splendid house it was, tall and stately, and built in the Spanish fashion, but it was a chill, gloomy place in spite of the magnificence, and I shivered with cold and trepidation as I stood in the ante-room outside the Prince's apartments, staring at a great wall-hanging of needlework.

'Courage, Jock!' whispered Red Robin, who had accompanied Master Van Scheepen and me to the castle. 'You look more like a naughty schoolboy waiting for a whipping than a man favoured by princes. Now, if I were in your shoes, I would——'

And then he was interrupted, for a door opened and a richly-clad page came out and approached us. 'His Highness would speak with Master John Drummond,' he said, in French, which, to my thankful wonder, I understood; so I stepped forward, the halberdiers who were keeping guard standing aside, and went alone into the royal presence.

'A cat may look at a king.' Old Molly's wise saw drifted once more through my mind at that moment, and I repeated the words foolishly to myself; but, when the threshold of the chamber was crossed, all fears were quickly forgotten, so kindly was the face of the Prince, and so courteous the words with which he inquired my errand and questioned me as to my journey.

'You bring a letter from my royal cousin?' he said; and then I straightway produced the precious missive, and delivered it with a low bow into his hand.

I was so glad and relieved to be rid of the letter, and of the grievous responsibility that it had been to me, that the blood surged into my head, and I hardly remember clearly the words with which the Prince thanked me for the service rendered; but, when he had broken the seal of the letter and glanced at it with eagerness in his dark eyes, he folded it again and turned his attention forthwith to other matters.

'There is something else for which I must e'en give you grateful thanks, John Drummond,' he said; 'and that is my life, which, so they tell me, would have been forfeit to-day had it not been for your hardihood and enterprise. But you are young as yet, good sir, and have not reached your full strength and growth—surely it is not possible that you overcame those treacherous dogs single-handed?'

He glanced at me with keen scrutiny, but no trace of mockery in his face, and in my faltering French I hastened to stammer out explanations and excuses. 'Nay, sir—your Highness—I was not alone—and my friend—Red Robin—it was who found the gunpowder and who held the clerk; I did but tread out the fire and



ery for help, and give what small succour I could. Red Robin, he——

'Who is this Red Robin?' And then nothing would suffice the Prince but that my old school-fellow should also be summoned to his presence. In another minute Robin was in the room, bowing and scraping awkwardly, and with his face as red as a turkey-cock—in spite of all his bold speeches and protestations.

'It gives me pleasure to meet you, sir,' his Highness said, holding out a hand in greeting, and this Robin first gripped and shook heartily, and afterwards kissed with an obeisance so low that he nearly fell forward on to the carpet.

The Prince smiled kindly, no whit offended with this uncouth courtier, and then, bidding us be seated, he summoned a servant, who brought in dishes of almond cakes, most delicate to the taste, together with comfits and rare fruits wonderfully conserved in rich syrup. While we regaled ourselves on these dainties, which truly were fit for a king's table, he questioned us anew as to our adventure in the church vault, and finally, when the interview came to an end, gave orders that we were to be admitted to his presence again on the following day.

'There are certain matters of State which must have my attention now,' he said. 'But I have not learned, as yet, what business brought you to Antwerp, nor what are your future purposes. To-morrow, doubtless, good Master Van Schepen, who has promised to entertain you in our behalf, will show you the sights and treasures that still remain in this poor city, and then arrangements shall be made for your safe conduct and passage back to your own country.'

We were then delivered once more into the keeping of Master Van Schepen, who took us to his own house, presented us to his wife—a most comely and portly lady—and treated us in every way as honoured guests.

It was not until late that evening, when we had retired to the bedchamber allotted to us, that Red Robin and I had a chance of private speech together, and then, not much to my surprise, it quickly became apparent that Robin had in very truth changed his allegiance, and was now heart and soul for the Prince of Orange and for the Protestant cause.

'I would spill the last drop of my blood in his service; I would most gladly lay down my life for his sake,' the boy declared, his cheeks aflame and his eyes a-glitter as he spoke. 'So noble a gentleman as he is, so valiant a warrior, and so great a prince. To-morrow, when we see him again, I will beg him to let me fight in his army, or, at the least, be a henchman or scullion in his royal household.'

'For my part, I do not mean to visit his Highness to-morrow,' I interrupted, breaking in rudely enough on Robin's rhapsodies. 'Nay, you need not look so horrified,' for the boy's eyes and mouth had opened wide in amazement, 'the Prince is truly all that you have said, and more, too, as who should know better than I? But you forget that I have business of my own in Flanders, and dare not run the risk of being prevented in this matter and sent packing back to Scotland. You heard what was said of a safe-conduct; should we go again to the palace, it will be the first stage on our homeward journey, and the end of all our adventures and travel.'

'But how? Why? When? What?' Robin's questioning words tripped over each other on his

tongue; and then I told him all the plans that I had made; for my mind had been at work with them all the evening, and now as far as I myself was concerned, a decision had been reached.

I related, too, the tale of the previous night's doings—of the burnt houses; of the band of young Scots; of their absent comrade, Hamish McCrae; and of how I had been enrolled as a soldier in the famous Brigade.

'I mean to leave this place at cock-crow, Robin,' I said. 'The window is low, and escape will be an easy matter enough. The city gates are opened at sunrise—that I know—and even if any one sought to hinder us we can contrive to pass out unobserved among the waggons and throngs of country-folk. You can do what you like, so take your choice without delay. Either come with me and be a soldier of the Scots Brigade, as is fitting; or stay behind, offer your sword—or that pirate's knife of yours, seeing that it is the only weapon you have—to his Highness, and then be bundled home like a bale of merchandise for your pains. As for me, my mind is made up, and I mean to be fairly on the way to Ghent before the dew has dried on the grass.'

Robin hesitated, and refused and consented, and changed his mind again and again; but, in the end, he decided to accompany me on my journey. In spite of his hot head, the boy had a shrewd wit of his own, and I think he saw that there was truth in my argument when I declared that the speediest way to serve his new hero would be to enlist forthwith in the Scots Brigade.

'The Scots are fighting for the Prince of Orange and against his enemies,' I said. 'And in their company we shall quickly reach the battlefield itself. Think of the great adventures that we shall have, my lad, and of the fine chances to win fame and fortune.'

Robin got up from the pallet bed on which he had been seated then, and going to the window, flung back the heavy wooden shutters and leaned far out into the pale moonlight. 'There is a cabbage patch below that should make soft falling,' he said. 'And 'tis but a matter of ten feet or so at the most. I will let myself down first, Jock, and you, being but a little fellow, can make shift to clamber on to my shoulders.'

I followed him, and we looked out together through the open casement. There was a gutter beneath, and some carved stonework that would give a sure foothold. Truly the escape from this Flemish house would be but a childish escapade to one who had swung over the steep cliff face beneath the 'Corbies' Nest.'

The next morning everything turned out well, and we had no difficulty in getting out of Master Van Schepen's house and away, while the good merchant and his household were still abed. I had forgotten, in making my plans, that the broad river of Scheldt lay between us and Flanders; but a fi' herman, when he saw one of my silver pieces, carried us over in his boat willingly enough—and asked no questions, or if he did, we could not understand a word that he said. Then we set off across the open country in a westerly direction—as had been explained to me by my friend Gavin—and were soon well on our way.

We had bought some bread and yellow cheese early in the morning, of an old woman who had set up her stall in a little market-place not far from Master Van Schepen's house, and we ate the food with good appetite as we tramped along, marching in step and shoulder to shoulder, as if already soldiers, drilled and equipped.

(Continued on page 274.)





"I produced the precious missive, and delivered it with a low bow into his Highness' hand."





“He lifted me bodily on his shoulder . . . and strode out of the tumult.”



## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Continued from page 271.)

THE land that we traversed was desolate enough, it is true, for it had suffered many years of most cruel warfare. The fields were unsown and full of weeds, the fruit-trees run wild, and here and there the blackened beams of a burnt homestead showed among the budding willows. It was enough to sadden any heart, and yet, on that gay spring morning, we could not feel downcast, for the sun shone brightly, the grass was fresh and green, and the water in pools and streams and ditches gleamed like silver. Every now and then I asked the way of some wayfarer—or, at least, for I knew no Flemish, said the one word, 'Ghent,' loud and clearly, and noted well the direction that was pointed out in answer. When evening came, there being no town or village in sight, we took refuge in a ruined barn, and, having devoured the remnants of our food, slept soundly on a pile of musty fodder. The next day we were up with the lark, and glad enough at about seven o'clock to reach a farm, where a further store of provisions could be obtained.

The folk in this place eyed us curiously; but were ready to sell us what they had, rye bread and a couple of eggs, and a bowl of goat's milk, when they saw my silver pieces. We ate our breakfast in a corner of a farmhouse kitchen, the people staring at us the while as if we were a pair of Turks or some such strange creature.

They had a frightened look, those Flemish peasants, and the house wore a woe-begone and poverty-stricken air. There were holes in the roof; but the bolts and bars of the door were strong, as if they might be needed at any moment to bar out a sudden foe.

Robin and I were both glad to get away from that sorrowful farm, and be out on our journey again.

That second day we trudged across a barren moorland, where but few signs of life were to be seen, and late in the afternoon there showed, in the misty distance, the towers and battlemented walls of a great city. The sun was hidden behind heavy clouds by that time, and a chilly small rain was falling thickly.

Our high spirits drooped somewhat as the hours went by, for we were tired and footsore, and very hungry. Robin openly lamented the comforts and luxuries of Master Van Schepen's friendly mansion, and, for my part, I began to wonder whether, perhaps, after all, it would not have been better to have abode in Antwerp and sought to enlist the help of his Highness on my father's behalf. So great a prince as he, and so noble a gentleman, would surely have been able to compass the rescue of a captive in his domains—even if the place of imprisonment were unknown.

Robin's temper, and mine too, wore thin as we tramped those last weary miles, and I think that we should have come to blows, had the distance between Antwerp and Ghent been twelve leagues instead of ten.

And then, even when at sunset we did reach the city, it appeared that our troubles were not at an end, for although Gavin had given me instructions as to the whereabouts of the Scottish camp, I found these very difficult either to remember or to follow, especially as dusk was coming on apace, and there seemed to be some

disturbance on foot in the town. Afterwards we learned that the men of Ghent have always been noted for their turbulence and savage humours; but that evening, as we saw the dense mobs and listened to the outcries, we wondered whether victorious Spaniards had entered the city, and were even then putting the inhabitants to the sword.

At last, after many weary wanderings and vain questionings, Robin and I found ourselves entangled in a great noisy concourse of people, who had gathered together in an open space to listen to the words of a brawny fellow in butcher's garb. Of what he said we, of course, could make nothing; but it seemed to be some matter of importance and excitement, for the crowd greeted his words with shouts and cheers, and groans and laughter. We were forced to stand still, so closely did the throng press on every side, and, after a time, managed to clamber up on to an old ancient cannon, where we could breathe freely and, moreover, see something of what was going on.

'We must need stay here till the crowds disperse,' I began, and then stopped short, for I had suddenly caught sight of a familiar countenance among that sea of dim uplifted faces. 'Black Douglas! Black Douglas!' With the help of Robin's shoulder, I scrambled to my feet and stood there, on the brazen muzzle of the gun, waving my bonnet and shouting at the top of my voice.

For a long time in that hubbub and throng, it was impossible to make Douglas see me, yell and wave as I would, but at last, in a moment's lull, I managed to gain his ear and eye. 'Hullo, laddie!' he roared, and then, grinning widely, pushed his way towards us with great sweeps of his sunburnt, powerful arms. 'How now, Jock, what do ye here among these rebels,' he said when he reached the cannon, and without waiting for an answer he lifted me bodily on to his shoulder, and thus burdened, and with Red Robin clinging to his kilt, strode out of the tumult and up the steps of a great church.

I made haste then, remembering my manners, to make Robin known to our rescuer, who greeted him warmly, taking it for granted that he was a new recruit seeking enlistment in the Scots Brigade.

'We will get us to the camp outside the city as soon as this riot is at an end,' Douglas said, eyeing the surging throng with disfavour; 'but if we try and push through now we shall have our garments torn from our backs, and, maybe, lose our lives into the bargain.'

We waited there for upwards of an hour, Douglas questioning us and answering our inquiries in turn, and, to my joy, it appeared that Gavin and the rest were still in Ghent, and that they had been joined by the veteran Hamish McCrae.

'Ye have but just come in time, laddie,' Douglas explained, pushing back the lint-white locks from his hot brow, 'for our orders have arrived, the arrears of pay have been distributed, and we march eastward at dawn to-morrow. 'Tis said that we go to meet that Spanish tiger, Don John of Austria, who, having drubbed us soundly with his army of wizards at Gembloux Wood, is now laying siege to Philipville. We will find room for you in our ranks, John Drummond, even if you be too young as yet to bear arms, and this fellow'—he clapped Robin on the shoulder—'will make a stout soldier and strike many a hard blow, doubtless, for Faith and Freedom.'



By moonrise, the crowd having thinned somewhat, we went on our way, and a fine welcome awaited us, I can tell you, in the camp of the Scots. A good meal was provided, our wet clothes were dried, and then room was made for us before a roaring fire, and the young men, Gavin and the rest, gathered round and listened eagerly to the tale of our adventures.

The story was hardly finished, and I was still answering questions as to the powder-casks beneath the church, when there came a movement on the outskirts of the group, and a tall, gaunt figure came forward into the red firelight.

'Hamish McCrae!' Gavin sprang to his feet, seizing the newcomer by the arm, and then he pointed to me, explaining who I was and what was my purpose in coming to Flanders.

Hamish was a huge, broad-shouldered fellow, older by a dozen years and more than any other of our company, with a grim, weather-beaten face and a rough, grizzled beard covering his cheeks and chin. His aspect was formidable enough, that could not be denied, and he was a man one would not choose for an enemy, but the fierce blue eyes beneath the frowning brows could twinkle merrily, and there was an honest heart—yea, and a soft one, too—beneath the battered steel breastplate. He smiled at me now, when I scrambled to my feet to greet him, and patted my shoulder kindly.

'John Drummond! That is a familiar name to me, young sir,' he said, seating himself on a wooden stool and warming his bony hands at the blaze. 'And so you are the son of my old comrade? He is a captive, you say? Well, that is both ill news and good, for I have believed him dead these many years, and 'tis better to be in a dungeon than in a grave. Methinks he must have been taken in the fight at Mook Heath, for we battled side by side that day, Jock and I, and both were wounded. I only escaped capture myself because the Dons believed me at the point of death and so not worth the taking.'

'At Mook Heath!' This was the first clue we had had to my father's fate, except for the letter brought by the drowned sailor, and now I hastened to get out my wallet and show that precious letter to this new friend. He took it from me with careful fingers, and his hard face grew strangely tender as he examined the blurred script and the pitiful little childish picture.

*(Continued on page 286.)*

## THE HIGHWAYS OF THE WORLD.

### VI.—CALAIS TO VENICE (2).

WE broke off our journey from Calais to Venice on the St. Gothard railway, and now, before entering the great tunnel, we will leave the train for a little while at Goschenen, on the Swiss side of the mountain, and go up the pass towards Andermatt, along the river Reuss, and across the famous 'Pont de Diable,' where can be seen the old broken arch of the ancient bridge, beneath the modern structure over which the road is carried.

There is little sunshine in this narrow gorge, and a bitter wind blows through it, which, perhaps, gained for the spot its sinister name. It is certainly a gloomy and awe-inspiring place, with the dark, towering mountain above and the torrent rushing and roaring below; and

the history of the Devil's Bridge also fits its title, for a great battle was fought here at the end of the eighteenth century, when the Austrian and Russian armies drove back the French, who were defending the pass.

The French fought with great bravery in this battle, and it is said that Suwaroff, the Russian general, fearing that his attack would prove unsuccessful, had a grave dug at the head of his troops, and laying himself down in it, said to his soldiers: 'My children, I don't stir from this spot until you have driven the enemy out. If you fail, this will be my burying-place.' The Russians, thus put on their mettle, attacked the French again and again, until at last they succeeded in gaining the position. There is a story that, during the battle, the Devil's Bridge was strengthened with wooden beams, tied together with the scarves of the Russian officers.

We go back to Goschenen now, and our train carries us through the long tunnel and out into the warmth and sunshine of Italy. We are on the banks of the Ticino, and follow the course of that river down a beautiful valley, passing at one point through the Stretto di Stalvedro, a narrow gorge, which in 1799 was held for twelve hours by a little force of six hundred French soldiers against a great Russian army.

I have said that on coming out of the St. Gothard tunnel we find ourselves in Italy, but this is not really the case after all, for the frontier dividing Switzerland and Italy is not the mountain range, as we should expect, but is much further south, and runs across the lakes of Como and Maggiore. However, although this district may be Swiss in name, it is entirely Italian in character, for the climate, the faces, the flowers, and the fruits are those of the south; dark pine-trees have given place to walnuts and chestnuts, and the people speak the soft, musical Italian language instead of the harsh German that our ears have grown accustomed to hear on the other side of the Alps.

Lugano is soon reached, with its quaint arcaded streets and blue lake, and then we go on to the frontier at Chiasso, crossing the lake by a narrow causeway, where our train almost seems as if it were steaming along on the surface of the water. Chiasso is situated on Lago da Como, perhaps the most beautiful of all the lovely Italian lakes, and then comes the fertile plain of Lombardy, and Milan, the chief city of the province, where we must stop for awhile to visit the picture-galleries and the ancient churches and the great white marble cathedral, that looks like a copy of the gleaming, snow-capped mountains that can still be seen far away on the northern horizon.

Lombardy is named after the Lombards, or Langobards, the long-bearded German tribesmen who, in 568, invaded Italy. Before that time, however, and for many centuries after, these fertile plains suffered cruelly from the northern barbarians, who used to pour through the passes of the mountains and over-run the country, murdering, burning, and pillaging as they went.

Huns and Goths and Vandals, all these in turn devastated Italy, and later came the savage German mercenaries of the Middle Ages, and the long period of Austrian tyranny.

It is only now, with the Great War, that the whole of Italy has been freed and the frontier of her North-Eastern provinces pushed back to the line of the Alps.

All through Mediæval times, then, the constant raids and invasions went on, and the cities of Lombardy and Venetia banded themselves together in a league, in





enemy, these fortress towns did not hesitate to engage in fierce disputes and conflicts among themselves.

In those times each city was a little republic in itself, ruled by arrogant and despotic princes, whose power descended from father to son and from century to century, and their annals are melodramatic with wild stories of constant feuds and revolts, and assassinations and cruel deeds of revenge.

The Scaligers of Verona, the Sforzas of Milan, and the Gonzagas of Mantua, all seem to have been equally haughty and warlike; while the quarrels of Guelph and Ghibeline, and of Montague and Capulet have become famous in history and in romance.

But, although so much of their time was devoted to military affairs, the citizens of these old walled towns excelled in other directions as well, for the Milanese and Venetian merchants carried their wares to every market of Europe, and here, in London, we have Lombard Street, named after the enterprising foreign traders who gathered together to do business in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange.

And in art and science and in learning, too, these Lombards and Venetians took a foremost place. Almost every city had its own school of painting in those days—each has still its wonderful pictures and buildings—

order that the attacks of the barbarians might be repelled.

We can see now, at Brescia, Mantua, Verona, and the other ancient towns, traces of old walls, gates and watch-towers, and when they were not united against a common

and Padua was one of the oldest and greatest universities in the world.

Milan, the capital of the province of Lombardy, and the largest town in Italy, was called Mediolanum in ancient times. It was founded by the Etruscans, so it

From the St. Gothard Tunnel to Milan—



is said, and became Roman in the year 222 B.C. After that time it was so wealthy and prosperous that it was only second in importance to the imperial city itself.

There were temples and palaces and triumphal arches in Milan in those days, but now hardly a trace of the Roman period remains, for again and again the city was attacked by barbarian hordes, and in 1162 it was so entirely destroyed by the armies of Frederick Barbarossa that only a few churches remained standing among piles of ruins.

The other cities of North Italy—Brescia, Bergamo, Mantua, and Verona—came to the assistance of their ally then, and Milan was soon rebuilt, the old church of St. Ambrogio being restored. This church still remains, to remind us of the turbulent twelfth century days, and of the famous St. Ambrose, first Bishop of Milan, to whom it is dedicated. This St. Ambrose is one of the patron saints of the city, and he was a brave and fearless man, who did not hesitate to defy even the Emperor of Rome himself, for when Theodosius came to the church after the cruel massacre at Salonika, which he had ordered, the doors were shut in his face, and he was resolutely refused admittance until he had repented and done penance for his crime.

We are still shown, at St. Ambrogio, the cypress-wood panels of the famous doors, and can picture the bishop in his gorgeous vestments, confronting the proud emperor and refusing him an entrance into the sacred building.

From Milan we travel eastward, across green plains where the thick-growing mulberry-trees remind us that silk-weaving is one of the great industries of Lombardy, and reach Brescia, the Brixia of Roman times, a peaceful, old-fashioned place enough now, but one which has had as exciting a history as any of its sister cities, for it was sacked by the French under Gaston de Foix in the sixteenth century, and, even as lately as 1849, was bombarded by the Austrians.

From Brescia we go on to Densenzano, across the great battlefield of Solferino, where, on June 24th, 1859, the Austrian armies were defeated by the allied French and Italians. Densenzano is situated on Lago di Garda, a lake which is all Italian now, but before the war its northern extremity was Austrian, being in the province of Trentino, which has just been restored to Italy after being under foreign rule for centuries. Many terrible battles were fought in the Trentino and along the shores of Garda in the great campaign, and there, as in France



—and across Italy to Venice.



and in Belgium, British soldiers stood side by side with their allies, and British guns helped to drive back the enemy across the mountains.

Verona is the next stopping-place on our journey, and we must stay here for a while, for it is one of the most beautiful and interesting cities in all Italy. It is a place, too, which must have an especial charm for all English boys and girls, for here Shakespeare laid the scene of two of his plays, and it is not only the figures of history, the soldiers and the scholars and the painters, that we seem to see in the quaint, narrow streets and riding through the picturesque market-place, but also the heroes and heroines of our own great poet's wonderful romances.

The first scene of *Romeo and Juliet* takes place in a public place in Verona, which may have been either the Piazza delle Erbe or the Piazza dei Signori, where the princes of the Scala family are buried, and there are still palaces and cypress-grown gardens and cloistered churchyards where we can picture Friar Laurence, the ill-fated lovers, and all the friends and retainers of the proud hostile houses of Montague and Capulet.

In Verona, too, we meet Valentine and Proteus, the 'Two Gentlemen' of another play, while Launce surely loiters through the cobbled street with his sour-natured dog, Crab, at his heels. And it is not only at Verona that we meet the men and women of Shakespeare's plays, for Katherine, the shrew, had her home in Padua; and at Venice we see Portia and Bassanio, Desdemona and Iago, Shylock the Jew, and Othello the Moor.

We are coming near to Venice now, the Queen of the Adriatic, and to-day the goal of our long journey, a city that looks almost like fairy-land, as we see it first, lying far out at sea, with its bell-towers and marble palaces showing against the blue sky, and its fishing-boats, with their scarlet and orange and gold sails, skimming like bright-winged butterflies across the smooth water of the lagoons.

All the way from Calais we seem to have travelled across battlefields, with the clash of arms and the roar of cannon in our ears, and even this lovely town had its origin in warfare, for it was in order to escape the Huns and other barbarous invaders that the people of the province of Venetia left the mainland long ago and took refuge among the islands and marshes and intricate waterways of the Adriatic coast.

'There is a glorious city in the sea,  
The sea is in the wide, the narrow streets,  
Ebbing and flowing.'

There could not be a better description of Venice than that, for instead of streets there are canals, with the houses and churches rising straight from the water, and instead of carriages and motor-cars, there are steamers, and the strange gondolas that are still black and undecorated because, in the extravagant Middle Ages, laws were passed to restrain the foolish luxury of the noblemen and wealthy merchants.

Venice was one of the richest cities of Italy in those old days, and was for centuries the rival of the other great port, Genoa. Now, although its prosperity and glory may have departed, its beauty remains, and, with its churches and pictures and statues, its sunsets and its moonlight nights, and its white-winged pigeons, it is one of the treasure-houses and wonder-lands of the whole world.

## A RATHER OLD TREE.

WHAT is the oldest of living things in this world? Surely it must be the cypress-tree which stands in the churchyard of a South Mexican village, and is supposed to be between five thousand and six thousand years old.

This tree began to show itself above the ground in 3000 B.C., when King Menes was the ruler of Egypt. When Cheops drove his miserable crowds of slaves to the task of building the Great Pyramid—one of the 'Seven Wonders of the World'—the tree was only two hundred years old. It was fifteen hundred years of age when the Hebrews went out of Egypt.

And this wonderful old tree seems to be still growing. It was discovered a century ago by Humboldt, who nailed to its trunk a wooden tablet, which is now almost hidden by a growth of bark.

The last time the trunk was measured, its girth, four feet from the ground, was one hundred and twenty-six feet in circumference!

## AN ENIGMA ON THE LETTER 'I.'

THERE is a famous enigma on the letter 'I.' But that on the letter 'I,' by the same author (Miss Catherine Maria Fanshawe) is not so well known. Here it is. It is rather long, but if you get tired of it you must leave out some of it. (There *are* people who seem *never* tired of talking about 'I'.)

I am not in youth, nor in manhood, nor age;  
But in infancy ever am known;  
I am stranger alike to the fool and the sage;  
And, though I'm distinguish'd in history's page,  
I always am greatest alone.

I am not in the earth, nor the sun, nor the moon;  
You may search all the sky, I'm not there;  
In the morning and evening, though not in the noon,  
You may plainly perceive me; for, like a balloon,  
I am always suspended in air.

I am always in riches; and yet, I am told,  
Wealth ne'er did my presence desire,  
I dwell with the miser, but not with his gold;  
And sometimes I stand in his chimney so cold,  
Though I serve as a part of the fire.

I often am met in political life;  
In my absence no kingdom can be.  
And they say there can never be friendship or strife,  
No one can live single, no one take a wife,  
Without interfering with me.

My brethen are many; and of my whole race  
Not one is more slender and tall:  
And, though not the oldest, I hold the first place,  
And ev'n in dishonour, despair, and disgrace,  
I boldly appear 'midst them all.

Though disease may possess me, and sickness and pain,  
I am never in sorrow or gloom:  
Though in wit and in wisdom I equally reign,  
I'm the heart of all sin, and have long lived in vain,  
And ne'er shall be found in the tomb.



## ADVICE.

'ZIT-ZIT, Zit-zit,' chirped the little Tom-tit,  
'You are looking at me, but I don't care a bit;  
I shall sit here and sing, while you sit there and purr,  
For I've wings and feathers, you've nothing but fur!'

'Zit-zit, Zit-zit,' chirped the little Tom-tit,  
'You are waiting for me, but I don't care a bit;  
When I'm tired of this bough, I shall fly to the nut  
That hangs on the spout, near the roof of the hut.'

'Zit-zit, Zit-zit,' chirped the little Tom-tit,  
'You may follow me there, and I shan't mind a bit;  
When I've fed, I shall fly to my home in the wall,—  
The nest is deep down, and the opening is small.'

'Your tail you may wave, and your back you may bend,  
And your fur and your whiskers may stand up on end;  
While you sit there and grumble, I shan't mind at all,  
But lie, snug and safe, in the heart of the wall;

'It's as strong as a fortress, and steep as a hill,  
It's been scratched on before, yet it's standing there still!  
You'll find waiting for tits is a poor game for cats,—  
You'd far better go to the barn and catch rats.'

LILIAN HOLMES.

## SNOWBALLING BUNNY.

A PARTY of children, one bright winter's day,  
Went into the meadows at snowballs to play;  
But just as they started the snowballs to shy,  
A rabbit popped out of a spinney close by.

'Let's snowball the bunny!' they shouted with glee.  
'No, you don't!' answered Bunny, as quick as could be.  
He dodged the first volley, and ere they could stoop  
To pick up fresh balls, he rushed into the group,

And ran 'twixt their legs, which astonished them so,  
They tripped up and tumbled right into the snow!  
And Bunny called out, as he scampered away,  
'What a nice game of snowballs! I'll wish you Good-  
day!'

KATHERINE E. SHERRIFF.

## THE MISSING TAPESTRY.

(Continued from page 270.)

THAT afternoon the two boys again made their way into the town, turning their steps to the long beach where the fishing-boats were drawn up above the water. Here they found the ever-cheerful Jan and his brother Hals peacefully smoking in their boat, and to them put the question of the trip. The brothers shook their heads, and addressed themselves to Dirk.

'They say,' he explained to Jack, 'that there is a storm coming.'

Jack looked out to sea. 'Rot!' he answered inelegantly; 'it's as flat as a hat. Not a cloud in the sky, either.'

Presented with this point of view by the obliging Dirk, the fishermen remained unconvinced, and after continuing the argument unsuccessfully for some minutes, Dirk turned to Jack and confessed himself beaten. 'No good,' he said, 'they won't let us have the boat.'

They still swear there's a storm coming. Perhaps there is.'

'Even if there is,' returned Jack, 'we shall be back long before it catches us. We're not going to stay out all the afternoon. Let's try some one else.' And they moved away along the beach.

Their next victim, an elderly fisherman of a placid disposition and a constitutional dislike of argument, proved to be of the same opinion as Jan and Hals in the matter of the storm. Dirk, however, let loose all his persuasive powers, and by pointing out that they only intended to be away for an hour at most, succeeded in wringing from the reluctant old man the desired permission for the use of the boat, which was anchored a little distance from the shore.

Just as they were about to push off in a small dinghy, however, the elderly fisherman appeared struck by an idea, and came hurrying down to the water's edge. Addressing a brief explanation to Dirk, he proceeded to clamber into the dinghy.

Dirk turned to Jack. 'He says he's coming too,' he said. 'Says he wants to visit some pots out there, and he may as well take this chance. It can't be helped.' Jack nodded gloomily and they pulled for the boat.

In a very short time they were spinning along before a stiff breeze, and the swift rush of clean, salt air and the exhilarating motion drove all thoughts of grievances and his own trouble out of Jack's head. 'This is ripping,' he said enthusiastically to Dirk, as he steadied himself with one hand on the mast and watched the water curling away from the bow. His friend agreed heartily, and they turned to help the fisherman as they drew level with his pots.

The work over, they swung about for the shore. But a change had come over the appearance of the sky and water. Threatening black clouds had come up imperceptibly from the horizon, and the waves were noticeably larger. Jack noticed that the old man was glancing nervously at the heavens. 'What's worrying him?' he said to Dirk, and the latter spoke to their captain in rapid Dutch. The old man shook his head doubtfully and pointed aloft, the while he mumbled in his beard.

'He says that he's afraid the storm will catch us before we can get back into shelter,' said Dirk. His face, too, seemed a little worried.

Jack, who had no great knowledge of these waters, saw no cause for alarm. 'Well,' he said, 'that'll be jolly exciting, if it does catch us,' and pulled his cap down over his eyes.

The wind and the waves increased every moment in vigour, and the little boat began to roll and pitch to an uncomfortable degree. The shore was almost invisible now through the rapidly-gathering gloom, and, to make matters worse, it began to rain, steadily and relentlessly. The old man, muttering to himself, glanced this way and that, clinging to the tiller with both hands, as the pitching of the boat threatened to jerk it from his grasp. The boys had abandoned their exposed position in the bows, and crouched beside him, trying to pierce the veil of mist and driving rain that rapidly grew thicker. The storm grew momentarily fiercer, and Jack, though he would not for the world have revealed it either to Dirk or to the old fisherman, began to feel a little scared.

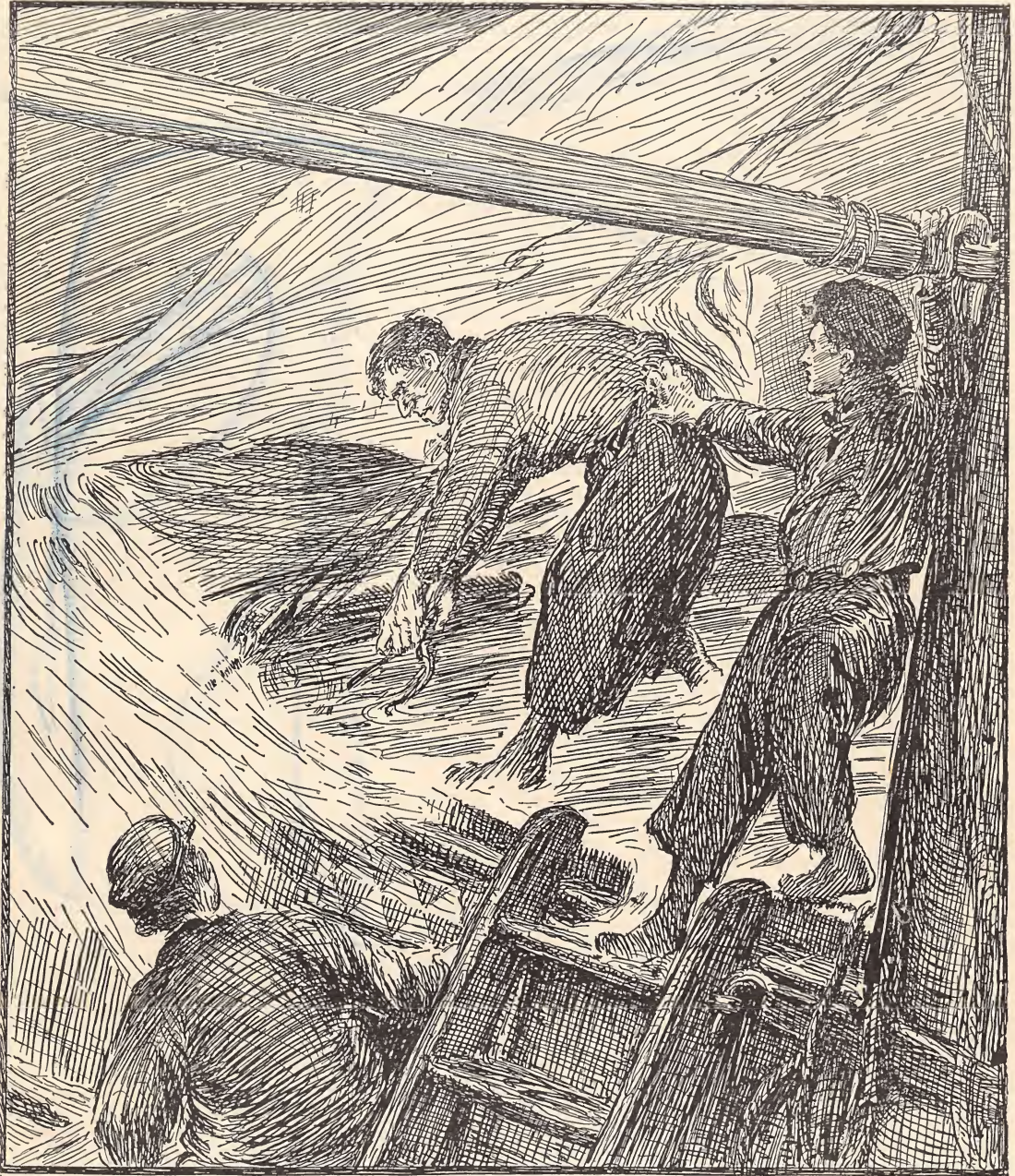
(Continued on page 282.)





"Peacefully smoking in their boat."





“Jack seized him by the belt with one hand and with the other took a firm grip of the mast.”



## THE MISSING TAPESTRY.

*(Continued from page 279.)*

**S**UDDENLY there was a rending crash, half-drowned by the howl of the wind, and Jack saw that the foresail had broken away and was flapping wildly in the gale. The old man half rose and pointed, while he cried excitedly to Dirk. The latter, nodding, rose cautiously and began to grope his way forward, hanging on with all his might. Jack, without knowing what was wanted, hailed himself carefully after him. Whatever it was, old Dirk wasn't going to do it all on his own. Reaching the mast, Dirk stood for an instant looking about for some other object to help his forward progress. Jack, close behind and seeing his friend's difficulty, seized him by the belt with one hand and with the other took a firm grip of the mast. Thus anchored, Dirk found that he had both hands free for the work, and after a desperate struggle, succeeding in rescuing the wildly-flapping foresail and securing it once more.

With difficulty retracing their steps to the old man, they were horrified to find the well of the boat half-filled with water, while every wave added a little more to the swirl that was rising quickly about the fisherman's knees. The position was undoubtedly growing desperate, and the boys glanced anxiously this way and that for some sign of help, or the whereabouts of the shore. The shore was now quite invisible, but away ahead was a curious dark blur, showing up against the curtain of rain. They stared at it wonderingly, and saw it slowly grow, until it revealed itself as another boat, larger and more seaworthy than their own, which was bearing down upon them with the obvious intention of assisting them. The sight was wonderfully cheering, and they awaited its coming with impatience.

Soon it was but a short distance away, and there became apparent, peering above the gunwale, the round and still smiling face of their faithful Jan. At the tiller was the sturdy figure of his brother Hals. The old fisherman shouted, striving to make his voice audible above the gale; and Hals, leaning dangerously out over the gunwale, bellowed back through his cupped hands.

'We've got to leave this boat,' said Dirk, as he listened; 'the old man says it won't keep afloat much longer, and there's nothing we can do to save it.'

Jack looked down at the water in the well, and realised that this was true enough. However hard they worked, they would never be able to keep pace with the incoming waves. That being evident to all of them, they began their preparations for transferring themselves to the larger and stouter craft manned by the two brothers. With considerable difficulty, for the sea was now running really high, the feat was finally accomplished, though not before Jack fervently believed that his last hour had come, and the two boys and the old man found themselves safe aboard the other boat, which felt astonishingly comfortable and trustworthy.

Hardly were they all aboard, when a wave larger than the rest struck the unhappy little boat a staggering blow, forcing her far over to her side, the water rushed in, and before their eyes she heaved and slowly began to sink. The old man stood piteously wringing his hands and moaning to himself, as he saw his most cherished possession disappear from sight.

Jack and Dirk were very silent during the journey back to land. They both felt that the disaster to the

old man's property was in some measure due to their own fault, for the old fisherman would in all probability never have left the beach that afternoon had it not been for their impertunity. But what could they do? Though neither spoke of it, each knew that the same thought was in the other's mind.

'I'll speak to Father about it,' said Dirk, at last. 'He may be able to think of something.'

That evening, after supper, Mr. Van Raalte listened to two rather shamefaced boys as they unburdened themselves of the whole story of their adventures, including their responsibility for the mishap. Finally, promising to see what could be done for the old man, he said no more on the subject, and they betook themselves to bed.

Next morning they took their way down to the beach again and sought out the faithful Jan, who seemed not a whit the worse for the experience of the day before, and sat placidly mending his net. To him Dirk put a question in Dutch. Jan looked up in surprise and answered vehemently, nodding his head and pointing down the beach.

Dirk started and turned quickly to Jack. 'He says that Father has been down this morning, and has promised to give the old man a new boat,' he said.

This was startling information. Both boys knew well that Mr. Van Raalte was far from being well-off, and, indeed, that the stolen piece of tapestry represented his most valuable possession.

Jack took Dirk by the elbow and led him aside. 'Look here,' he said, 'we've got to put this right somehow. We can't let your father do all this without helping him in some way.'

Dirk nodded. 'But what can we do?' he asked.

Jack looked hopelessly up at the sky. 'If only we could find that tapestry,' he said.

## II.

Three days later Mr. Van Raalte announced to the boys that he was unexpectedly summoned to Amsterdam on business, and would be away for several days. The said business being of a family nature, it became necessary for Mrs. Van Raalte to accompany him. The latter, it appeared, was seriously disturbed in her mind as to the wisdom and possibility of leaving Dirk and Jack to fend for themselves in an empty house, for the sudden call had come at a time of great inconvenience, inasmuch as one servant of the Van Raalte household was absent on a visit to her mother, leaving only the elderly cook to be responsible for her youthful and exuberant charges.

Here was a difficulty. But Jack, who, like all true Scouts, was nothing if not resourceful, saw a way out. 'I know,' he cried. 'Why shouldn't we camp out for the time you're away on the island? We could live in the hut, and cook for ourselves, and it would do us a world of good. We're both getting soft, anyway.'

The island in question was situated in the centre of a small lake some little distance from the house, and belonged to Mr. Van Raalte; on it there had been built in some past era a stout wooden hut, for the benefit of those who came to fish or shoot over the lake. Latterly, however, the island had been little used, except by the boys, and visitors were extremely rare.

Jack's suggestion, in Mr. Van Raalte's opinion, was an excellent one, for it would give the boys something to



occupy their time, while the old cook could be trusted to keep them well supplied with the necessary provender. Mrs. Van Raalte, however, at first held other views. Considerable persuasive powers on the part of her husband and the two boys had to be called into play before she would be convinced that pneumonia and kindred ills were not inseparable to the venture. But finally, influenced largely by the obvious anxiety of Jack and Dirk to carry out the plan, she agreed, and matters were forthwith put in train.

Equipped with rolls of blankets, various cooking-pots, bundles of candles, and large quantities of tinned food, the two made frequent excursions between the island and the house until their arrangements were complete. Then, having waved farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Van Raalte at the station, they returned to the hut and embarked upon their new life.

(Continued on page 295.)

## THE HIGHWAYS OF THE WORLD.

### VII.—FROM CAIRO TO THE CAPE (PART I).

FROM Cairo to the Cape, that is to be our tour to-day, but really the journey begins even before we reach Cairo, for we land from the steamer that has brought us from England, at Alexandria, and must see a little of that town and of the green delta plain beyond on our way south.

Alexandria seems at first sight to be quite a modern city, but it was founded more than two thousand years ago, by Alexander the Great, who named it after himself, and, so legends say, was commanded by an old man who appeared to him in a dream to choose this site for the seaport which he had decided to build as a memorial of his victories in Egypt. The new town was laid out by its architect in the form of a Macedonian cloak, or *chlamys*, and soon became prosperous and famous, with wonderful palaces, theatres, and temples, a library which contained no less than nine thousand volumes, and the great lighthouse that was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world.

After the death of Alexander, his empire was divided, Egypt falling to the share of his general, Ptolemy, and during the reign of this man and his successors, Alexandria was the capital of the country. It was there, too, that Cleopatra, the beautiful queen of Egypt, lived and ruled, and there that she met and bewitched her nation's enemy, the Roman Mark Antony.

Very little is left now, however, of all the wonders and glories of the olden times, for Alexandria has always been a turbulent city, and again and again there have been massacres, and rebellions, and fierce, unnecessary riots.

The pagans persecuted the Christians here; the Christians, in return, tore down heathen temples and defaced pictures and statues. Every one's hand was against the Jews, and later, the Mohammedan invaders destroyed the treasures and emblems both of Christianity and of the older faiths.

The marvellous libraries have been burnt, hardly a trace of the great lighthouse remains, and some broken pillars that we are shown outside the Porte de Nil may or may not have belonged to the Temple of Serapis, that was once one of the most beautiful buildings in the whole world, while the two obelisks that the Emperor Augustus

brought from Heliopolis and set up in front of the Temple of Cæsar are now the one in New York and the other on the Thames Embankment.

One ancient monument still remains, however, and that is the great column called Pompey's Pillar, which was erected by a Roman Prefect, named Pompeius, in honour of his master, the Emperor Diocletian, the 'Defender of the City of Alexandria' as he was called, more than sixteen hundred years ago.

We leave Alexandria now, and skirting Lake Mareotis, reach Damanhûr, following the same route that Napoleon took when he set out on his conquest of Egypt. The main road from Alexandria still runs this way, and looking out of our railway carriage window we can see groups of wayfarers, that look just as if they had come out of the pictures of some illustrated Bible: men in blue robes and white turbans leading small donkeys, women carrying little brown-faced babies, shepherds leading their flocks of sheep or goats, and long lines of camels, laden with bales of merchandise or great piles of green fodder.

On either side of the track stretch the fields, where cotton, wheat, flax, or clover are growing, and away in the distance can be seen groves of tufted date-palms and the brown walls of mud-built villages.

All this country lies in the delta of the Nile, and is, perhaps, the most fertile land in the whole world, and now, at Kafr-*ez-Zaiyat*, we reach the great river itself, which, in this journey of ours, we are to follow for many hundreds of miles, seeing it flow first through green fields and tracts of rich ploughed land, then on to where Egypt narrows to a strip of vegetation between the two deserts of Arabia and Lybia, and further south still, through the Sudân, with its black rocks and blazing orange sands, to the swamps and impenetrable forests of Central Africa.

Tanta and Benha, two other towns are passed, between Alexandria and Cairo, and then at Tukh we see bare rocky hills in the distance, and above those to the right rise the pointed outlines of the Pyramids. We are coming to the end of the first stage of our journey now, or, rather, we have reached our real starting-point, Cairo. The train steams slowly into the station, the carriage doors are flung open, and we get out to find ourselves in the midst of all the bustle and dust and clamour and glamour of a great Oriental city.

Cairo, the Grand Cairo, as it used to be called, has always been one of the show-places of the world. The adventurers of classical times came this way, and they were followed by the tourists and explorers of the Middle Ages, who visited the mosques and marvelled at the Sphinx, and rode across the desert to Memphis, just as we do to-day, and then went home to boast of their experiences and to tell 'Travellers' Tales' to crowds of eager and credulous listeners.

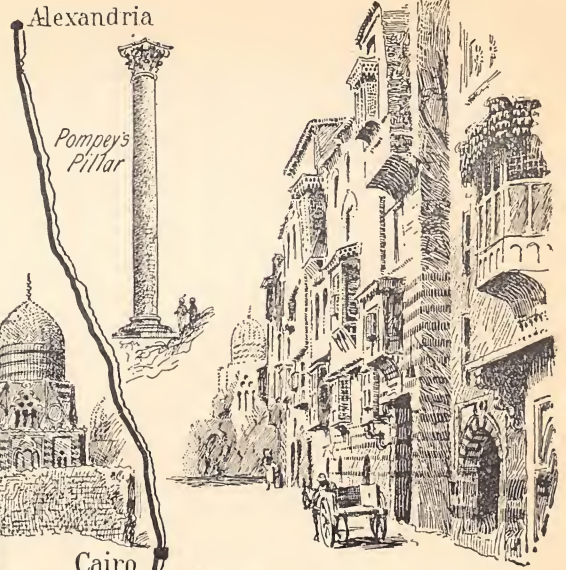
And certainly it is a wonderful city now, as in the times of Strabo or Sir John Mandeville and the rest, and it has had a long and exciting history—although many people seem to ignore and forget everything that has happened in Egypt between the times of the old Pharaohs and the events of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The last Egyptian king of the ancient dynasties died more than two thousand years ago, but since then there have been many rulers and many changes. Persians and Macedonians and Romans, Arabs and Turks and French, they all have had their day, and now the



country is under the protection of England, and there is a British Army of Occupation to keep order, and to protect the huge southern province of the Sudân.

There are traces of all the different periods and races to be seen in Cairo, for we have the modern city of hotels and theatres, and Government offices, and fine broad streets; and the native quarters with narrow,



Cairo

*An Arab street, Old Cairo*

dusky lanes, where men, who look as if they had walked out of the pages of the *Arabian Nights*, buy and sell, and work at their arts and crafts. And then we can see the mounds and rubbish heaps of Old Cairo, the tombs of the Mamelukes and the Khaliphs, the mosques and the Citadel, high up on its hill, while away beyond the Nile and the ever-growing suburbs, on the edge of the desert plateau, stand the great monuments that were built and decorated by the architects and artists of nearly six thousand years ago.

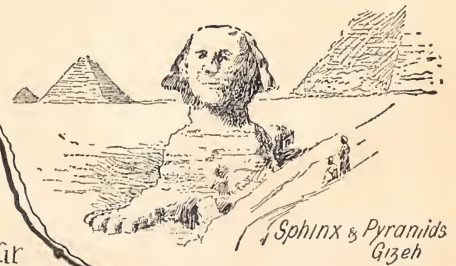
Perhaps the most wonderful and interesting of all these ancient relics is the Sphinx, the huge stone image which the Egyptians raised in honour of their god, Horus. The Arabs call it Abu'l'hol, and believe that it is stationed on the brink of the desert in order to keep the drifting sand away from the cultivated plain below.

It would take many weeks—months, even—to see all the wonders of Cairo and its neighbourhood; and now we have a long journey before us, so we will set off again, by train—or, better still, by one of the Nile steamers—and travel southward up the great river and towards the deserts and forests of Central Africa.

For many hundreds of miles on this journey of ours the railway and the river run side by side, but from the deck of a boat we can see many things that must be passed by unnoticed if we were in the more swiftly moving train. For instance, even before Cairo is left behind, there is the island of Roda, where the old Nileometer, used for measuring the height of the water at inundation-time, stands, and where, so legend says, little Moses was hidden by his Hebrew mother among the bulrushes and lotus and iris flowers, and was found by the beautiful princess, Pharaoh's daughter, when



Asyûr



From Alexandria up the Nile—

she came with her maidens at sunset to bathe in the river.

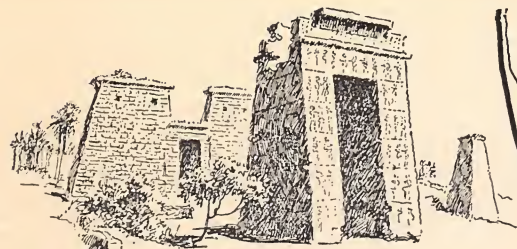
On our right, when Roda is passed, the pyramids of Gizeh and Sakkarah come into sight, standing like peaked hills against the sky; and then we go on by



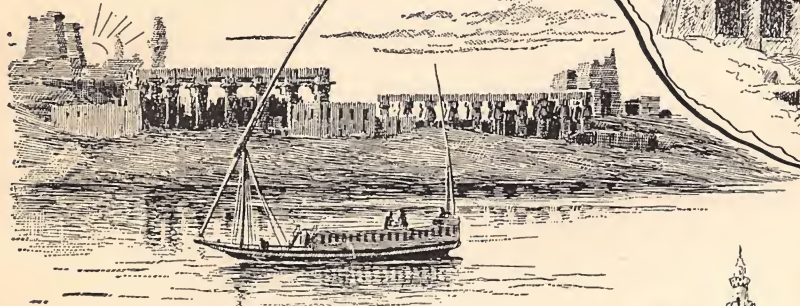


"WELL HIT, SIR!"





*Pylons of  
Temple of Rameses II.  
Karnak*



*The Great Temple, Luxor*

green fields and mud-built villages and groves of tall palm-trees.

Beni Suwef, seventy-three miles from Cairo, is the first large town that we pass, and a little way inland from it lie the ruins of the ancient city of Herakleopolis, where, it is said, Osiris was crowned, and where the earth was separated from the sky. It was a place of great importance and power in those ancient days, but now there is nothing to remind us of the old magnificence, and even its name is forgotten by the Arabs, who call it Umm al-Kuman, or the Mother of Rubbish Heaps.

As we go further south, great fields of sugar-cane may be seen on either side of the river, and we pass Maghagah with its sugar manufactory. Then there comes Abu Girgah, on the site of ancient Cynopolis, and a high hill called the Bird Mountain, where a fairy story says that all the birds of Egypt meet together once a year and then fly away, leaving one as sentinel to keep watch until their return.

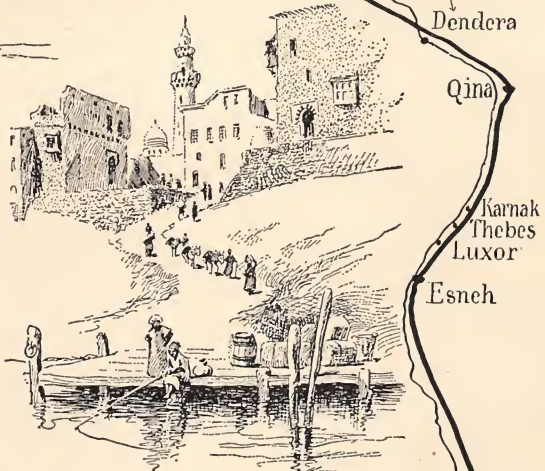
But we must go on quickly now, for we have still a long journey before us, and it is impossible to describe all the many towns and temples and tombs that fringe the river-banks. There is Asyût, with its Coptic inhabitants, who are descended not from the Arab invaders of the country, but from the ancient Egyptians, and still show traces of their ancestry in the straight features and narrowed eyes that are so like the pictures and reliefs in the old buildings. Then comes Dendera, where portraits of Cleopatra and her son, Cesareon, may be seen carved on the temple wall; and Nakarda, with its monasteries, said to have been founded by the Empress Helena more than a thousand years ago.

About four hundred and fifty miles from Cairo, Luxor

is reached, and this is one of the most interesting places that we shall see on our travels, for it is built among the ruins of ancient Thebes, and as our vessel approaches the little landing-stage, there can be seen on one bank the great columns of Karnak, and on the western side of the river a whole city of temples and tombs, with, in the foreground, the two huge statues on their thrones, one of which is said to sing a song every morning when the sun rises over the desert on the opposite shore.



*Temple of  
Hathor  
Dendera*



*The Landing place Esneh.*



—through Luxor to Aswân.

After leaving Luxor, there are still many wonderful buildings to see, such as Edfu, Esneh, and Kom Ombo; and then, on the borders of Egypt, stands Aswân, or



Syene, as Ezekiel calls it, where there are Roman quays and a Saracen castle, and rock tombs five thousand years old, where luxurious modern hotels face the cataract, and blue beads of the ancient Egyptians may still be picked up in the yellow sand; and where, on the edge of the desert, the old world and the new seem to have met together and joined hands.

### MR. OWL AND THE BUNNIES.

(A Fact.)

ONCE a naughty little bunny  
From his mother ran away;  
Leapt o'er grass and dandelions,  
Frolicking in manner gay!

Till an Owl, whose hungry owlets  
Loudly clamoured to be fed,  
Catching sight of Master Bunny  
Pounced upon him from o'erhead!

Mother scurried to his rescue,  
Pluckily attacked the foe,  
Seized his wing, and with her hind legs  
Struck him in the ribs a blow!

Mr. Owl, surprised and breathless,  
Very quickly dropped his prey,  
And Mamma and Master Bunny  
Scampered home without delay!

KATHERINE E. SHERRIFF.

### JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

BY A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Continued from page 275.)

'JOHN wrote this with his own blood, he said, musingly. 'Nay, laddie,' as he noticed my swift shudder, 'you need not look so horror-struck. 'Twas not his heart's blood that he drew, but ink is scarce in a prison cell, and a finger-prick will suffice. "John Drummond." The name is clear enough, but there is nothing to tell us the place of his captivity. There has been other writing here, but so faded and obliterated is it that not a word can be deciphered.'

'The sea water hath done that, sir,' I said, sadly. 'And how shall I even begin my search without a clue? In every town there must be towers in plenty such as that one he hath pictured, and more windmills than can be counted. Even if I did chance to come upon the true tower and the true mill, how should I recognise them amid such abundance?'

Hamish considered this question gravely before making reply. 'It seemeth to me, John,' he said at last, 'that your quest must needs begin in a district where windmills are scarce, and where, therefore, one would be a sight to be noted and a landmark. Such a country might be the Forest of Arden, to the south-east, and there, too, the enemy has many strongholds. In Namur, it may be, or—' and then suddenly Hamish broke off his speech and stared fixedly at the letter, which was held now between his eyes and the blazing fire. 'There are letters here—a word!' he said, a touch of excitement in his voice; and, leaning over his shoulder, I saw the word, too, and spelt it out, wonderstruck.

"L-U-X!" What means it, sir?' I gasped. 'And why has this never showed before, seeing that I—and others—have examined the paper many and many a time!'

'It may be that you never thought to hold it up to a bright light, my boy,' Hamish said, and then he gave the letter back into my hand. While I pored over it, the other Scots exclaimed at the discovery and gave their own opinions as to the meaning of those three mystic letters.

Gavin believed it to be a cipher, another declared that the letters were doubtless the initials of some fellow-captive, and Black Douglas, who had studied the classics at Aberdeen before enlisting in the Scots Brigade, was certain that my father had written the Latin word 'Lux,' meaning to cheer our hearts and tell us that the light of liberty would soon illumine his dark captivity.

Hamish, meanwhile, offered no opinion, but when all had had their say, he turned to me with his lips twisted into a smile. "'L-U-X,"' he said. 'To my poor understanding, it seems that those three letters may be the beginning of a word—and that word the name of a town—and that town a place that is the chief nest of these Spanish hornets. If I were you, John Drummond, I would begin my search in the prisons of Luxemburg.'

#### CHAPTER XII.

FOR more than three months Red Robin and I stayed with our comrades of the Scots Brigade, and very long months they seemed to me—although there was no lack of adventure, and each day had its own perils and excitements.

The truth is that I was longing all the time to reach Luxemburg, where I now firmly believed my father to be imprisoned, and my impatience and restlessness increased as the time passed away, and, while always on the march, the destination seemed to be as far away as ever.

'Luxemburg! I must go to Luxemburg.' The words were easy enough to say, but the matter itself was not so simple, for Luxemburg was in the enemy's country, the kennel of the Spanish dog, as old Hamish McCrae called it, and the way was barred by Don John of Austria's invincible armies.

Nowadays, when many battles have been fought and many victories won, we know that the Spanish hosts are not invincible after all; but, in that spring-time of 1578, the memory of the rout of Gembloux was still fresh in men's minds, and grim tales were told on the march and round flickering camp fires, of how a handful of the Dons slew eight thousand patriots, and of how demons and wizards and goblins were ranged under the magic banner of the Emperor's son.

At home, in Scotland, it had appeared as if the finding and rescuing of my father would be easy enough, once Flanders were reached, and I had pictured myself as passing unhindered and unchallenged from town to town, but now that the sea was crossed everything had changed, and I learned that many things which had seemed simple when viewed from the security of the 'Corbies' Nest' were in reality difficult and impossible. The reaching of Luxemburg was one of those well-nigh impossible ventures, but it was a long time before I would acknowledge this, and agree to remain for a while, at any rate, in the protection of my Scottish friends.



I made one attempt, it is true, to start out alone on my quest, but was discovered and brought back by Gavin before many miles had been covered, and he gave me such a rating for my foolishness and foolhardiness as made me hang my head for shame, although I stoutly refused to give my word of honour that I would not escape again if I got the chance.

'Well, Jock, if you remain obstinate and obdurate in this matter, the captain must decide what is to be done,' Gavin said at last; and, sure enough, the very next day I was taken into the presence of the leader of our band, Master Donald Ross, a tall, young Scottish gentleman, with fierce blue eyes, a merry smile, and hair that was well nigh as red and fiery as Robin's own.

The captain upbraided me as soundly as Gavin had done, but when he had heard my story his anger subsided, and he explained kindly enough that Luxemburg was many leagues away, and that a bad business would only be made worse if I ventured alone into hostile territory and fell—as certain it was I should do—into the cruel hands of our enemies.

'Be patient a while, John Drummond,' he said, 'and it may be that we shall soon break into the hornets' nest ourselves, and give the Dons a drubbing that they will not forget. But, my son, if you would be present when the moment of victory comes, see to it that you stay quietly in our company, and let me hear nothing more of your mad pranks. Remember that you are but a bairn, and would not be suffered to be with us now were it not that Hamish McCrae, an honest man and a brave soldier, has spoken in your behalf. Should there be any more trouble, however, it may well be that I shall consider it my duty to dispatch you back to Antwerp, or some other seaport town without delay.'

With this advice and warning I was dismissed; but, although I determined to be patient and circumspect for the future, it was a satisfaction to reflect that I had not given my word of honour to remain with the Scots after all.

And thus the days and weeks went by, and we travelled—or so it seemed to me—backwards and forwards over the whole length and breadth of the Low Countries, I sometimes marching with the men, sometimes ambling along on a spare horse, and sometimes riding on the tail of a waggon, together with the cooking-pots and camp gear. It was a strange life, but a fine one withal, and I learned to love many of the grim Scots, who were good fellows at heart, although often savage in their tempers, and given overmuch to grumbling and complaint.

There is no space now for me to tell of all the adventures and strange doings of those summer months which I spent with the Scots Brigade. We journeyed south at first to Philipville, which was closely besieged, seeking to relieve the city, but it was in vain, the Spaniards being so many and so well equipped. Then we came northward through a desolate country that had been harried and ravaged again and again, and at last, in summer weather, found ourselves in the neighbourhood of Mechlin.

It was the last day of July, and very hot and sultry. We were camped at evening in a meadow outside the city, and had just finished supper, when a messenger came post-haste from the leader of the patriot army near Aerschot, bringing word that they were confronted by

Don John of Austria and his Spaniards, and that all possible reinforcements must be dispatched without delay.

Well do I remember the night march that followed, and how, travelling at first on a baggage waggon, I lay among the rattling pots and pans, gazing up at the starlit sky, and wondering what would befall on the morrow. I had seen several skirmishes already during the months I had been with the Scots, and once there had been an affray with Flemish peasants, who were angered with the soldiers who had helped themselves to food and fodder. This, however, it seemed, would be a more serious matter, for Don John himself was leading the Spanish troops; and with him, so it was rumoured, was the Prince Alexander of Farnese, a most dauntless man, and one of the greatest generals of all time.

When morning came, I rose from my couch among the cooking gear, and marched in the ranks at Red Robin's side, anxious to see all that was afoot, and before long a village called Rijminant was reached, where the sound of guns and of shouting told us that the battle had already begun. Nothing could hold back the Scots then, and they rushed forward headlong, hardly waiting to listen to the orders of their officers; but, to my disappointment, just when I was about to follow Gavin and 'Black Douglas' down a bush-covered slope, a voice called me, and, turning, I saw Captain Ross with his horse reined in sharply, and his sword unsheathed in his hand.

'Stop, John Drummond,' he commanded, 'and you, too, Robin Stuart! We want no babes nor boys in the battle to-day. Go back to that hill yonder, and keep guard over the spare horses you will find there. Thus will better men than you be freed to join in the fight, for we shall need every strong arm and every weapon if we are to defeat the Dons and win victory. Be off with you! Let not a moment be wasted! And disobey me at your peril.'

Robin and I did not disobey. We had learned how to carry out orders, at least, during our months with the brigade, but we felt very young and very small, and very full of rage, as we went back towards the wooded hill, and took over charge of the spare horses from the men who had been left with them. Robin complained bitterly of our captain's conduct I can tell you, but we could not dispute his command, and after all it was a fine post of vantage on which we stood, and one from which the whole progress of the battle could be seen.

I think that was the longest day and the most wonderful that I have ever spent, and never shall I forget how in the hot mid-day hours the Scots flung off their plaids and doublets, and fought bare-armed and half-naked like the savages of old. We saw the Spaniards too, for a band of them halted not far away in the valley, and among them was the famous leader, Don John of Austria, easily recognised by the great cross-embazoned banner which his standard-bearer carried aloft.

A splendid man was that same Don John, even to us, who gazed on him as enemies, and Red Robin's eyes were alight with admiration as he saw the haughty mien and the gleaming armour of the princely figure. 'It would be a fine thing to serve such a leader,' the boy said, and then, as he noted my amazement, he had the grace to add, 'if one were not already pledged to his Highness the Prince of Orange.'

(Continued on page 290.)





“‘Stop, John Drummond,’ he commanded, ‘and you, too, Robin Stuart!’”





"I crouched among the bracken, looking down at the busy scene."



# JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Continued from page 287.)

ALL that long, hot August day the battle raged, and after a time I was left alone, for a couple of horses being needed, and the messenger sent for them having a wounded arm, Robin accompanied him with the beasts and did not return. I caught a glimpse of him later fighting among a group of Scots, and did not blame him, only wishing that there was some one to take my place with the horses so that I, too, might strike at least one blow in the rightful cause. It seemed a cruel thing to have to wait there, alone, idle and in dire suspense, for, although I could see the struggle and hear the shouts of fighting men and the groans of those wounded, it was not easy to say with whom the victory lay.

Late in the afternoon a band of Scots raced up the hill, to fetch the remainder of the horses, and from them I learnt that the Spaniards were in retreat, the patriots pursuing them southward. Several of our officers had been wounded, I heard, but Captain Ross was without a scratch, although he had had three horses killed beneath him.

'And Gavin and Hamish McCrae, and Red Robin?' I questioned, but the men had no further time to spare, and mounting the beasts, they galloped away through the bushes. I was left alone, and followed them down the hill, but soon lost my way and found myself entangled in the midst of a thick wood. North, south, east or west, which way should I go? And then, suddenly, an idea flashed into my mind. The Dons were defeated, they would, doubtless, make for their stronghold, Luxemburg, and the victors would follow at their heels. I would go south too, in company with the Scots, if I could find them, and, if not, alone. After all, I had never given my word of honour to Captain Donald Ross, and my father must needs be my first consideration.

Surely, now that the Spaniards were defeated, everything had changed and I was free to desert the Scots and disobey Captain Ross's commands and take matters into my own hands. I tried to feel very wise and very brave and very dutiful as I turned my back to the north and set out alone on my new journey.

All through that night I trudged on, with but short periods of rest, for it was cool and pleasant after the heat of the past day, and there were the stars above to serve as guides. Even without them, however, there would have been little difficulty in finding the way, for again and again I came upon signs of the retreating Spaniards, and several times hid for awhile among bushes while bands of wounded and stragglers went by.

I did not, however, see any evidences of a pursuit by the Dutch or Scots, and began to wonder what I should do for food, as a raging hunger had by this time begun to gnaw at my vitals, which such wild berries as I was able to discover in the darkness did but very little to appease.

Towards morning, however, I reached the brink of a hilly ridge, and looking down, saw below a great camp with tents pitched, horses tethered, and the smoke of many watch-fires rising straight up against the clear, rose-pink sky of early dawn.

Could it be that I had overtaken the pursuing Patriot army? I asked myself; but as the sun rose higher I descried the silken banner of Don John of Austria hanging above a tent that was larger than the rest and was set apart on a low hillock. So it was the Spanish camp that lay beneath, and as likely as not I should be killed or tortured, or thrown into a dark, noisome dungeon when once my presence was discovered.

My heart beat quickly as I crouched among the bracken, looking down at the busy scene, and thinking of all the grim tales that I had heard of the savage Spanish soldiery; but, after a while, hunger got the better of my fears, for it seemed to me that no tortures could be worse than the pangs of starvation. Getting up from my knees, I clambered down a steep slope and walked slowly, under the shelter of some fir-trees, towards the tents.

And, after all, I need not have been afraid, for the Spaniards were in confusion after their rout and too much occupied with their own affairs to waste time over a stray harmless boy who had chanced to wander into the camp. On every side were signs of haste and alarm, wounded were lying untended, horses were being quickly harnessed, and men were snatching hurried meals before departure. I picked up a great crust of bread that had been flung aside and devoured it greedily, but no one seemed to notice me.

Seldom has anything tasted so good as that dusty crust, and I was just finishing the last crumbs and wondering how my next food would be procured, when a voice—and a familiar voice, too—hailed me cheerily. At the same moment a hand was clapped down on to my shoulder. 'Hullo, Jock Drummond! Good-day to you! And so we meet again!'

I sprang to my feet, eyes and mouth round with amazement, and there behind me, grinning and shock-headed like the Jack-in-the-box that he was, appeared my old friend and comrade, Red Robin. 'Robin! How come you here? And the Scots? Have our men overtaken these Spanish villains? Or are you made captive?'

The questions tumbled helter-skelter from my lips as I clasped his hand, but Robin, although he still smiled cheerily enough, had the grace to flush crimson while he made his explanations and excuses.

No, the Scots were not with him. He knew nothing of their whereabouts. And he had not been made a prisoner of war. He was with the Spaniards of his own free will, and they were not villains after all, but brave and noble gentlemen.

'Robin! What are you saying? You can't mean it!' and then, as the truth dawned upon me, I dropped his hand and turned away with my head held high and angry bitterness at my heart. Robin Stuart had changed his allegiance again, that was clear now, and, after the battle of Rijmunt came to an end—a battle, mark you, in which he had struck some hard blows for the rightful cause—he had left the victors and joined the vanquished, eager to fight for a new hero and take service beneath a new banner.

'There never was such a mighty prince as this Alexander Farnese,' Robin declared, and I smiled at that, for only yesterday it had been the Emperor's son that he favoured, 'and I will follow him to the very ends of the earth. The army will divide here, some going with Don John of Austria towards Namur, and the rest with the Duke to Luxemburg. It is to Lux-



emburg that I go, Jock, and we shall be a merry party, for there are Scots in this service as well as in that of his Highness the Prince of Orange. Why should not you come with us, my friend? Then will you be able to rescue your lost father at your leisure.'

'I am no turncoat nor weathercock, Robin Stuart,' I said proudly, but even while the words were on my lips, new ideas flashed like lightning gleams through my mind. Luxemburg! Could I once get there, the rest would surely be an easy matter, and to make the journey alone and on foot was a hopeless venture. Robin, eager for my company, noted the hesitation in my face, and went on eagerly:

'You can call me turn-coat, if you like, Jock,' he said, 'but a "soldier of fortune" is a fairer name, and the one I choose for myself. Besides, after all, am I not only returning to my old faith and fealty? I, who was Queen Mary's man and a champion of the old religion? But what matters it, anyhow, when you and I have been friends and brothers-in-arms these many months? It would be foolish to quarrel now. You can travel with us, and I will see to it that you have food and shelter of nights and a ride now and then on the baggage-waggon. I can say that you are my comrade, and the men will ask no questions as to what master you serve—or, if they do, I will answer them for you. Now, cheer up, Jock. It is too late to go back now.'

Robin paused, breathless with this long speech, and, after some little hesitation, I fell in with his plan. It was, as he said, too late now to return to our own regiment of the Brigade, and my father must e'en be my first thought. Once more I rejoiced to think that I had not given my word of honour either to Gavin or to Captain Donald Ross.

It was some weeks later, on a fine September evening, that we at last came into sight of the stronghold of Luxemburg, and camped in a stretch of meadow-land far beneath the frowning walls of the city.

There had been no difficulty on the journey, for Robin and I travelled with a little company of Scots, who, although rougher and more savage perhaps than our comrades of the Brigade, were not very different at heart. These men accepted me as Red Robin's friend, and did not trouble themselves as to what opinions I had or what master I served or what faith I professed.

At Luxemburg I left the company of the soldiers and betook myself into the city, eager and impatient to be about my business without delay. It would not be safe to go to an inn, I knew, lest questions might be asked and my safe-conduct demanded; but in the streets, so ragged was I by this time, and so browned with the sun, it was easy to pass as some vagrant or beggar. I had money to buy food, and in that warm weather it would be no hardship to sleep out of doors, or in the shelter of an open shed or booth. Having bidden farewell to Red Robin, therefore, and appointed with him times and places for future meetings, I ventured to the gate of the city, entering unhindered with some countrymen who were driving a herd of goats, and that very same hour began the search for my father's place of imprisonment.

I think that Luxemburg must be the strongest town in the whole world, and the one most rich in towers and castles of all sorts, and for many days I wandered about and around in my new character as a mendicant, looking

and considering and listening, for by this time I had learned somewhat of the language of the land and hoped, from the converse of passers-by, to glean information as to the whereabouts of the various prisons and the captives within them.

For some time it all seemed to be in vain, but at last, late one evening, my wanderings took me to a quarter of the town that I had never before visited, and being weary and footsore, I sat down to rest on a ledge in the rock-hewn wall, from whence I could look down on the misty, twilight plain below. Above was a high tower, one of the many barbicans of the city, and adjoining it was a dwelling-house, on the door-step of which a little maid sat, eating an apple, and rocking a doll made of wood and rags in her arms.

(Continued on page 302.)

## A CLEVER OLD CART-HORSE.

Founded on Fact.

ONE Easter holidays a year ago, I went to stay with an aunt of mine who has a farm down in the country. I had often been there before, and had sometimes helped to bring in the hay; it was great fun, and we used to have jolly picnic teas as well.

But this particular holidays, I found, when I arrived there, that a lot of the men who used to work on Auntie's farm had gone away to the war, and there were even girls doing their work.

I asked if I might help too. Auntie was awfully nice and said as I was older now, she would let me do work with a horse, because, she said, I would find the other kind of field work very dull. The work I was to do was what they call harrowing; it is easy when you get used to it—the horse pulls an instrument with spikes in it, like a rake, up and down a big meadow, and it rakes all the dead grass and the rubbish out and does the meadow a lot of good.

You can imagine I was very excited about taking out a horse all by myself. It was a big old cart-horse; but we were great friends, and I knew he was very quiet, and would go slowly.

So the next morning I and Captain, that was the horse's name, went out to the meadow; an old man came along, too, just to see me started, but as I got on all right he soon left me. At dinner-time Captain and I went back to the farm. I was rather tired and as it was a good way I thought I would ride him, but he was very big and I couldn't think how to get on his back.

Suddenly I thought of climbing a tree and getting up that way, so I looked about for one. I soon found it, and dear old Captain stood patiently underneath till I was safe on his back, then he took me back to the farm. Cart-horses always can go back to the farm without being guided, even quite by themselves, because they know there is a nice stable and a good meal waiting for them!

The next morning I took Captain out again. I led him out of the stable and through the park towards the meadow. But when we passed near a tree, he wouldn't go on; he stood quite still. I thought he was lazy, and pulled him hard. He didn't move even then, and though I pulled as much as I could, he never budged an inch!

Then I remembered about the tree of yesterday, so I climbed up it holding on to Captain for support, and do





"He wouldn't go on; he stood quite still."

you know that the moment I was safe on his back he moved on again! Wasn't he clever?

After that he always went to a tree so that I could climb on his back, every time I went out with him!

I told an old man on the farm about it, and he said

that cart-horses like you to ride on their backs, you are no weight to them, it does not tire them at all—but he was surprised at old Captain's cleverness at remembering about the tree, and so was Auntie when I told her.

D. CROUCH.





"With a 'plop' and a 'splash' he went right in."

#### A MORNING DIP.

ONE morning when the summer holidays had begun and all the lesson books were put away, Mother came into the schoolroom at breakfast-time with a letter in her hand.

We knew something must be going to happen, because she was generally much too busy at that time in the morning to come into the schoolroom, even in the holidays.

'Here's great news for you,' she said, 'a letter from Aunt Kathleen—she and Uncle Ted are going abroad



again, and Rupert is coming to spend all the holidays with us.'

We had never seen and hardly ever heard of Rupert, because he had always been abroad with his mother and father I suppose.

'How old is he?' we all asked, and lots of other questions as well.

Mother tried to answer as many as she could, but she was soon called away and we were left to discuss it between ourselves.

'I say, he's older than you, Harry,' said Peggy.

'Well, I shall be eleven in a fortnight's time, and mother said he was only *just* eleven—there's hardly any difference,' I answered; but I must admit that I hated the idea of a boy older than myself 'bossing' us all about.

There were just the three of us—Pegs and Jean and myself. I was the eldest and had always ordered what should be done, and the other two had always fallen in with my plans; it had been ripping, and now it would all be spoilt!

'Treat him as a brother,' Mother said, 'because he will be homesick—he has never been away from his mother and father before.'

'I wonder what he's like—he will be a prig, I'm sure,' said Jean and Peggy.

'And we're to take him to the sea with us—it will be awful' I sighed. 'Come out in the punt on the river, and let's try and forget all about it.' And out we went.

A few days later Rupert arrived; I was glad to see that he was smaller than I, even though he was older, and he had curly hair. But what was disgusting was the way Peggy and Jean liked him so; he invented wonderful games with their dolls, and he didn't even mind nursing them while the dolls were being put to bed one by one; I thought him rather an ass.

The evening passed, and Peg told me that Rupert had assured her that he would be very happy with us—when she said good-night to him—that disgusted me more.

The next morning I found Rupert, long before breakfast-time, standing and gazing into the river in our garden. I thought I would play a little trick on him, just to frighten him, so I crept up behind and said in a gruff, low voice, 'Mind you don't fall in!' and gave him a push. I meant to pull him back again, as father does to me, but I pushed him too hard and couldn't pull him back again. With a 'plop' and a 'splash' he fell right in, and the water covered his head! I was so terrified that, forgetting I couldn't swim, I jumped in after him.

I have rather forgotten how it all happened, but after spluttering round in the water and swallowing a lot of it, I found that Rupert was swimming along holding me tight and then he helped me out on to the bank.

Father's voice came to us calling from the dining-room: 'Hallo, you two young rascals!' he called; 'having a morning dip with your clothes on?'

And Rupert actually laughed, and never told that I had pushed him in. We trudged indoors. I felt very mean and horrid, but he wouldn't let me say I was sorry.

'Why, it was a great joke,' he said, 'but I'll teach you to swim, though.' And he did, and a lot of other things as well, even some of those games with the dolls.

We are great chums now, and go to the same school together, and he always spends his holidays with us too.

D. CROUCH.

## THE CAP OF MAINTENANCE.

THE 'Cap of Maintenance' is a cap of crimson velvet lined with ermine. It has two points at the back. Originally worn only by dukes, it was afterwards assigned to others of noble birth. Various families belonging to the peerage (both of England and Scotland) bear this cap on their crest. Sir John Fearnse says that 'the wearing of the cap had a beginning from the duke or general of an army, who, having gotten the victory, caused the chiefest of the subdued enemies whom he led to follow him in his triumph, bearing his hat or cap after him, in token of subjection and captivity.'

The Cap of Maintenance is borne before the sovereigns of England at their Coronation. It is sometimes called 'the Cap of Dignity.'

## CHARADE.

MY *first* often lies on the floor,  
Sometimes 'tis not far from the door;  
And sometimes the word we employ  
As the shortened name of a boy.

My *second* is grown on the head,  
Sometimes it is yellow or red:  
But whether a dark shade or fair,  
The word in my mind is *not* 'hair.'

My *whole* I detest when it's hard,  
For then from sweet sleep I'm debarred.

E. D.

Answer: 'Mattress.'

## THE MISSING TAPESTRY.

(Continued from page 283.)

FOR two days all went smoothly and agreeably, but on the third day came the rain. Crawling soon after daybreak from his blankets, Jack found the lake muffled in a veil of driving mist, while from the wooden roof above came the drumming of steady rain. Waking Dirk, and pointing out to him this melancholy circumstance, Jack set about the preparation of their breakfast. Throughout the meal they sat within the doorway of the hut, and watched the rain and the mist driving past down the lake. Plainly, this was no sudden and quick affair, but intended to continue all day.

'Well,' said Dirk, at length, as he finished an enormous sausage, 'I tell you what we can do. We can try and rig up some sort of furniture for the hut out of that pile of wood in the corner. We could do with something to sit on instead of the floor.' He nodded, as he spoke, to a pile of broken timber, small planks, and broken beams, presumably relics of the days of the hut's earliest youth. Jack agreed, for lack of a better proposition, and when the breakfast things had been duly cleaned and stowed away, they began their inspection.

Jack took his stand by the pile of wood, and made his selection therefrom of the likeliest pieces, while Dirk examined each as it was thrown to him, and decided upon the use to which it could best be put. They worked



hard and swiftly, and it was not long before Jack had reached the bottom of the pile.

'This is the last bit,' he said, 'what are you—'

The remainder of the sentence was lost in a peculiar, rending crash from beneath his feet, and the astounded Dirk, glancing hurriedly at his friend, saw a thick cloud of dust rising in the corner, while Jack's head and shoulders were rapidly sliding from his view. Rushing to the corner, he found a ragged hole in the earthen floor of the hut, from which issued a strange, sepulchral voice, which he had some difficulty in recognising as belonging to Jack.

'What's up?' he said. 'Are you hurt?'

'No,' came back the answer, somewhat muffled but perfectly audible; 'I slid down. It's not very deep, anyway, but I can't see a thing. I wonder what the dickens this is? Hand me down a candle.'

The obliging and mystified Dirk having supplied this want, Jack lit it and gazed about him. He found himself in a tiny square room, in reality nothing more than a hole in the ground, some six feet deep and four or five wide. The hole had obviously been dug in a hurry, for the walls were rough and unfinished and showed plain traces of the spade. Slowly, as his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, he became aware that sundry objects lay about the floor, and he bent to examine them. Suddenly, straightening his back, he called excitedly to Dirk. 'I say!' he cried. 'Come down here, Dirk. This is jolly mysterious.'

Dirk, greatly pleased, slid down beside his friend, and with some difficulty stood upright beside him, straining his eyes into the farthest corners. Undoubtedly there was something mysterious about it. In one corner lay a neat little heap of articles, which closer examination revealed to be old carved candlesticks of silver, and even one or two of gold. Beside these lay three silver plates, tarnished and dirty, and a quantity of silver spoons of all shapes and sizes. In another corner of the hole lay, against the wall, an object that at first sight seemed to be a roll of linoleum or carpet. Dirk seized it and shook it out as well as he could in the confined space, and Jack heard him gasp loudly. 'What is it?' he asked.

Dirk turned to him excitedly. 'Quick!' he said. 'Up into the hut again. We can't see properly down here.' And with that he gripped Jack about the knees and heaved him up until he was able to draw himself once more into the hut, where he turned about and assisted Dirk, still clutching the roll of carpet, to clamber up beside him.

'Just look here!' exclaimed Dirk, as he unrolled his bundle and spread it out on the floor.

Jack stared at it, and saw what seemed to be a square of thick cloth, ornamented with strange designs of figures and animals. 'What is it?' he asked. 'A rug of some sort?'

'Rug!' said Dirk, disdainfully. 'Not much! You've never seen this before, of course. It had gone before you came, and last year it wasn't in the house. This is our piece of tapestry.'

'What?' cried Jack, and stood gazing in amazement at his friend. This was incredible; it seemed too good to be true. 'Are you sure?' he said at last.

Dirk, who was staring lovingly at the treasure, looked up at him. 'Sure?' he repeated. 'Of course I'm sure. I haven't lived in the same house as this for

a year without getting to know it. This is our tapestry all right.'

'But how on earth,' said Jack, 'did it get there?'

Dirk shook his head. 'Goodness knows!' he said. He sat silent for a moment; then his face brightened, and he sprang up eagerly. 'Of course,' he said, 'I'd almost forgotten them. What about those other things down there in the hole?'

Jack followed his friend's gaze, and in a flash the reason for it dawned on him. 'Oh, I see now,' he said. 'You mean that whoever stole your tapestry stole those candlesticks and things as well, and dug out that place to hide them in, and then arranged that wood-pile over the top to hide it.'

Dirk stared at his friend in admiration. 'Well,' he said, 'I didn't mean all that, as a matter of fact, because I never thought of it, but I did mean that the chap who took our tapestry took those other things from somewhere else. And now you say so, of course the rest of it's plain enough.'

'Jolly neat idea,' said Jack. 'If I hadn't pitched through the floor like that the stuff might have stayed there for ages without being found. The next thing is, who put it there?'

Walking to the hole in the ground, they inspected it closely. They found that the opening to the little hiding-place had been cunningly covered with a square board that had been pressed into the earth until it was level with the rest of the floor of the hut. Over this had been laid some earth to give the right colour and appearance, and over this again the pile of wood had been built up, effectually securing the contrivance against discovery; for who would take the trouble, in the ordinary course of events, to remove a large heap of wood merely in order to look at the floor? Only the lucky chance of the rainy day and the fact that Jack, in removing the last piece of wood, had stepped upon the board, which had proved unequal to the strain and had collapsed beneath him, had prevented the stolen tapestry from remaining hidden as long as its unlawful owner desired.

'Now,' said Jack, thoughtfully, 'we've got to find out who it is. Have you any idea?'

Dirk shook his head. 'No,' he said; 'as far as I know the family and friends are the only people who ever come to the island. And they hardly ever come nowadays.'

'Then,' said Jack, 'the chap who put these things here is some one who knows that this place is hardly ever used, and who therefore knows something about your family.'

Again Dirk stared at him in admiration. 'I say,' he said, 'if this is the result of being a scout, I congratulate you.'

'Don't be an ass,' said Jack. 'Don't you see we've got to find out all about this, and who put the stuff here, before your father comes back? Just think what fools we shall feel if he comes back and settles the whole thing for us in two twos.'

Dirk nodded a little doubtfully. 'But he's coming back to-morrow night,' he said.

'Well,' returned Jack, 'that gives us a day and a bit to find out all we can. We'd better start now.'

This enthusiasm fired Dirk, who started up briskly. 'Right,' he said. 'How do we begin?'

(Continued on page 298.)





"Undoubtedly there was something mysterious about it."





"A dark figure nearing the top of the bank."



## THE MISSING TAPESTRY.

*(Continued from page 295.)*

THERE was a somewhat awkward pause, while a grin began slowly to appear on Dirk's face.

At length Jack, looking rather confused, got to his feet and began to walk up and down the narrow floor. 'Dash it all, man,' he said impatiently, 'think of something.'

Dirk grinned openly. 'All right,' he said, 'give us a chance. First of all, we must—'

His voice trailed away into silence, and caused Jack to turn and look at him. Dirk was staring out through the open door of the hut.

'What is it?' asked Jack, coming to his side.

Dirk pointed out over the water, where the mist had lifted a little in one place, exposing the shore of the lake. The rain was ceasing, and there were signs that after all the rest of the day might be fine.

But it was not at the weather that Dirk was now pointing. Clearly visible against the bank was the figure of a man; and he was in the act of launching a small rowing-boat. Even as they watched he pushed off from the shore, and began to row steadily towards them.

'Quick!' said Dirk, in an excited whisper, though the stranger was still some hundreds of yards away. 'Chuck that wood back over the hole!' And he rolled up the tapestry and threw it carefully through the hole in the floor.

Dimly grasping the idea at the back of this action, Jack grabbed the board and jammed it in place over the opening, covering it rapidly and neatly with the wood that bestrewed the floor.

Dirk, meanwhile, swiftly gathered all their belongings into a blanket and swung them over his shoulder.

In a very short time the work was done, and to the casual eye the hut seemed exactly as when they had first entered it. Glancing through the door they saw that the boat was much nearer now, and slipping noiselessly out of the hut they crept cautiously round to the back, where a convenient chink in the boarding provided a means of watching events. Fortunately, their own boat was made fast on that side of the island, and so was invisible to the stranger as he landed at the door of the hut. Here Dirk deposited his bundle under a tree.

Crouching breathlessly against the wall, and straining their ears and eyes, the boys heard the boat's keel grate on the shingle, and saw the interior of the hut darken as the newcomer entered. Striding over to the corner, he began to throw the wood away from the board, and in a moment had cleared the entrance to the hole. The boys, scarcely daring to breathe, and peering through their crevice, saw his dark figure jump into the hole and disappear. After an interval he reappeared, carrying a large bundle, which he flung to the ground as he recovered the opening and rebuilt the wood pile. Then, picking up the bundle, he left the hut and stepped down to his boat.

'Come on,' whispered Dirk, and noiselessly they crept down to their own boat, cast her off, and pushed away from the bank.

'See the idea?' said Dirk softly, as they swung away from the shore.

'Follow him, I suppose,' said Jack.

Dirk nodded. 'I bet he's got some more stuff some-

where,' he said, and carefully getting out the oars began to pull stealthily round the island.

As they rounded the end of it, Jack caught a glimpse of the stern of the other boat disappearing into the mist, and pointed out the direction to Dirk. Steadily, and with very little sound, they rowed on, for what seemed a great length of time, till at last the shore loomed up out of the haze, and the boat's nose grounded gently. The spot at which they landed was deserted, but a few yards to their right lay the other boat, empty. Springing out, Jack was just in time to catch sight of a dark figure nearing the top of the bank, and with Dirk at his heels, ran silently after. Across the bank, and on the main road into the town, the man in front slowed down, and swinging the bundle over his shoulder headed for the town.

The boys kept well in the rear until the houses began to appear on each side, when they drew closer and kept their man well in view.

'You know,' said Dirk in a puzzled voice, 'there's something familiar about that chap's figure and the way he walks, but I'm blessed if I can remember who it reminds me of.' And his wrinkled brow indicated that he was endeavouring to think the matter out.

The chase led them into the town, down the main street to the square, and then at right angles into a narrow and winding thoroughfare, where they had to quicken their steps to keep the man in sight. Suddenly their quarry turned sharply up a little cul-de-sac, and entered a tall, empty house some few steps down.

The boys halted to consider the situation. 'That's the place all right,' said Jack. 'See, it looks absolutely empty from here. One of us had better nip off and fetch a gendarme, and get him nabbed red-handed.'

'Right,' said Dirk. 'Who is going?'

There was a slight pause; neither wanted to lose sight of the man at the last moment, and each had a feeling that by some means their prey might escape during their absence.

'Well,' began Dirk at last, and checked abruptly, dragging Jack into a dark doorway as the door of the empty house opened, and the man, with a quick glance round, came out and closed it behind him before setting off at a rapid pace down the street.

As he turned the corner Dirk gave vent to a long whistle. 'Now I've got him,' he said.

'Who is he?' asked Jack eagerly.

'A man called Pieter Doppen,' said Dirk. 'He was a clerk in my father's office up to a month ago, and then he was sacked for something or other. I never heard all the particulars. I'm going into that house. I'm not afraid of Mr. Pieter Doppen.'

So saying he led the way to the door and tried the handle. Rather to his astonishment it turned easily and the door fell open. With a slight feeling of nervousness, the two boys stepped quietly inside and looked round. On one side of the hall lay a small room, which a quick inspection proved to be absolutely empty. A similar state of affairs was revealed in the little kitchen behind it.

'Must be upstairs,' muttered Jack, and led the way. Sure enough, in the room at the head of the stairs was the bundle, evidently flung down in a hurry, while all around lay a number of bundles of similar shape.

'He must be coming back again jolly soon,' said Jack. 'We had better get this out first.'

*(Concluded on page 311.)*



## EATING BOOKS.

BOOKS are not made to be eaten, though we may inwardly digest their contents. In war-time, it is said, patriotic persons have deliberately swallowed important papers in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. And the Tartars used to have a belief that by eating books they could acquire knowledge!

But in bygone times authors had sometimes to eat their own books against their will, as a punishment for their supposed crimes.

In 1668, a man named Oldenburger wrote a description of his travels through Germany. A passage in this work so greatly displeased his liege lord that the unhappy writer was sentenced to be flogged and to eat a copy of his book.

In a similar manner Duke Bernard of Saxony punished an author who dared to criticise him. The poor man was put in the pillory for public exhibition for an hour, with one of the offending pamphlets between his teeth, and afterwards he was compelled to swallow it.

Authors, at any rate, have no cause to envy those who lived in 'the good old times.' There was no 'liberty of speech' for *them*!

## THE HIGHWAYS OF THE WORLD.

## VII.—CAIRO TO THE CAPE (PART 2).

WE have come to the edge of old Egypt now, in our journey southward, and after leaving Aswân enter Nubia, or Ethiopia—the land of Cush, as it used to be called, where gold was found, and where there was constant warfare between the negro inhabitants and the armies of the Pharaohs.

At Shellal, a few miles beyond Aswân and just above the Cataract, the Nile is spanned by a great dam, which is one of the triumphs of modern engineering, for by its means the waters of the river can be held up and stored, so that the districts below are irrigated all the year round.

The dam was finished in 1902, and no doubt is of great benefit to the whole land of Egypt; but, unfortunately, it had to be built just below the island of Philæ, where some of the most beautiful and wonderful of all the ancient temples are situated. This island was sacred to Isis and Osiris, and in the temples and shrines with which it was crowded, elaborate ceremonies and religious observances used to take place. Now, during a great part of the year, Philæ is under water, and, although everything possible is done to preserve them, the exquisite carvings and paintings must, in time, be disfigured and destroyed.

After leaving the first Cataract behind at Aswân, the scenery through which we travel changes, and becomes wild and barren. Instead of green fields and palm groves, we have a savage country now, a country of orange-coloured sands and black rocks, with a mere fringe of vegetation along the river-banks, and a blazing tropical sun overhead.

We begin to leave the Ancient Egyptians behind, too, although in Nubia there are still many marvellous temples to be seen, and reach a more modern world, for now we are drawing near to the Sudân, and are reminded of the eventful history of that great southern province,

and of how at the cost of many lives, it was lost and won.

Korosko is passed, where General Gordon set out on his last journey to Khartum in 1885, and Toski, where the Dervishes were defeated eleven years later, and then comes Wadi Halfa, the first Sudanese town, which for many years was the British military outpost on the edge of the fierce turbulent country, where the savage followers of the Mahdi raided and burned and murdered, and where, if any European ventured, he carried his life in his own hands.

Those wild warlike days are over—for in 1898 Kitchener reconquered the Sudan—and now, leaving our steamboat at Wadi Halfa, we find a train awaiting us, and start off in safety on the next stage of our journey, across the desert to Khartum.

This railway in itself is a wonderful thing, for it was constructed originally to carry the British troops southward, the camps moving forward every few days as a new section of the line was completed. It is said that the natives believed the engines to be magical creatures, breathing out smoke and fire, and at the stopping-places they crowded round to touch them, and declared afterwards that they had been cured of ailments and diseases.

Ferket, Dongola, Abu Hamid—the names of the stations as we go by—remind us of the battles fought and the victories gained by our armies on their long march, and then comes Atbara, Metemmeh, where a terrible massacre of natives by the Dervishes took place in 1897, and Omdurman, near which, at Kerreri, a year later, the followers of the Khalifa made their last stand and were totally defeated by Lord Kitchener.

We reach Khartum now, where General Gordon was killed in 1885, and find that it is a large and prosperous city, with a fine cathedral and college, and a palace for the English Governor built on the site of the old building where the murder of Gordon took place.

We all know the story of how the brave general went to Khartum, hoping by his presence to quell the rebellion that was spreading like wildfire through the Sudân, and we know, too, how all his efforts failed—how he was besieged in the city, and how the attempts at rescue came too late. The Sudân was lost then and civilisation was swept away, but, as time went on, Gordon's sacrifice was not forgotten, and preparations were made for a new conquest of the country.

Kitchener, the great soldier, whose name we know so well, was in command of the expedition which, at last, set out across the desert, and his plans were laid with such skill and care that now there was no mistake—no disaster and no needless delay. The task was not easy, for the Sudanese are one of the most courageous and savage of all the African races, and, under their leader, whom they believed to be a prophet, they fought fiercely and stubbornly for their faith and their freedom, dying in thousands at last on the hills of Kerreri round the black standard of their chief. Even now the bones and weapons of the Dervish warriors may be found in the sands of the battlefield, but the power of the cruel Khalifa was overthrown once and for all on that hot September day in 1898, and when the fight had come to an end and the enemy were dispersed, the allied British and Egyptian troops captured Omdurman and Khartum, the European prisoners were released, and Gordon's death was avenged.

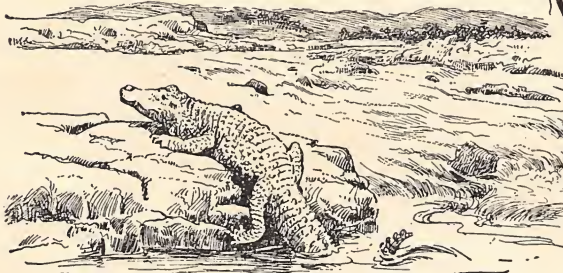


Since then there has been peace, and the country is now so prosperous that it seems almost impossible to believe that less than thirty years ago it was still under the terrible domination of the Khalifa.

During the first part of this long journey of ours—the longest by far that we have taken together—our way took us along one of the principal high roads of the world, and our companions were either tourists and holiday-makers, armed with their guide-books and cameras, or learned antiquarians who could tell us all about the history of the past and describe accurately the arts and crafts and customs of a dead world.

At Aswân, however—or, rather, perhaps, at Wadi-Halfa—the conditions of our travel changed, and, leaving Ancient Egypt behind, we set out under a blazing sun across the wide golden deserts of the Sudân.

We seemed to be on the march then, with soldiers

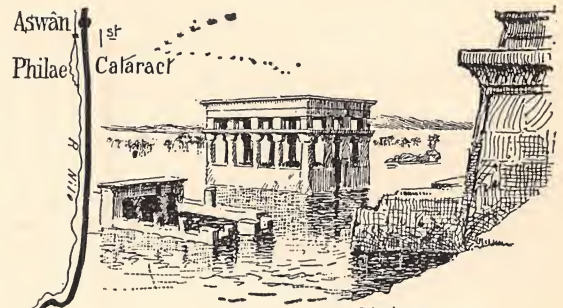


*1<sup>st</sup> Nile Cataract*

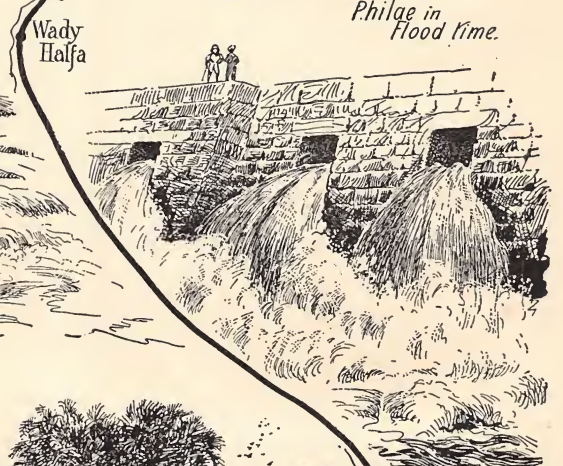
as our comrades, and we were told tales of heroic deeds and shown battlefields which had been the scenes of great victories or of bitter disappointments and disasters.

At Khartum another stage in our journey is reached and another change takes place, for here we bid farewell to the soldiers and sightseers alike, and go still further southward, treading in the footsteps of the pioneers and adventurers, the explorers looking for the sources of the Nile, the treasure-seekers in quest of King Solomon's mines, the big-game hunters on the track of elephants and lions and antelopes, the missionaries bringing a new Faith to the savage, ignorant natives of the interior, and the Empire-makers pressing forward eagerly to plant the flag of their nation in an unknown land.

Only a little while ago—for a century seems a very short span of time when we have been thinking of the long dynasties and age-old monuments of Thebes and Memphis—this district into which we are now about to penetrate was called the Dark Continent, and a terrible, mysterious country it seemed to be, full of fierce beasts and barbarous tribes and unknown dangers. Nowadays everything is altered, and many of the perils and difficulties have been overcome, for civilisation has advanced as if by magic in Africa, new colonies have been formed, new towns built, and while one line of railway already runs far southward from Khartum, another is creeping up to meet it through the forests and



*Philae in Flood time.*



*Village with Dum palms, Upper Egypt*



*An Omdurman shop.*

*Omdurman Khartum*

*Open sluices, Aswân dam.*

*Berber*



*A Sudanese water carrier.*

**Up the Nile—**



swamps. In a few more years no doubt we shall be able to take a train at Cairo—or, perhaps, even in London itself, and travel through to Cape Town without a change and without a break.

Khartum is situated at a point where the two branches of the Nile, which are called the White Nile and the Blue Nile, join, and although, if we like, we can go for some distance still by rail, it will be better to take passage on a steamer again, for then we can journey up the White Nile for many hundreds of miles, past Fashoda, and on to Gondokoro, far away in the heart of Central Africa, and less than four hundred miles from Lake Victoria Nyanza, where the great river rises. This stage of our journey is a most interesting and exciting one, for we are carried past dense forests, where, if we are lucky, all sorts of wild animals, such as giraffes, rhinoceros, and even elephants may be seen. It is very strange as we steam along, quietly and comfortably, to think of the brave travellers and explorers who came this way in the middle of the nineteenth century, when the source of the Nile was still a mystery, and who had to cut their path through the thickly-growing trees and bushes, and often facing terrible dangers and hardships.

As we steam up the White Nile we often see what



*A Dinka hut.  
Sudan*



*A Sudanese well.*

appear to be little islands, but are in reality great masses of tangled reeds and vegetation which float down the river, and sometimes block the whole channel. This obstruction is called the 'sudd,' and at some seasons it is so dense that the boats cannot force their way through, and navigation becomes impossible. Parties of engineers and native workmen are then sent up to clear the river, the 'sud' being cut into great solid blocks and dragged away. After the revolt in the Sudan, when for more than ten years the province was in the hands of the Khalipha, the White Nile became so blocked that it was not able to be cleared completely until 1901.

—to Gondokoro, Central Africa.



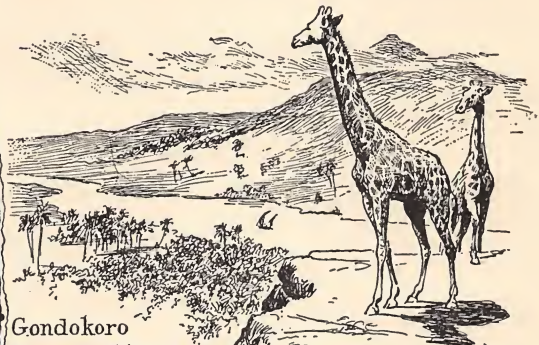
*The Palace, Khartoum*



*Nuggas sailing  
up the Nile*

And now at last we come to Gondokoro, the outpost of civilisation on this journey, and find that there is still a great tract of swamp and jungle, and mountain land, separating us from railhead of the line that is coming slowly northward from the Cape.

If we would go further, therefore, we must either travel in the old fashion of Speke or Livingstone, and the other famous explorers of the last century, with guides to cut a path, and guns to defend ourselves against the attacks of enemies and wild beasts, and



*Gondokoro  
Navigable Nile near Gondokoro*

crowds of native servants to carry our gear and provisions, or else we must follow the example of the newest adventurers of all, and chartering an aeroplane, fly high in the air over the forests and swamps, and lakes and deserts, from Cairo to the Cape.

A. A. METHLEY.



## JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.**(Continued from page 291.)*

THE pretty picture that the child made pleased me, for her fair curls and blue eyes reminded me of our little Mysie at home, and after a while she looked up, smiled, showed me her poppet, and offered a bite of the rosy apple that she held in her chubby hand.

I drew nearer then, and we made friends after a fashion; she telling me that her name was Marie, that her poppet was called Annette, and that she lived with her father and mother in this old, ancient house by the city wall. We were still talking together when the door behind opened, and a buxom woman with a homely good-natured face appeared on the threshold. She looked at me somewhat askance, as if wondering what manner of vagrant I might be, and then turned back into the house and, bringing out a well-filled plate, gave me a good supper of bread and broken meats. I thanked her with the best words at my command, and felt more lonely and homesick than ever when she and the little girl disappeared and the door was shut.

It was a hot night, and somehow I was loath to go far away from these two new friends—the first I had made in Luxemburg—so, instead of returning to an empty cowshed where usually my nights were spent, I found a snug corner behind an outstanding buttress of the old watch-tower, and there settled myself in comfort.

I slept soundly, dreaming of happy things, and the sun had already risen when I opened my eyes. I sat up then, rubbing them hard, for in front of me was a loop-hole in the wall, and through it, as if in a picture-frame, could be seen a glimpse of the green country beyond.

In my dreams that night I had been at home again, with my father, alive and well, and Mother and Mysie running out from the castle gate to welcome us; and now it seemed to me that I must be dreaming still, for the little picture seen through the loop-hole was strangely familiar.

Six tall trees and a windmill beyond, that was what I saw, and behind me was a high, grim tower with narrow windows. There could be no mistake, but to make certain I dragged my wallet from my doublet-breast, and with trembling fingers unfolded the stained yellow page of the letter. Six trees and a mill and a prison tower! Looking up I could count the windows and find the one at which the red arrow pointed. Yes, it was true—it must be true! I had reached the end of my long journey. The place of my lost father's imprisonment was discovered at last!

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE captive was not rescued yet, and suppose he had been removed to some other prison, or to some other city? It was many months now since the drowned sailor came to 'Corbies' Nest,' and, although our father had been alive and well when the unreadable letter was written, much might have happened in the meantime. He might have fallen sick! He might be weak and helpless! He might be dead!

As this last terrible thought drifted through my mind, I clasped my hands, with a great dread at my heart. 'Heaven grant that he is still alive and safe,' I

prayed, and then suddenly, as if in answer to my petition, there came from high overhead the sound of a man's singing voice.

He sang a marching song first, but then the tune changed and I seemed to be at home again, sitting on the oak settle by the hearth, while Mother sung Mysie to sleep with her favourite lullaby.

I could not, it is true, distinguish the words, so far was the singer away, but I whispered them over to myself, with a feeling of joy and thankfulness, for now I knew that my lost father was found indeed, and that now it only behoved me to devise some way of escape.

The tower was a very large and massive one, situated on the very brink of the great precipice that on three sides borders the city. Its front, indeed, was sheer with the cliff face, but, as it curved round, some of the narrow windows overhung, not the gulf, but the buttress-sheltered ledge where I had slept during the night.

There was a pathway round the rock-hewn city wall, and this ran, by a high, dark archway, through the thickness of the tower, while beyond was the house where little Marie lived, and a huddle of other stone buildings. The window of my father's cell overhung the cliff, but it was far enough to the side that any one descending from it by a rope, and swinging, pendulum fashion, might, with the assistance of a friend standing below, be able to gain a foothold on the buttress.

I stood for a long time, looking up and measuring with my eyes the distance from the path to the window, and also the width of that window, which, from below, appeared scarce large enough to admit of a man's passage, especially if he were stalwart and broad-shouldered, as I remembered my father to be.

'Good-morning, sir,' a clear small voice at my elbow broke in on my thoughts, and, turning quickly, I found little Marie standing near, with her doll in one hand and a large slice of bread in the other. 'Have you had breakfast yet?' she went on, and when I shook my head in reply, she ran back into the house, to return a minute later with her mother, who greeted me kindly and gave me abundance of good food, as she had done the night before.

While I ate the woman kept me company, leaning against the stone buttress and plying me with questions, which I strove to answer warily.

Later I asked some questions myself, and learned that these new friends were the wife and child of Jacques Wilmer, the gaoler of the prison, and that more than twenty captives were in his charge.

I discovered, moreover, that this tower was one of the strongest in all Luxemburg and that the dwelling of the Wilmer family was divided from the prison by massive gates. The guard-room was over the archway through which the road passed, and the Governor, in whose keeping were the keys, lived in the castle itself.

'My husband goes into the cells with food and drink for the captives,' Madame Wilmer explained. 'But as for me, I have no dealings with them, except that, each day, I bake bread for their sustenance. Poor wretches! 'Tis a sad life that they lead, and yet doubtless they well deserve their punishment. But I must not loiter here any longer. Come, Marie, child, 'tis time that you and I were about our work.'

All that day I wandered through the streets and byways of Luxemburg, pondering over plans for my father's escape, and wondering how, as a beginning, a



letter or message of some sort might be conveyed to him. Many wild ideas flitted through my mind, you may be sure, but, when evening came, no satisfactory conclusion had been reached. At sunset time I went back to the prison tower and stood once again looking up at the narrow window, to which, in my picture, the red arrow pointed. Little Marie was sitting on the doorstep of her home with the poppet that was named Annette in her arms. She smiled at me across the roadway, waving her hand in greeting, and then began to sing, hushing her doll to sleep.

A rope must be conveyed to the prison cell, but how? And by whom? Those were the questions that had to be decided, and I was still busy with them when, suddenly, the clatter of horses' hoofs sounded on the stony path, and a band of Spanish soldiers came into view.

There must have been a dozen of them or more, rough roystering fellows, with olive skins and bold, black eyes. The foremost drew rein when he caught sight of Marie, and swept off his broad-brimmed hat in mock courtesy.

'Greeting, fair lady,' he shouted. 'Wilt come a-riding with me to-day?' and then he stooped from the saddle and made as if he would swing the child up in his arms.

'No! no!' Marie drew back affrighted, and then the man, with a loud laugh, snatched the doll from her embrace, and rode away with it towards the dark archway.

'My poppet! My poppet!' Marie's screams rang out shrill and clear, and, even as she screamed, she ran out among the oncoming horsemen, all her fears forgotten in eager care for her lost favourite.

It is difficult to describe what happened then. I ran forward, pushing against the horses' sleek flanks, stooping under their arched necks and dodging the outflung hoofs, but just as I reached Marie she stumbled and fell. The next instant I had gathered her up in my arms and we were out on the other side of the path, with several of the Spaniards dismounted and crowding round to see what had happened, and Dame Wilmer, pale and distracted, hastening towards us.

Marie was not hurt, only stunned and dazed for an instant; but her mother plied me with thanks and blessings as if I had been the bravest hero in the world. 'If ever you are in need of help, young sir, come to me,' she said; 'I would, indeed, do anything on earth for you who have saved my child's life.'

I thought over these words as I sat eating my supper that night, and determined that I would keep the dame to them.

And then my thoughts wandered once more to my father's story of what had happened to him once when he was climbing after sea-birds' eggs on the cliffs.

'A stone slipped and I fell twelve feet or more,' I could almost hear the well-remembered voice telling the tale, 'but caught in some bushes on a narrow ledge half-way down the cliff. A man could neither get up nor down from there, and the rocks above over-hung so that a rope might not be lowered. Then came my father and mother and stood on the beach, looking up, but my mother it was who thought of a way of rescue. "Take off your stocking, Johnny," she called to me, "unravel the wool! Tie a stone to one end, and let it down."

'I obeyed; they fastened a thin cord to the wool, which I drew up, and after that a thick rope. So was I saved, Jock, my lad, and take care that you wear thick knitted hose when you go a-climbing.'

I slept that night in a snug shed on a pile of hay, and early in the morning, Dame Wilmer came to me with a large bowl of milk and bread. 'I have something to tell you, lady, and a favour to ask,' I said.

'I will do anything for you, young sir, for Marie's sake,' she said, and hearing that, without more ado, I told her how my father was a Scotch soldier and a captive in the tower, and how I longed to send him a message and, maybe, a little present as well.

'If you would but convey to him a letter which I shall write, and a pair of warm stockings, I shall be indeed grateful,' I said, 'for autumn will soon come and the days grow cold.'

Dame Wilmer sat in silent thought for a moment, her brow wrinkled in perplexity—and, truly, I think my 'favour' was more than she had bargained for. Then she smiled, nodded and patted my hand kindly. 'You are a good boy,' she said, 'and I will do what you ask, although my husband would be angry indeed if he knew what was afoot. Bring your letter and your gift to me at noon to-day, and this evening return and hear how the matter has sped.'

I thanked her and departed, eager now to find Red Robin Stuart, who would, I felt sure, help me in the matter of the rope.

It was a Sunday morning, so I went straight to the cathedral where I knew that Robin Stuart would be found, for he was now horse-boy to one of the Spanish generals, and each week accompanied his master from the camp to the city that he might attend service in the church. Robin was sitting on the steps when I approached.

It was not possible, at first, to speak of my own business, for another horse-boy was present, but when this fellow had departed, having given his charge, a fine dapple-grey, into my care, I related everything that had happened.

'Of a surety I can get a rope,' Robin said, when my story was finished, 'There are ropes and to spare in the camp; but when will the rescue be? And you must let me help you, Jock. You are but small and weakly yet, and it will be a business for a stalwart fellow, such as me.'

I accepted Robin's help gratefully, albeit somewhat ruefully, for I liked to fancy myself a man, full grown, and then we settled down to perfect our plans. The knitted stockings had already been conveyed to Dame Wilmer, and she had vowed that they should be in my father's hand before nightfall, together with my letter.

In that letter, which was a long one, I had explained everything.

'At sunset I shall be below the tower,' I said, 'and my father, if he has received the letter, will wave one of the stockings—red, they are—from his cell window. Once he will wave to show his safety, and a second time to signify that all is well and that he is ready to escape at midnight. Should he wave thrice, however, it will mean that there is something amiss. Then will I watch each evening beneath the tower until I see the stocking waved again, when I shall know that the time has come.'

'I also will be at the tower to-day at sunset,' Robin said, 'and if the stocking be waved twice, then will I return at midnight with the ropes necessary for the enterprise. Farewell now, Jock, and good luck be with us. Truly it will be a grand adventure.'

(Continued on page 306.)





"We made friends after a fashion."





"A red streamer flapped from the high, narrow window."



# JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Continued from page 303.)

SUNSET found Robin and me at the foot of the tower, and we had not long to wait, before—to my great joy and thankfulness—a red streamer flapped from the high, narrow window of my father's cell. Once it waved—he was safe! Twice—the escape might be for to-night. Thrice? We watched breathless. But there was no third signal, and turning to Robin I seized his hand and shook it vehemently.

'I will be here at midnight, never fear,' the boy said. 'But look you, Jock, it may seem suspicious if we are seen together now. Do you go away and I will linger awhile and examine the neighbourhood while daylight lasts. It is necessary that we should both be familiar with the rocks and walls so that there may be no blunder when the time comes.'

I left Robin, for there was sense in his words, and looking back, as I strolled down the path, saw that he was talking to little Marie, who, as usual, had come out to eat her evening meal on the doorstep of her home.

In about an hour I returned, hungry for the supper that Dame Wilmer had promised me, and eager to learn how the letter and stockings had been conveyed to my father's cell.

I found the good woman in a great tantrum, for her black, hooded cloak had been stolen since sundown. 'The best cloth it was and as good as new,' she explained. 'But doubtless one of those Spanish thieves has taken it. Nothing is safe from the dogs. Only last week they filched the bread from my oven. But you want your supper, sir, and, after all, what does the loss of a cloak matter? Had it not been for your courage, it would have been my little Marie that I should have been bewailing to-night.'

She brought me out a fine dish of cooked meat, and while I ate told me how she had put my letter and a stocking into a leather bag, and inserted this into the middle of one of the loaves baked for the prisoners in the Tower. 'There be twenty captives and twenty loaves,' she said, 'but to-night I only put nineteen in the basket that my husband carries into the prison. He goes to the cell of the Scot last of all, that I know, for he is the only man confined on the topmost story, so when he came back, rating me soundly for my carelessness, to fetch the twentieth loaf, I was sure that your father and none other would get the letter and the hose. It was but one stocking that I could get into the bag, Master Jean, they being thick and stoutly knitted, but he shall have the other in a few days.'

I thanked the woman warmly, wondering the while what she would think when it was found that the bird had flown from the high tower, and if she would understand, and regret, the share she had had in his escape.

I slept for a few hours in the hay-shed after Dame Wilmer left, knowing that a weary and anxious time lay ahead, for it was necessary to get the prisoner not only out of his tower, but out of the city without delay. In this matter, too, Red Robin had promised to give assistance, and I could do nothing meanwhile but trust in Providence and hope for the best.

The moonbeams streaming into the hay-shed awoke me a little before midnight, and I sat up, rubbing my eyes and remembering that at last our great adventure

was at hand. I crept out in the open air, moving warily for the shed was close beneath the upper window of the Wilmers' dwelling.

It was a beautiful night. I leaned against the buttress, looking up, but became anxious after awhile, as the minutes passed, and there was no sign of Red Robin at the trying-place. Could anything have happened? Had our schemes been discovered? Was it possible that my friend meant to play me false? All sorts of wild doubts and fears flitted through my troubled mind and then, suddenly, there came a low call, and, looking round, I saw an old peasant woman, very fat and with the hood of her black cloak pulled forward, coming along the cobbled pathway.

'Hulloa, Jock!' the hail was repeated, and then, with a merry laugh the dame flung back her hood, and there was Robin's freckled grinning face and tousled hair.

'Did'st think I had turned traitor, laddie?' he asked. 'But truly 'tis not easy to walk fast in this woman's gear.' He dropped the cloak then, and there, wound round and round his body, was a long length of thin cord and a finely wrought rope ladder.

So far so good. I breathed more easy as we waited again, and then, all at once, the midnight bells rang softly out from the steeples of Luxemburg. Almost at the same minute the dark shadow of a man's head and shoulders showed at the high window, and we could see, moreover, that he was letting something slip slowly through his fingers.

'Hold my hand, Jock, I am taller than you,' Robin said; and, climbing the buttress, he leaned far out, one hand in mine and the other stretching along the wall of the tower. 'I have it,' he gasped breathless, after what seemed to be an age of fruitless groping, and then he dropped to his feet at my side, and opening his hand showed something glittering in the palm. It was the broken half of a silver medal, and through the hole bored in it was tied a scarlet strand of wool.

In the letter sent to my father in his cell, I had wrapped my mother's treasured keepsake as a token that it was indeed his own son, John Drummond, who had come to his aid, and now, lo! here it was again, weighting the line that was to be his means of escape.

'The thin cord, where is it?' Robin whispered; and soon he was knotting the fine hempen thread that he had brought to the unravelling wool. This was drawn up, slowly and carefully, and after it went the rope ladder. There was a long pause then, and we, waiting below, knew that the ladder was being securely fastened to some bar or hook within the cell. At last we saw a man squeeze himself through the narrow window and begin to climb slowly and cautiously down the swinging ropes.

I think that the minutes that came then were the longest and the most terrible in my whole life, for it seemed as if the frail ladder must give way beneath the climber's weight; and it seemed too, as if in the moonlight, that now was as clear as day, some enemy must see the black, moving figure that showed so plainly against the silver-grey wall of the old tower. The ladder was long enough for its purpose—we saw that at once—and thus one anxiety was allayed; but, hanging straight, it came to an end some way down the steep cliff that ran sheer in a precipice beneath the base of the tower.

We had fastened a length of cord to the ladder, and hoped, when the climber was on a level with the ledge, to be able to swing him into safety.



Without Red Robin's help it never could have been managed, for my arms were neither long enough nor strong enough for the task; but, as old Mollie says, 'All's well that ends well,' and after many fears and failures our efforts were crowned with success. Robin dragged in the cord—stretched sideways—grasped an outheld hand—and then a tall man, lean and pale and ragged, scrambled over the rough masonry of the buttress, dropped on to the rock-hewn ledge, and stood in the moonlight, peering at us with perplexed eyes.

'Jock? Which is Jock?' he questioned, but recognised me before an answer could be given, and caught me up in his arms.

There was much to be said and settled and explained, but little time to do it in, for at any moment some one might come by, and, seeing the dangling rope, suspect what had happened, and bring all our hopes and plans to ruin.

Robin picked up the black cloak, wrapped it round my father's shoulders, and pulled the hood forward over his face. 'You and he must hide somewhere until after daybreak, Jock,' he said, 'then go into the city, mingle with the crowds, and meet me at the Trêves Gate at five o'clock. None will recognise you, sir, in this cloak, which I made bold to borrow from Dame Wilmer; and I will conduct you to some place in the woods where you can abide in safety until further arrangements have been made.'

My father and I agreed in this plan—indeed, no better one was forthcoming—and we were still debating the question of an immediate hiding-place, when the tramp of approaching feet was heard. In alarm, I dragged my father across the road and into the hay-shed where I had passed the earlier part of the night.

Robin stayed without, and presently was heard talking with the newcomers, who, it was evident, were a couple of belated Spanish soldiers. They spoke together for a while, and then, to our relief, moved on, their voices and footsteps echoing under the dark archway.

(Concluded on page 314.)

## PUMPKINS AND DUCKS GO A-FISHING.

IT seems very strange, and untruthful, too, when you hear of pumpkins and ducks going a-fishing. That is to say, they catch living things in the water. Yet it is no fairy tale, for not only do they go a-fishing, but, also, there are houses which catch wild animals, when never a person is there to help.

In the lagoons of certain of the West Indian Islands, and in Mexico and certain parts of northern South America, pumpkins go a-fishing, and it is usually for ducks or other wild fowl they do so. In certain seasons of the year, great flocks of wild birds settle there to feed on the small fish and the green stuff growing on the edges of the lagoons, and to build their nests and rear their young. For some days after they come there is nothing particular to see on the lagoons. Then one fine morning some great pumpkins are floating on the water. They drift harmlessly about, and the wild fowls, in particular the ducks, that at first sight are very wary of them, soon grow accustomed to the sight of the pumpkins floating in and out about them.

After a day or two you see the pumpkins appear to have got together in a cluster, round about which and close at hand the wild fowl paddle and dive and float wholly unconcerned. But strangely indeed, the pumpkins always float along with the wild fowl, whether the wind is blowing in their direction or not. Then, all of a sudden, a duck or a teal vanishes under the water, and then, a minute or so after, another and another disappears. As you wait and watch for them to come to the surface again, it dawns on you that the biggest of the pumpkins in the cluster of them has broken loose, and is slowly, quietly, sailing towards the shore. To your amazement this pumpkin deliberately disappears among some tall, thick undergrowth overhanging the edge of the lagoon.

You take to your heels to find out the truth of the pumpkin that goes a-fishing, and soon see the wet 'danky' with his catch of ducks, or teal, or other wild fowl. And, laughingly, he tries to explain how he does it.

When the wild fowl became accustomed to the pumpkins floating on the lagoon, he had drawn the pumpkins in by means of the lines to which they are tied. Then he took an extra large one with which he provides himself, and it is carefully scooped out, and has four or five slits in its rind to admit fresh air. This he slipped over his head, and tied to him by means of string. Then, with nothing on his body, but round his waist only a belt to which some cords are tied, he gently and cautiously slid into the water, and swimming very softly reached the cluster of pumpkins. When the bird came quite near, the negro put out a hand under the water, and with a sudden pull, jerked it under before it could quack or make any sound of warning to the birds around it. He then tied the dead animal by the neck to one of the cords of his belt, and began to look about warily for his next capture.

It is along the east coast of Central America that a duck goes a-fishing for fellow-ducks and other wild fowl.

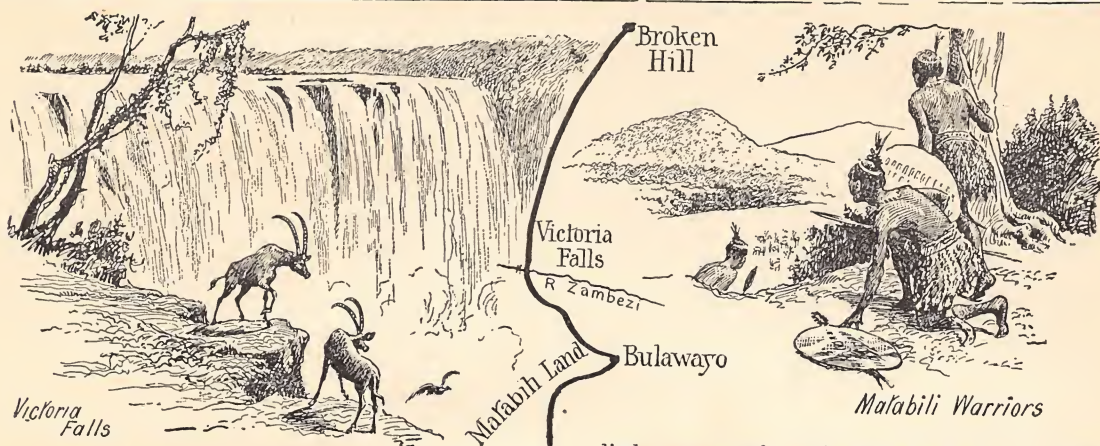
The natives on the shore of British Honduras kill a duck, and carefully stuff it with very buoyant rushes to make it float easily. Six or seven of these ducks are then set afloat, tied to strings, on the water of a lagoon, and the live wild fowl seeing them there soon settle down in their neighbourhood, thinking all is safe. Slowly and gently a large calabash or pumpkin comes drifting along on a little raft, as it were, of boughs and grasses, to conceal the shoulders of the man whose head is inside the pumpkin. As the land breeze blows, the duck that goes a-fishing swims before it, but the calabash steadily makes up on it, for the man has the line holding the decoy. Soon they are among the unsuspecting wild fowl. Then, again, one after another disappears under the water in the grip of the Honduran.

But the Esquimaux use a little ice-house to capture wild animals, such as the wolf and the bear.

At one end of this house is a sliding door of ice. To the upper part of it he ties a line of walrus leather, that is passed over the roof, and let down into the trap at the inner end and there it is held lightly in place by means of a loose knot placed over a peg of ice. The bait is fastened to this peg. The instant the animal pulls away the bait of raw meat, the line slips off the peg, and the door of the trap-house no longer being held up, falls down its slides, and secures the animal inside the house.

That is how the Esquimaux catches Bruin alive.





## THE HIGHWAYS OF THE WORLD.

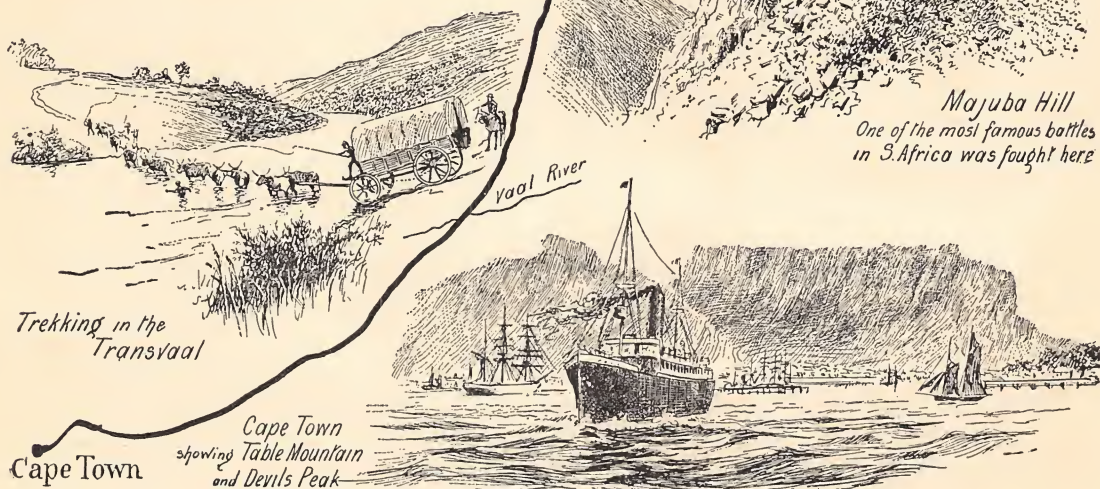
### VIII.—FROM THE CAPE TOWARDS CAIRO.

ON our last journey, from Cairo towards the Cape, we travelled through Egypt, along the course of the Nile, and, having crossed the desert to Khartum, went on until we reached Gondokoro, a place in tropical Africa, situated on the great river only a few hundred miles from Lake Victoria Nyanza.

To-day, instead of penetrating further southward, we will begin at the other end of the famous, unfinished railway line, and, setting out from Cape Town, will turn to the north and go through the vast British dominions of Cape Colony, Natal, and Rhodesia. The Cape to Cairo railway extends for thousands of miles now, and it will carry us far into the heart of the Dark Continent.

little, unseaworthy sailing ships, and of difficult landings on an inhospitable coast. The Cape of Good Hope we call the great headland now, but it was named the Cape of Storms by early explorers, and a sixteenth century traveller describes in graphic language his arrival 'at this point, so famous and so feared of men.'

'We stood utterly castaway,' he writes, 'for under us were rocks so sharp and cutting that no anchor could hold the ship. The shore so evil that nothing could land—and full of tygers and of people,



### Northwards from Cape Town—

We must first reach Cape Town itself, however, and that is no easy matter in these days of crowded steamers, expensive fares and empty pockets. In old times things were even worse—that must not be forgotten—and there are terrible accounts of long, weary voyages in

that are savage and killers of strangers, so that we had no hope of life or comfort.'

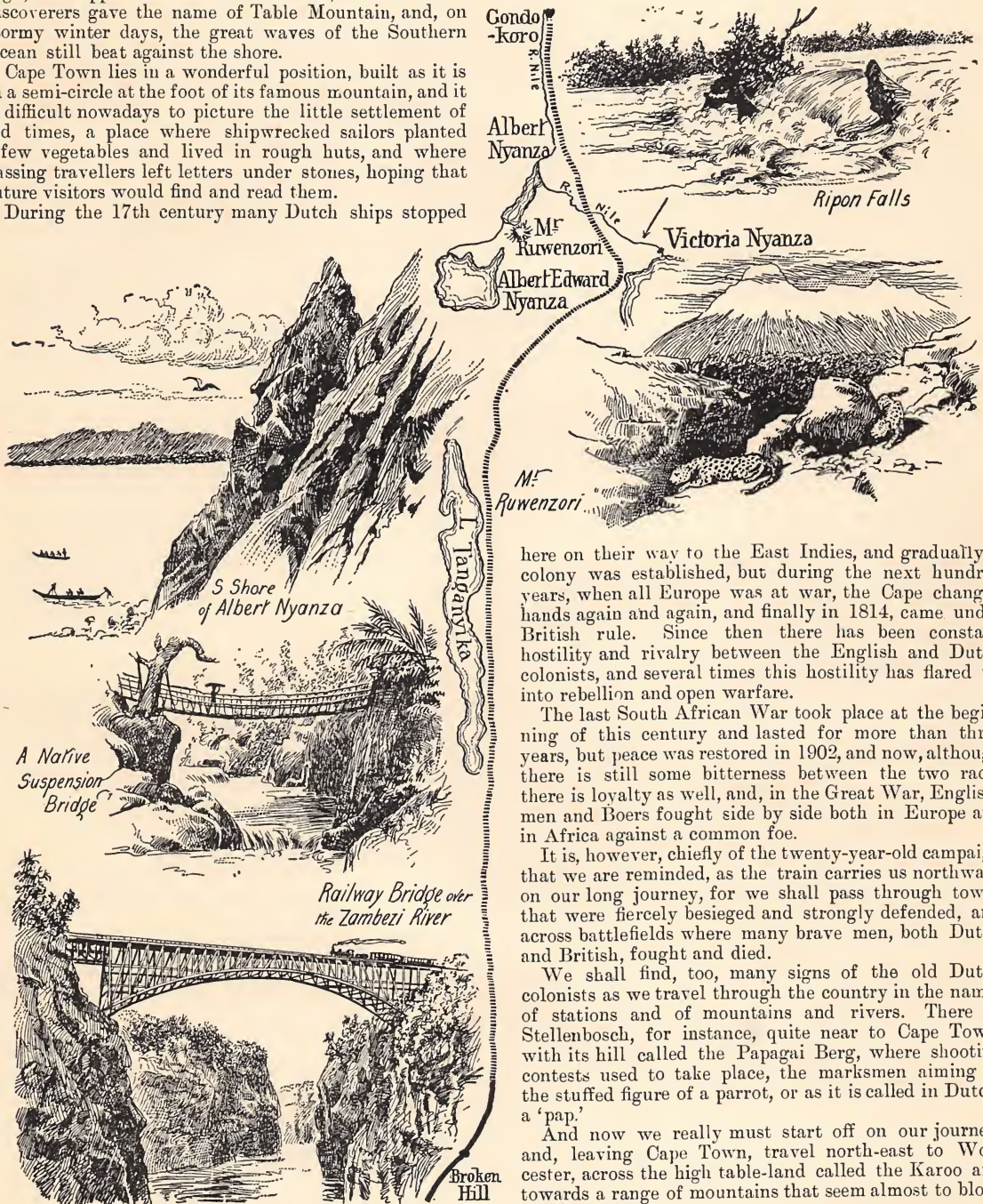
Such experiences as this make our modern voyages seem very easy and luxurious, and we have to go far away from Cape Town before we meet the 'tygers' that



the old explorer mentions. There is still, however, the high, flat-topped mountain to be seen, to which the discoverers gave the name of Table Mountain, and, on stormy winter days, the great waves of the Southern Ocean still beat against the shore.

Cape Town lies in a wonderful position, built as it is in a semi-circle at the foot of its famous mountain, and it is difficult nowadays to picture the little settlement of old times, a place where shipwrecked sailors planted a few vegetables and lived in rough huts, and where passing travellers left letters under stones, hoping that future visitors would find and read them.

During the 17th century many Dutch ships stopped



here on their way to the East Indies, and gradually a colony was established, but during the next hundred years, when all Europe was at war, the Cape changed hands again and again, and finally in 1814, came under British rule. Since then there has been constant hostility and rivalry between the English and Dutch colonists, and several times this hostility has flared up into rebellion and open warfare.

The last South African War took place at the beginning of this century and lasted for more than three years, but peace was restored in 1902, and now, although there is still some bitterness between the two races there is loyalty as well, and, in the Great War, Englishmen and Boers fought side by side both in Europe and in Africa against a common foe.

It is, however, chiefly of the twenty-year-old campaign that we are reminded, as the train carries us northward on our long journey, for we shall pass through towns that were fiercely besieged and strongly defended, and across battlefields where many brave men, both Dutch and British, fought and died.

We shall find, too, many signs of the old Dutch colonists as we travel through the country in the names of stations and of mountains and rivers. There is Stellenbosch, for instance, quite near to Cape Town, with its hill called the Papagai Berg, where shooting contests used to take place, the marksmen aiming at the stuffed figure of a parrot, or as it is called in Dutch, a 'pap.'

And now we really must start off on our journey, and, leaving Cape Town, travel north-east to Worcester, across the high table-land called the Karoo and towards a range of mountains that seem almost to block our way.

Tunnels take us through this great barricade, however, and then we go on and on, reaching De Aar, which was a British base in the War; Belmont, where the first fighting took place, and the Modder River where a battle

—to the Great Lakes.



was fought in December, 1899, and where monuments to those who were killed may be seen.

Only six miles away, at Magersfontein, there is another battlefield and other memorials to remind us of the terrible disaster which befell the Scotch Brigade under General Wauchope in that same terrible month of defeat and disappointment.

We have already crossed the Orange River and now come to Kimberley, a town famous for its diamonds, which are the largest and richest in the whole world.

A city of diamonds! It sounds romantic and picturesque enough, but in reality Kimberley is a dusty, windy town, situated on the high table-land which, although gay with flowers and green grass in spring-time, is a brown, barren plain for the rest of the year.

The first diamonds of the district was found in the middle of the nineteenth century, when a traveller, who had halted his waggon at a farm noticed a pretty white pebble that a little native boy was playing with and, to his surprise, discovered it to be a valuable diamond.

In 1867 a large stone was bought by a trader from a Dutchman, and three years later diamonds were found at Kimberley itself.

Land was bought then, and the new town grew rapidly as miners and fortune-hunters hurried to South Africa from all parts of the world, but although it is now a modern city with many fine buildings, the irregular streets still follow the tracks of the primitive mining settlement.

In October, 1899, at the beginning of the South African War, Kimberley was besieged by the Boers and the great heaps of debris and rubbish that surround the diamond mines were turned into forts.

We must go on again now, due northward, through British Bechuanaland, our train carrying us across a bare treeless land, uninteresting, perhaps, but where the sky is clear and blue overhead and the air wonderfully dry and exhilarating. The Vaal River is crossed and at last we reach Mafeking, which, like Kimberley, endured a long siege in 1899-1900, when General Baden-Powell, with a little force of less than a thousand fighting men, defended the town for nearly seven months against a large Boer army.

We all know the story of that gallant defence, and we think of it as, leaving heroic Mafeking behind, our train carries us onward out of Bechuanaland and into the great new dominion of Rhodesia.

This huge country, as a British colony, is little more than thirty years old, but its short history is full of excitement and adventure, for the former owners of the southern districts were the Matabele, one of the most blood-thirsty and warlike of all the African races, and as might be expected, they did not give up their independence and lawless customs without a struggle. The first English men and women who settled in the land carried their lives in their hands, and, indeed, often lost their lives in the defence of their new homes.

The name of the old capital of the country, Buluwayo—now an important town and a station on the railway—means 'The Place of Killing' in the Zulu language, and we are reminded of the savage king Lobengula, who once reigned here and who used to order horrible massacres and executions among his unfortunate subjects.

The tree under which this cruel tyrant once sat to dispense justice—or injustice—is still standing, and

even when he had been defeated, dethroned, and banished, there were many rebellions and troubles among the Matabele before the savage and warlike natives settled down to a life of peace and prosperity under their new rulers.

Rhodesia is named after Cecil Rhodes, its founder, one of the most famous of South African statesmen and Empire-makers. He it was who first planned the Cape to Cairo Railway, but he died when the great work was only just begun.

From Buluwayo the railway runs north-west, through a tract of forest land, where there are green open spaces and tall trees, many of which are covered with blossoms—a rich, fertile country it is, and very different to the dry, dusty plains which we have left behind. Then, after a time, we reach the Zambesi and the Victoria Falls, which were discovered by the missionary explorer, Dr. Livingstone, nearly seventy years ago.

These falls are, perhaps, the most wonderful in the whole world, for here, instead of rushing over a steep cliff, as at Niagara, the river hurls itself into a slit in the earth, only a hundred feet wide, and then, turning sharply at right angles, flows through a narrow gorge more than thirty miles in length.

The railway crosses the Zambesi by a bridge that is so close to the fall that the train is actually sprinkled by the spray, so that we have a splendid view of the marvellous scene, and are almost deafened by the noise of the water.

On an island in the river, called Livingstone's Island, the explorer's name can still be seen carved on the trunk of a tree, and the capital of Northern Rhodesia, near at hand, is also called after him. From this town the railway takes us on to Broken Hill, a mining centre, and through a district which is infested with the dangerous tsetse fly, and then we come to Tschilonga, more than a thousand miles from Buluwayo. From this point, in the future, as year by year the railway advances into the forests of Central Africa, we shall be able to travel on, past Lakes Tanganyika and Nyassa and Victoria Nyanza, and there, perhaps, on our northward journey we shall meet a train whose passengers are on their way from Cairo to the Cape.

#### LITTLE OLD THINGS.

THE little old house stood empty, and lonely as lonely could be,

When a little old Elf from Elf-land came travelling by: said she,

'Now, *that's* just the dwelling I've wanted for years,

A neat little cottage without any stairs

To drive a poor body to death with fatigue;

It isn't too small and it isn't too big—

In fact, to my thinking, it's just the right size.'

Then the pleased little Elf screwed her pleased little eye,

And peered through the windows and peeped round the door—

'How I wish,' she exclaimed, 'I'd been this way before.'

For the windows were cracked and the chimney-piece dusty;

The fireplace and knobs on the cupboards were rusty,

And cobwebs were fluttering everywhere—

Indeed it was terribly out of repair.

She found some dry heather and mended the thatch,

She whitened the walls, and she bought a new latch

For the door, which was broken and never would close;



And she planted a sweet little pink China rose  
Round the porch of that little house under the hill.  
Then she went to the village for red Turkey-twill,  
And, every day for a week, with her sewing,  
She sat in the porch where the roses were growing.  
She finished her curtains—so cheery and bright—  
And drew them in front of the windows at night.  
She flicked away cobwebs and whitewashed the ceiling—  
First mending the parts where the plaster was peeling;  
She papered the walls—white, with ribbons and posies  
Of lavender, pinks, and the sweetest moss-roses.  
The fireplace was polished, the knobs and the latches;  
The windows repaired—with the sills and the catches;  
She scrubbed the red flags of the floor till, I'm certain,  
They shone just as cheery and bright as the curtain.  
Then, 'I think,' said the little old Elf, 'I'll be popping  
Once more into town just to finish my shopping.'  
Now were I to name all the things that she mustered,  
Each one of you Chicks would, I'm sure, be quite  
flustered.

How she managed to pay for them nobody knew—  
Nor where she obtained them: I'll tell you a few.  
There were tables and chairs, and a little oak settle,  
A grandfather clock, and a nice copper kettle,  
A strong pair of bellows, a pan for preserving,  
A soup-bowl of pewter, and ladle for serving.  
There were tumblers of horn, wooden spoons, and a  
toaster.

Presses and chests and a bed—a four-poster!  
She'd thought, too, of brushes, nor had she forgotten  
To buy a new scraper—the old one was rotten.  
She'd bought too, for gardening, tools that were proper,  
As well as a barrow, a broom, and a chopper.  
When she'd placed all her purchases neatly in order,  
She weeded the beds and the lawn and the border,  
Then planted potatoes—until she'd enough in—  
With parsley and sage—things, you know, good for  
stuffing.

A little odd corner she filled with a marrow,  
Then wheeled all the rubbish away in her barrow.  
And oh! what a glory, in summer, had grown  
From the seeds that the little old lady had sown!  
Pansies rubbed shoulders with asters and stocks,  
Daisies ran riot with poppies and phlox.  
Sweet-williams, larkspurs, and peonies kissed  
Columbines, lilies, and love-in-a-mist!  
In that little old garden that's under the hill  
They blossomed last summer—they're blossoming still,  
And the little old Elf decks, each day, with a posy  
The little old cottage, so clean and so cosy.  
And all are as happy as happy can be;  
If you ask me the happiest one of the three—  
The little old garden, the house, or the Elf—  
I really can't tell you—I don't know myself!

LILIAN HOLMES.

## THE MISSING TAPESTRY.

(Concluded from page 298.)

HASTILY pulling from the bundle the long roll of  
tapestry, he thrust it into Dirk's hands, seized the  
bundle, and motioned his friend to the stairs. Dirk ran  
hastily down, but to his dismay, as he neared the bottom,  
he saw the door open quickly and Doppen enter. For  
an instant the man stood staring, and then made for the  
stairs. Jack dropped his bundle and sprang down to

his friend's aid. Doppen seized the tapestry, and, mut-  
tering to himself, strove to twist it from Dirk's grasp.  
At that moment, however, Jack, for lack of a better  
remedy, jumped at him from the height of two stairs  
above. The shock threw Doppen off his balance; he  
staggered, slipped and fell, striking his head against the  
last rail of the banisters. Jack, for whom the rascal  
acted as a buffer, escaped uninjured and was on his feet  
again at once. 'Quick,' he said, turning to Dirk, who,  
still gripping the precious tapestry, now stood beside him.  
'Double out and get a gendarme, while I watch him.'

Dirk nodded and vanished through the open door,  
while Jack bent a wary eye upon his unconscious  
captive.

In a remarkably short space of time footsteps sounded  
outside, and Dirk entered, followed by a burly gendarme.  
The latter at once took charge of the scoundrally  
Doppen, now slowly regaining his his senses, and also,  
to the boys' great dismay, insisted on retaining the  
tapestry as well as the bundle, stating that they would  
be necessary as evidence. Then, jerking the defeated  
Doppen to his feet, and motioning to the boys to follow,  
he set off for the police-station.

One may imagine the sensations of Mr. Van Raalte,  
on returning the following evening, as he listened to  
two very excited and jubilant youths retelling an ac-  
count of the adventure. Indeed, so eager were they  
both to relate the whole affair, that it was some little  
time before the bewildered man was able to calm them  
sufficiently to allow him to gather a coherent report.  
When, however, he had heard the story through from  
each of them, he said nothing, but with a smile dis-  
missed them to bed. 'We will talk about this in the  
morning,' he said, and with that they had to be content.

Next day Mr. Van Raalte called the two into the  
garden, and led them to a seat beneath an old willow.  
'Now,' he said, 'we will discuss matters. I am very  
grateful to you both for the plucky way in which you  
acted, and I should like to do something by way of re-  
payment. So I have this morning written to your  
uncle, Jack, asking that you may be allowed to finish  
your school days in the usual way.'

Jack stared at him incredulously. 'Oh, I say!' he  
said. Then a thought struck him. 'But I can't,' he  
said, sadly, 'there's not enough money.'

Mr. Van Raalte smiled cheerfully at him. 'Oh, yes,  
there is,' he said. 'What about the reward for the re-  
covery of the tapestry?'

Jack stared at him speechless. This seemed too good  
to be true.

Mr. Van Raalte turned to Dirk. 'The business that  
took me from home,' he said, 'concerned a legacy of  
your uncle Henri, whom you never saw, but who has  
recently died. So that the matter of that old fisher-  
man's boat need not worry you now. As for you, I  
have plans that I will speak about later. Meanwhile,  
does it please you to know that Master Jack will have  
several more holidays here, instead of this one being the  
last?'

'Ripping!' said Dirk, heartily and comprehensively.  
'What a stupendous piece of luck,' said Jack, later  
that evening, as they sat on the bank of the canal and  
lo led across at the stalwart figure of Jan, eternally at  
work on his nets.

'Yes,' agreed Dirk, contentedly, and brooded happily  
upon it.

K. R. B.





"Jack jumped at him from two stairs above."





"She stared at us amazed and aghast."



# JOCK OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE.

By A. A. METHLEY,

*Author of 'Wanderers in the War,' &c.*

(Concluded from page 307.)

I HAD never intended to return to the shed, it being so near the prison tower, but perhaps, after all, it was as good a hiding-place as any other. My father and I rested comfortably enough among the piled hay, talking over many matters, and relating the history of past adventures and difficulties. I told of the coming of the drowned sailor; and he, in his turn, explained how that same sailor was a fellow-prisoner who had been with him in the tower; and how, two years ago, they had planned to escape together.

'Everything was ready,' he said. 'We had woven a rope out of our plaids torn into strips, and it only remained to decide who should make the first descent. We took two straws from our pallet, drew lots, and Will, drawing the longer straw, started out from the window of our cell. The rope was but feeble, however, and when he had lowered himself, and was striving to gain a foothold on the buttress, it broke and fell with him. I was left alone, helpless, and guarded more closely than ever. Not until this moment have I known whether Will escaped, or if my letter was ever delivered at the "Corbies' Nest."'

So eagerly was I listening to this tale that caution was forgotten, and, moving quickly, I disturbed a hen that was busy hatching her eggs among the hay in a corner of the barn. Out she flew, open-beaked and her feathers on end with rage and terror, and made such a noise and tumult as might have waked the dead. It did wake Master Wilmer and his good wife, for the next moment came the grating sound of an outflung shutter, and then footsteps outside and the gleam of lantern light between the cracks of the wooden door.

'Tis doubtless the same thief who took my good cloth cloak this very evening,' I heard Dame Wilmer say, 'and now he is robbing the hen-roost. Do you, Jacques Pierre, go to the cow-shed, and I will see whether the r g ue be hid among the hay in the barn.'

My father and I crouched back breathless among the fragrant hay, certain of discovery, and realising that all the future was in jeopardy, and then the door was flung back, and Dame Wilmer, lantern in hand, stood in the opening. She stared at us, amazed and aghast, and it was clear to me that, even in that very first moment, she understood everything.

Would she spare us? Would she betray us? My father drew himself up, like the brave man that he was, ready to meet whatever fate had in store, but I could not let all be lost without a struggle. Flinging myself forward, I seized the woman's chill, trembling hand.

'For little Marie's sake, Madame,' I whispered hoarsely, 'for little Marie's sake.'

The dame said nothing in reply, but, as she stood there in the lantern light, a strange tenderness came into her wide eyes.

She stooped low, kissed my forehead softly, and then moving backward across the threshold, shut the door and left us once again in darkness. 'There is no robber in the shed, Jacques Pierre,' we heard her say. 'He must have escaped. Let us go back to the house lest the child awake and be affrighted to find herself alone.'

Everything went well after that. We left the shed

at dawn, my father disguised as a stooping old peasant woman in Dame Wilmer's long, hooded cloak, and found our way to the Trêves Gate, where Red Robin was waiting for us as he had promised. In his company, and together with a crowd of basket-laden peasant women, we passed unchallenged out of the city, and took refuge in a thick bosky wood not far away.

'Bide here till nightfall,' Robin said, and having given us a sufficiency of food, together with some clothes of which my father stood in need, he left us, but returned after sunset riding a fine horse and leading two others by their bridles.

I scrambled out from among the bushes, eager to hear what plans had been made, but Robin, whose face looked anxious and somewhat pale, would not wait for parley.

'Quick! quick!' he said, springing from his horse, and holding the stirrup of one of the others so that my father might mount. 'There is no time to be lost. We must go at once, lest these beasts be missed from the camp, and woe betide us if, by sunrise, we are not many leagues away to the north.'

'And you? What of you, Robin? We must not take you away from your duties and present friends,' I said, when I had clambered on to the back of the third horse, and we were picking our way along a woodland track, and then Red Robin, blushing crimson, as well he might, confessed that once more he had changed his faith and allegiance, and now was on his way back to rejoin the company of the Scots Brigade.

'But you are a deserter from the Scots; how will they receive you?' I questioned, and then Robin, who was riding ahead, turned and faced me, with his tongue in his cheek and a merry twinkle in his blue eyes.

'And what are you, pray, but a deserter yourself, Jock?' he cried. 'But to my thinking, we had best let it be believed that we were both prisoners of war in the enemy's hands. Nay, and why should we be either deserters or prisoners? Are we not rather heroes and conquerors, returning with loot and a rescued captive?'

And so we three rode northward together through the wooded hills and valleys of Luxemburg.

And now my story comes to an end, and it only remains to say that we reached the neighbourhood of Mechlin in safety, and there, to our great joy, fell in with our old comrades of the Brigade, who gave a fine welcome both to Robin and me, and to their long-lost fellow-soldier, John Drummond. With them we returned to Antwerp, where among the vessels in the river, as good luck would have it, was the *Bonnie Bess*, with her captain now recovered from his injuries, and ready to give us passage back to Scotland.

It was a warm autumn evening when, at last, my father and I came in sight of the 'Corbies' Nest' riding up the steep path that led to the gate. We were expected—Master James Burke having sent a swift messenger from Leith to give notice of our safe arrival—and there, under the arched doorway, stood my mother, with her face alight with joy, and little Mysie at her side, just as it had been in my dreams.

That was a home-coming indeed, and now, like the folk in old Mollie's fairy tales, we shall all live happily for ever after; but I often think of what I will do when I grow to be a man, and am old enough to enlist once more as a soldier in the Scots Brigade.

THE END.



## BULLETS AND SHOT.

A HUNDRED or more years ago various ways of making bullets and small shot were employed. The most tedious and the most wasteful way, used mostly if not entirely for shot, was to draw a piece of lead into a long square strip or wire, cut it into little pieces, and roll these into a spherical shape. The rolling was usually effected by placing the cubical pieces on a flat stone and laying over them another stone, which was moved to and fro in a circular manner. Pressed between these stones, like grains of wheat between two mill-stones, the pieces of lead had their corners rubbed off, and were gradually rolled into a proper shape. Sometimes, however, the little dice-shaped pieces were put into a bag or canister and shaken about until they knocked the corners off each other and became rounded. One country forgerman is said to have placed the canister containing the bits of lead upon the top of the head of his old-fashioned tilt-hammer, which, driven by a water-wheel, was almost continually at work, and shook the shot into shape without any further effort on his part.

The shot obtained in this way, however round it might be, was of various sizes, because some pieces happened to receive more friction than others. Although the shot could be sorted and separated into different sizes, when bullets of a particular size were required, it was found to be more expeditious and economical to cast them. For this purpose an instrument somewhat like a pair of nut-crackers was used. The flat jaws had a number of grooves cut in them, and when these were brought together they formed a series of spherical moulds, the size of the required bullet, with a little inlet to each of them. The instrument was closed, and molten lead was poured into the moulds, and when the lead had set, the jaws were opened, and the bullets dropped out. A sort of knife-blade, which cut off the 'tails' of the castings, was attached to the mould. This method may still be seen at fairs with shooting galleries.

A better way of making shot was discovered in 1782, or resulted, it is said, from a dream. This is the story. A Quaker of Bristol, named Isaac Watt, who was a brass-founder, had for a long time been trying to make shot, but without success, the pellets being anything but the proper shape. One night he was waked by his wife who told him that she had dreamed that he stood at the top of the stairs with a pan full of melted lead, which he poured into a washing-tub which she held at the bottom, and in the fall the lead separated into drops, and the tub was filled with excellent shot. The Quaker put his wife's inspiration to a practical test, selecting, it is said, the tower of St. Mary Redcliffe for the experiment. It proved successful, and Isaac Watt made a few bagfuls of shot, which he carried to London as samples. These were shown to the Prince Regent, and in a very short time a patent was obtained, and sold to the firm of Walkers, Maltby, Parker and Company for ten thousand pounds. This firm subsequently manufactured shot in this way, and it was commonly known as patent shot.

The Quaker, however, gained little in the end by his good fortune. He set out to build a crescent at Clifton, but he chose such a rocky and unsuitable site that the whole of the money was spent in making excavations and foundations, which were afterwards known as 'Watt's Folly.'

Whatever may be the correct story of this discovery, it is quite certain that this method of making shot was

in use in London and Newcastle about a hundred years ago. Tall shot towers, somewhat resembling lighthouses, were built for the purpose of obtaining a sufficient fall for the lead. In the top part of the tower, just under the dome, there was a furnace for melting the lead, and by the side of it there was a little pan, about a foot in diameter, placed over a hole in the floor, through which there was a sheer drop to a tub of water at the base of the tower. The bottom of the pan was pierced with small holes like a colander. A layer of dross from the melted lead was placed in the colander to act as a filter and check the flow of the lead which was afterwards ladled in. The lead found its way through the holes in the colander, and fell in drops, like a shower of silver rain, to the bottom of the tower. The weight of the drops carried them straight down into the tub, and the workmen could quite safely walk round the inside of the tower. Some firms of shot-makers, instead of building towers, made use of old pit-shafts, and melted the lead at the ground-level. A little arsenic was added to the lead, in order to harden it, and make it a better shape.

The grains of shot taken from the tub were of different sizes, and some were not quite perfect in shape. They had, therefore, to be dried, sorted, and polished before they were ready for use. The operations were interesting, especially the separating of the badly-rounded shot from the good. It was effected in a very simple way. The whole of the shot was dropped little by little upon the top end of a sloping table, the slope being carefully adjusted to the size of the pellets. At the foot of the table there were two long, narrow cans, one placed behind the other, to receive the pellets as they rolled off the table. The well-rounded pellets rolled quickly down the table with such force that they jumped over the mouth of the first can and dropped into the second. But the badly-rounded pellets rolled from side to side, and halted by the way, with the result that they had acquired very little force or momentum when they reached the foot of the table, and so they dropped tamely into the first box, and were taken back to be re-melted and re-cast.

W. A. ATKINSON.

## THE PROUD DUKE.

CHARLES SEYMOUR, Duke of Somerset, was much disliked on account of his haughty manners, which earned for him the name of 'the proud Duke.' He treated two of his daughters very cruelly, making them take it in turn to stand and watch him while he slept in the afternoon. One day, Lady Charlotte, feeling tired, dared to sit down. The Duke woke up suddenly, and saw her. He was very angry, and said that when making his will he would punish her disobedience. He carried out his threat by leaving this daughter twenty thousand pounds less than her sister.

When the proud Duke was travelling he sent couriers before him to clear the way. One day a countryman was driving a hog along the path where the Duke was presently to pass. 'Get out of the way, fellow!' ordered one of the Duke's people. 'Why?' asked the man. 'Because my lord Duke is coming, and he does not like to be looked at,' was the reply. Nettled by the other's haughty tone—like master, like man—the countryman exclaimed, 'I *will* see him, and my pig shall see him, too!' And, seizing the astonished animal by the ears, he held it up before him until the Duke and his retinue had passed.





“‘My pig shall see him too.’”